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THE BALLAD OF CARMILHAN.

I.

AT Stralsund, by the Baltic Sea,
Within the sandy bar,
At sunset of a summer's day,
Ready for sea, at anchor lay
The good ship Valdemar.

The sunbeams danced upon the waves,
And played along her side,
And through the cabin windows streamed
In ripples of golden light, that seemed
The ripple of the tide.

There sat the captain with his friends, —
Old skippers brown and hale,
Who smoked and grumbled o'er their grog,
And talked of iceberg and of fog,
Of calm and storm and gale.

And one was spinning a sailor's yarn
About Klaboterman,
The Kobold of the sea; a sprite
Invisible to mortal sight,
Who o'er the rigging ran.

Sometimes he hammered in the hold,
Sometimes upon the mast,
Sometimes abeam, sometimes abaft,
Or at the bows he sang and laughed,
And made all tight and fast.

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VOL. XXIX. — NO. 174.

25

He helped the sailors at their work,
And toiled with jovial din ;
He helped them hoist and reef the sails,
He helped them stow the casks and bales,
And heave the anchor in.

But woe unto the lazy louts,
The idlers of the crew ;
Them to torment is his delight,
And worry them by day and night,
And pinch them black and blue.

And woe to him whose mortal eyes
Klaboterman behold ;
It is a certain sign of death ! —
The cabin-boy here held his breath,
He felt his blood run cold.

II.

The jolly skipper paused awhile,
And then again began ;
“There is a Spectre Ship,” quoth he,
“A Ship of the Dead, that sails the sea,
And is called the Carmilhan.

“A ghostly ship, with a ghostly crew,
In tempests she appears ;
And before the gale, or against the gale,
She sails without a rag of sail,
Without a helmsman steers.

“She haunts the Atlantic north and south,
But mostly the mid-sea,
Where three great rocks rise bleak and bare
Like furnace-chimneys in the air,
And are called the Chimneys Three.

“And ill betide the luckless ship
That meets the Carmilhan ;
Over her decks the seas will leap,
She must go down into the deep,
And perish mouse and man.”

The captain of the Valdemar
Laughed loud with merry heart.
“I should like to see this ship,” said he ;
“I should like to find these Chimneys Three,
That are marked down in the chart.

“I have sailed right over the spot,” he said,
“With a good stiff breeze behind,
When the sea was blue, and the sky was clear, —
You can follow my course by these pinholes here, —
And never a rock could find.”

And then he swore a dreadful oath,
He swore by the Kingdoms Three,
That should he meet the Carmilhan,
He would run her down, although he ran
Right into Eternity !

All this, while passing to and fro,
The cabin-boy had heard ;
He lingered at the door to hear,
And drank in all, with greedy ear,
And pondered every word.

He was a simple country lad,
But of a roving mind ;
"O, it must be like heaven," thought he,
"Those far-off foreign lands to see,
And fortune seek and find !"

But in the fo'castle, when he heard
The mariners blaspheme,
He thought of home, he thought of God,
And his mother under the churchyard sod,
And wished it were a dream.

One friend on board that ship had he ;
'T was the Klaboterman,
Who saw the Bible in his chest,
And made a sign upon his breast,
All evil things to ban.

III.

The cabin windows have grown blank
As eyeballs of the dead ;
No more the glancing sunbeams burn
On the gilt letters of the stern,
But on the figure-head ;

On Valdemar Victorious,
Who looketh with disdain
To see his image in the tide
Dismembered float from side to side,
And reunite again.

"It is the tide," those skippers cried,
"That swings the vessel so ;
It is the tide ; it rises fast,
'T is time to say farewell at last,
'T is time for us to go."

They shook the captain by the hand,
"Good luck ! good luck !" they cried ;
Each face was like the setting sun,
As, broad and red, they one by one
Went o'er the vessel's side.

The sun went down, the full moon rose,
The tide was at its flood;
And all the winding creeks and bays
And broad sea-meadows seemed ablaze,
The sky was red as blood.

The southwest wind blew fresh and fair,
As fair as wind could be;
Bound for Odessa, o'er the bar,
With all sail set, the Valdemar
Went proudly out to sea.

The lovely moon climbs up the sky
As one who walks in dreams;
A tower of marble in her light,
A wall of black, a wall of white,
The stately vessel seems.

Low down upon the sandy coast
The lights begin to burn;
And now uplifted high in air
They kindle with a fiercer glare,
And now drop far astern.

The dawn appears, the land is gone,
The sea is all around;
Then on each hand low hills of sand
Emerge and form another land;
She steereth through the Sound.

Through Kattegat and Skager-rack,
She flitteth like a ghost;
By day and night, by night and day,
She bounds, she flies upon her way
Along the English coast.

Cape Finistere is drawing near,
Cape Finistere is past;
Into the open ocean stream
She floats, the vision of a dream
Too beautiful to last.

Suns rise and set, and rise, and yet
There is no land in sight;
The liquid planets overhead
Burn brighter now the moon is dead,
And longer stays the night.

IV.

And now along the horizon's edge
Mountains of cloud uprose,
Black, as with forests, underneath,
Above, their sharp and jagged teeth
Were white as drifted snows.

Unseen behind them sank the sun,
But flushed each snowy peak
A little while with rosy light,
That faded slowly from the sight,
As blushes from the cheek.

Black grew the sky, all black, all black;
The clouds were everywhere;
There was a feeling of suspense
In nature, a mysterious sense
Of terror in the air.

And all on board the Valdemar
Was still as still could be;
Save when the dismal ship-bell tolled,
As ever and anon she rolled,
And lurched into the sea.

The captain up and down the deck
Went striding to and fro;
Now watched the compass at the wheel,
Now lifted up his hand to feel
Which way the wind might blow.

And now he looked up at the sails,
And now upon the deep;
In every fibre of his frame
He felt the storm before it came,
He had no thought of sleep.

Eight bells! and suddenly abaft,
With a great rush of rain,
Making the ocean white with spume,
In darkness like the day of doom,
On came the hurricane.

The lightning flashed from cloud to cloud,
And tore the dark in two;
A jagged flame, a single jet
Of white fire, like a bayonet,
That pierced his eyeballs through.

Then all around was dark again,
And blacker than before;
But in that single flash of light
The captain saw a fearful sight,
And thought of the oath he swore.

For right ahead lay the Ship of the Dead,
The ghostly Carmilhan!
Her masts were stripped, her yards were bare,
And on her bowsprit, poised in air,
Sat the Klaboterman.

Her crew of ghosts was all on deck
Or clambering up the shrouds ;
The boatswain's whistle, the captain's hail,
Were like the piping of the gale,
And thunder in the clouds.

And close behind the Carmilhan
There rose up from the sea,
As from a foundered ship of stone,
Three bare and splintered masts alone ;
They were the Chimneys Three !

And onward dashed the Valdemar
And leaped into the dark ;
A denser mist, a colder blast,
A little shudder, and she had passed
Right through the Phantom Bark.

She cleft in twain the shadowy hulk,
But cleft it unaware ;
As when careering to her nest,
The sea-gull severs with her breast
The unresisting air.

Again the lightning flashed ; again
They saw the Carmilhan,
Whole as before in hull and spar ;
But now on board of the Valdemar
Stood the Klaboterman.

And they all knew their doom was sealed ;
They knew that death was near ;
Some prayed who never prayed before,
And some they wept, and some they swore,
And some were mute with fear.

Then suddenly there came a shock,
And louder than wind or sea
A cry burst from the crew on deck,
As she dashed and crashed, a hopeless wreck,
Upon the Chimneys Three.

The storm and night were passed, the light
To streak the east began ;
The cabin-boy, picked up at sea,
Survived the wreck, and only he,
To tell of the Carmilhan.

Henry W. Longfellow.

JEFFERSON IN THE HOUSE OF BURGESSES OF VIRGINIA.

THE year 1772, which was the first of Jefferson's married life, I think he would have ever after pronounced the happiest of all his years. To most of us, perhaps, that first year, or, at least, some small part of it, is the most consciously happy time we ever know. It may well be so. The moment when two stand at the altar, a wedded pair, is the moment for which all their past moments were made, from which all their future moments date. The first months are a blissful pause in life's toilsome journey; for the old cares have ended in fruition, and the new cares are as yet nothing but delight. The chilly winter of desire is past; the tempest of the passions passes soon with well-attuned minds; it is May-time then, the bright and sunny seedtime when no one thinks that the harvest can be other than glorious. Nature begins everything with a smile. The most bountiful harvest is not joyous and serene, like the May morning when the wheat is only a greener grass, and the trees have nothing for us but blossoms. We see many couples who have been harshly dealt with in the struggle for life; they are sadly battered and worn; and we meet others who have dealt harshly with one another, whose case is more deplorable. It is an affecting thought, that they, too, must once have looked hopefully upon life, must once have been pleasing in one another's eyes, must once have had their Monticello to go home to, and to make lovely by their touch,—if it were only two tenement-rooms, adorned with pictures cut from the illustrated papers.

A lull in the political storm gave Jefferson a long interval of peace, the last he was to know for many a year. The General Court called him to Williamsburg, April 15th and October 15th, and detained him "eighteen days exclu-

sive of Sundays," each time; but during most of the year he was on his mountain, laying out his grounds, planning parts of his house, watching his garden in that vigilant manner of his, superintending his widening farms, and keeping brief, exact record of whatever he did, observed, and learned. Snow three feet deep, as he records soon after reaching home with his bride, "the deepest snow we have ever seen," covered the county of Albemarle during the last days of January. It was not an inviting prospect for the Italians whom Philip Mazzei was about to start in the culture of the vine near by, and who were to furnish Jefferson with Italian gardeners. Virginia has a month of polar winter every third or fourth year, when the James and the Potomac are ice-bound, and the mountain counties are buried in snow. This happy winter chanced to be one such. But an early spring atones; and we are relieved, on looking over the published leaves of the young husband's Garden Book, to discover that on March 20th he "sowed a patch of *later* peas."

The broad summit of his mountain presented a busy scene as the season advanced. Men were levelling the summit down to that expanse of six acres which was to become so bright with lawn, garden, grove, and flowers. Others were cutting roads and paths through the woods, or making the drive around the great lawn. Jefferson, with his rule in his pocket and his case of instruments at hand, watched every operation with the eye of a curious philosopher, pausing often to make a calculation or record a hint. Like a true mathematician, he would take nothing for granted. Having wheelbarrows with one wheel and others with two wheels, he was bound to ascertain, with the certainty of arithmetic, which was the more advantageous. So he takes his position, watch

in hand, pencil in pocket. He discovers that Julius Shard fills a two-wheeled barrow in three minutes, and wheels it thirty yards in a minute and a half. He observes, further, that the two-wheeled barrow holds four times as much as the one-wheeled. With these facts before him, he puts the case in a form which Professor Small himself would have approved: "Suppose the 4 loads put in in the same time, viz. 3 minutes; 4 trips will take $4 \times 1\frac{1}{2} = 6'$, which added to 3' filling is $= 9'$, to fill and carry the same earth which was filled and carried in the two-wheeled barrow in $4\frac{1}{2}'$." This seems conclusive against the one-wheeled vehicle; but as that form of barrow has held its own against all rivals for another century, we must conclude that Mr. Jefferson's one-wheeled barrow was not a fair representative of its order. He was evidently much attached to the two-wheeled specimen.

Every operation was scanned and tested. He observed that a four-horse wagon made ten trips a day up the mountain, and brought nearly five cords of wood. He counted the number of rails that could be drawn up the steepest part of the mountain, and found it was twenty-eight. "A coach and six," he records, "will turn in eighty feet." He meant to allow room enough for the grantees of Virginia who might visit him to turn homeward. For his own part, he had not yet set up a vehicle more imposing than the two-wheeled chaise in which he had attempted to bring home his bride. We learn from the same source, that the grounds were to be enclosed by a picket fence, every other picket long, and that the short pickets were to have four nails each, and the long ones five. No scrap of knowledge came amiss to the young housekeeper. "Mrs. Wythe," he records, "puts one tenth very rich superfine Malmsey to a dry Madeira, and makes a fine wine." This item, doubtless, he brought home from Williamsburg for his wife, with Mrs. Wythe's compliments; for the lady of the mountain kept her housekeeping book, and was

noted for her skill in household arts. Her books of accounts, written in a neat, ladylike hand, still exist.

What an experimenter he was with his garden! He tried almost every valuable nut, vegetable, grain, bulb, shrub, tree, and grass the world knows, — almonds, bitter almonds, soft-shelled almonds, olives (fifteen hundred olive-stones at once), Alpine strawberries, French chestnuts, and all the rare kinds of more familiar fruits and vegetables. His new neighbor, Mazzei, filled his garden with the fine melons, vines, and nuts of Italy, which it was one of Jefferson's dearest delights to spread over Virginia, Maryland, the Carolinas, and Georgia. He watched the operations of the Italian vineyard planters with the closest attention, and put down in his Garden Book a curiously minute account of their method of laying out a vineyard and planting vines. The coming of this little Italian colony, with the intelligent Mazzei at their head, and the prospect which it opened of Albemarle, already called the "garden of Virginia," becoming its vineyard also, was an immense addition to the interest and attractiveness of Monticello. If Jefferson loved his home more than most men, it must be owned that few men have ever had such a home to love.

It is the wife who is the soul of the house. It is she who makes, who constitutes, who *is* the home. The wife of Jefferson comes down to us as she was in this brightest year of her existence, a beautiful woman, her countenance brilliant with color and expression, with luxuriant auburn hair, somewhat tall, and of a very graceful figure, though too slight for the wear and tear of this troublesome world. Nothing but good has been recorded of her, and her carefully kept household books still speak her praise. Tradition reports that she possessed an attraction for her husband most rare in that age among ladies, — an educated mind and a taste for the higher literature. Her love of music, her skill in playing the harpsichord, and her voice in singing,

all harmonized with his tastes and habits, recalling that sister so early lost. A Virginian lady of that period could scarcely escape acquiring the homely, invaluable wisdom that comes of dealing with the common duties of a household. She might not be so accomplished as the mother of Washington, who was one of the best judges of a horse in her county, and perfectly capable of conducting a plantation; but a woman could not be quite a fool who had to think and contrive for a great family of grown-up children.

I see this elegant figure moving about with her husband among the improvements of the mountain-top, visiting with him the spot where negroes were "grubbing up" roots and trees for the family burying-ground, or standing by his side as he counted the wheelbarrow-loads and watched the wall-building. During the winter, perhaps, she may have been alive to the inconveniences of living five hundred and eighty feet in the air; but in the summer she must have warmly approved her husband's choice, if it were only that it lifted them above the mosquitoes and all disagreeable insects. If she cast her eyes in one direction, she saw their mount sloping down a mile and a half to the river Rivanna, and she could see, half a mile beyond the river, the blackened ruins of the house in which her husband was born. On another side, the mountain fell off into the valley in an almost precipitous descent. From one face of the summit there is nothing between the spectator and the ocean, two hundred miles distant, and yet not so far that it is not felt in the afternoon breeze of the hot summer days. From another, there is a vast expanse billowy with mountains, one peak clearly visible forty miles off, and the line of the Blue Ridge marked against the horizon a hundred miles away. Three miles yonder lies the village of Charlottesville; and here is a region of waving wheat-fields and farms, with the river winding among them. From one point, nothing breaks the view for forty-seven miles,

and then it ends in a solitary peak precisely resembling the great Pyramid of Egypt. A lady less susceptible than she could have forgiven the height of the little mount for the wide world of loveliness which it disclosed.

As the summer advanced, she leaned perhaps more heavily upon her husband's strong arm than before, and less frequently rode down into the valley. Their first child was born in the autumn,—that Martha Jefferson who contributed most and longest to the solace of her father's life. Here was a new tie binding him to his home, and it was wound about his heart at the very period when the events occurred that were to summon him away, and detain him many times and long.

From the breezy height of Monticello we must repair to a spot not less enchanting,—Newport, the Emerald Isle of North America. Readers are familiar with the ocean drive, that winds about among the rocks, and by the beaches, and past Lily Pond, until it turns the Point at the ocean end of the island, and winds round past Fort Adams, where the band plays; then by the pretty harbor, alive with yachts and skimming sail-boats; and "so home." Brenton's Point is the ancient and proper name of that turning-place, where the carriages stop for their occupants to look out for Point Judith and Block Island, and admire the tumbling waves that foam over the reefs near the shore, and where children get out to explore the aquarium disclosed to view at low tide, and gather star-fish, wet and squirming, inadmissible to a well-regulated vehicle. In March, 1772, it was a bleak and desolate place, without sign of human habitation. But even at that early period there was much life upon the waters; for Newport had an important commerce with the African coast, and Providence, thirty miles off, at the head of Narragansett Bay, though inferior to Newport in wealth and population, was a thriving town. Those were the days when the best Christians saw noth-

ing wrong in buying negroes and gold-dust on the coast of Africa with New England rum, and selling the negroes to the West Indies for molasses, and taking the molasses home to be converted into more rum for another voyage. Newport had the cream of this sweet commerce for many a year, as well as a legitimate trade with the mother-country.

But this was not all the business that enriched Newport and Providence. It was not to protect lawful commerce that British men-of-war cruised continually in Narragansett Bay, and lay at anchor off Brenton's Point. England was at peace with all the world; the pirates had been driven from these waters; but in March, 1772, when Jefferson was sowing his later peas at Monticello, two British men-of-war approached the Point, one of some magnitude, called the Beaver, and the other, a schooner of eight guns, named the Gaspee. The larger of these vessels kept on her course, and vanishes from this history. The Gaspee dropped her anchor, furled her sails, and remained, about where the Light Ship now rides uneasily on the waves.

Need I remind the reader with what rigor England applied the "protective system" at that time? A colonist could catch a beaver and take off its skin, but a British law forbade his making that skin into a hat. English hatters were protected. A Pennsylvanian might dig a piece of iron out of his native hills, and even smelt away its impurities, but he was obliged to send it to England to be made into steel and a scythe. British cutlers must be protected. A Virginian could raise as much tobacco as he chose; but though England were glutted with tobacco, he could not export a hog's-head of it to another country. He must send it all to England, whence British merchants would distribute it over the world. A Newport merchant might discover excellent fabrics and commodities in Holland or France, but he must buy his return cargo in English ports of English dealers. A Caro-

linian could not sell a pound of his indigo to France, where so much of it was used. The commerce of the Colonies, and their internal trade as well, were restricted and hampered in every way, with the single object, and that object avowed, of compelling the colonists to pour the net product of their toil and enterprise into British coffers. The colonists complied not unwillingly, because they loved their country, that is, the British Empire, and because they felt that, in return for all this, England was bound to defend them against the world.

But the protective system includes, as an invariable accompaniment, the illicit trader and the smuggler; and it will not be one of the least advantages of the universal freedom of trade, which we have been approaching for a century past, and may reach a century hence, that those bad vocations will cease to be exercised. Seldom have they been so flourishing as in the waters about Newport, from the peace of 1763 to the war of 1775. The French War had given a wonderful development to the business. A colonial governor had the power to grant a flag of truce, and an enterprising Newporter could apply for one under pretext of going to the French West Indies to effect an exchange of prisoners. It is mentioned as a proof of the incorruptible honor of Governor Fauquier of Virginia, — gambler as he was, — that he refused an offer of two hundred pounds sterling for a flag. Other governors were not so scrupulous; as the governor of Rhode Island, who alone was elected by the people of his Province, had, it is said, no scruples at all, but granted flags to all applicants at a certain price. Give a Yankee captain, in time of war, a schooner full of "fish and notions," a flag of truce to the enemy, and a free range of the seas; what does he want more? He is trading with peace advantages, and gets war prices.

Considering the circumstances, we cannot be surprised at the bad account given of the Rhode-Islanders by Arch-

deacon Burnaby, who visited them toward the close of the French War. A cunning, deceitful people, he calls them, who "*live almost entirely by unfair and illicit trading*," and their "magistrates are partial and corrupt." The English traveller adds this remark: "Were the governor to interpose his authority, were he to refuse to grant flags of truce, or not to wink at abuses, he would at the expiration of the year be excluded from his office, the only thing perhaps which he has to subsist upon." But, then, according to this Tory Archdeacon, the people themselves had little to subsist upon except the illicit trade; for the enemy, in the course of the war, had captured one hundred and thirty of their vessels; and their own privateers, of which they kept a great number at sea, had had ill luck. Nevertheless, he says, they *would*, out of their population of thirty-five thousand souls, maintain a regiment of provincial troops, which made the taxation burdensome. Besides, their paper money was in a woful condition, as it required twenty-five hundred pounds in Rhode Island paper to buy one golden guinea.

The war being at an end in 1763, nothing more could be done in the flag-of-truce way, and a part of this demoralized energy and capital was employed in evading the revenue laws. One glance at the map will remind the reader that the waters about Rhode Island furnish every facility for any kind of illicit trade that can be carried on in small, swift vessels.

For eight years — 1764 to 1772 — there had been war in Narragansett Bay, between Rhode Island and the king of Great Britain. The king began it. An offensive armed schooner, the *St. John*, was stationed in the bay in 1764, for the sole purpose of interfering with the maritime pursuits of the Rhode-Islanders. This *St. John* had the insolence to make a prize of a brig which had brought in an unlawful cargo. Retaliation: the people seized a shore battery and fired into the *St. John*. Royal ships impressed unwary

seamen. On one occasion, the *Maidstone*, man-of-war, boarded a brig just from the African coast, and impressed her whole crew, who had expected that very night to be at home. Retaliation: a crowd of Newporters seized one of the *Maidstone's* boats at the Long Wharf, dragged her up Broad Street to the Parade, and burnt her in front of that handsome State House which still stands. Again, in 1769, the sloop-of-war *Liberty*, besides making herself generally odious through the sleepless vigilance of her commander, Lieutenant Reid, once stopped and brought in an innocent vessel, and then fired at the captain's boat when he came seeking redress. Retaliation: a resolute company of Newporters boarded her, cut her cables, let her drift ashore, hard and fast; and then, when night fell, a party set her on fire, and she was burned to the water's edge! This was war.

In 1772 it fell to the little *Gaspee*, of eight guns, Lieutenant Dudingston commanding, to continue the strife. This lieutenant was not long in making himself an object of passionate disgust to a seafaring people. Lying there, off Brenton's Point, right at the entrance of the bay, in the very highway leading both to Newport and Providence, he adopted the system of boarding everything that floated, — packets, market-boats, ferry-boats, coasting schooners, Indiamen, Londoners, homeward-bound, outward-bound, — everything! The expedient was simple and obvious, but it was all too effectual. And, to make his conduct the more offensive, he sent any contraband property that he seized to Boston for adjudication.

At that time the deputy-governor of Rhode Island Plantation, Darius Sessions by name, lived at Providence, and the governor, Joseph Wanton, lived at Newport. Darius Sessions wrote to Joseph Wanton a letter of ludicrous gravity, relating the aggressions of "a schooner" upon "our navigation"; affecting not to know "*who he* is, and by what authority *he* assumes

such a conduct"; and requesting his Honor to inquire into the matter. The deputy contrived to make a pointed allusion to the sloop *Liberty*, burnt at Newport some time before. "It is suspected," said Mr. Sessions, "that he has no legal authority to justify his conduct; and his commission, if he has any, is some antiquated paper, more of a fiction than anything else, . . . no other than the commission the famous Reid had, *who lost his sloop at Newport*, or something else, of no validity." The governor, in the same strain of affected ignorance, addressed a note of inquiry to the odious lieutenant, who replied, not in the most conciliatory tone, that he "had done nothing but what was his duty." Much correspondence followed. The governor wrote to the admiral at Boston, and the admiral replied with the *haut* that might be expected; both referred the matter to the Earl of Hillsborough; and the affair drew to great length and complexity. But, in the mean time, Lieutenant Dudingston continued to "disturb the navigation" of Narragansett Bay, and seized whatever rum or other commodity had not contributed its quota to the king's strong box.

June 10, 1772, at noon, the regular packet plying between Newport and Providence left Newport for Providence without notifying Lieutenant Dudingston. The *Gaspee* gave chase; chased the packet up the bay twenty-three miles, and then ran hard aground on Narragansett Point, seven miles below Providence. The packet reached her berth about sunset. Her captain related his adventure and described the situation of the hated *Gaspee* to Mr. John Brown, the most substantial merchant of the place. In common with the whole Colony, Mr. Brown believed the proceedings of Lieutenant Dudingston to be illegal. Deputy-Governor Darius Sessions had consulted Chief Justice Hopkins upon the subject, and the Chief Justice had officially pronounced them lawless. No commander of a vessel, the Chief Justice

maintained, had any right to exert authority in the Colony without previously applying to the governor, showing his warrant for so doing, and being regularly sworn in.

Mr. Brown, like most men who live near the sea, carried the tide in his mind, as farmers at work in a distant field observe without thinking of it their taskmaster, the sun. The *Gaspee* cannot get off Namquit Point before three in the morning, thought the merchant. The case of the *Liberty*, perhaps, flashed across his mind. The *Gaspee* had run *herself* ashore! What an opportunity to free the waters of Rhode Island from this worse than a pirate!

He spoke to one of the captains in his service, who hurried away as if on a joyful errand. A few minutes later, the beating of a drum in the main street of Providence summoned the people to doors and windows; and the drummer, in the manner of a town-crier, lifted up his voice and proclaimed the situation of the *Gaspee*, and invited all men disposed to lend a hand to her destruction to repair to Sabin's tavern as soon as it was dark. At half past nine, eight of the largest boats belonging to the town, with muffled oars and filled with armed men, each boat commanded by a sea-captain, dropped away from Fenner's Wharf. It was no mob that manned the boats. The best men of the town took part in this expedition, and all men's hearts went with it; unless it might be some lone representative of the collector of the customs, — the only officer in Rhode Island not elected by the people. John Brown, the prime mover, who was in one of the boats, besides being the chief merchant of the Colony, was of the family that afterwards founded and gave its name to Brown University.

All on board the *Gaspee* slept, except one sailor, who kept the watch. At midnight the watch was changed, when Bartholomew Cheever came on deck in his turn. At a quarter to one he descried in the darkness — the night was very dark — a line of boats silently

approaching the vessel. He reported the ominous circumstance to the lieutenant, who hurried on deck in his night-shirt, and soon saw the boats himself. "Hail them," said the officer, "and tell them to stand off at their peril." The sailor obeyed. No answer. Again he shouted, "Who comes there?" No answer. The lieutenant himself then took his station at the side of the vessel, a pistol in one hand and a cutlass in the other. He hailed the boats twice. From one of them came at length an angry reply, which may be softened into, "I am the sheriff of the county of Kent, damn you! I have got a warrant to apprehend you, damn you! So surrender, damn you!" Which was a fiction, uttered by one of the captains commanding. "Call all hands," said the lieutenant to Cheever, who obeyed; and the men, in the course of a few seconds, began to tumble up. But those few seconds were fatal to the Gaspee.

For, at the instant of Lieutenant Dudington's appearance at the side of his vessel, one of the men in the boats said to a comrade, "Reach me your gun, and I can kill that fellow." Just as the lieutenant had given the order to call all hands he fell to the deck dangerously wounded in the arm and groin, bleeding profusely. He had not yet been helped to the cabin before the assailants boarded, drove the men below, and were masters of the vessel. The Providence men followed the crew into the hold, tied every man's hands behind him, and prepared to set them ashore.

A young medical student, while busy below tying the hands of the unresisting crew, was called to the deck by a voice familiar to all the party. "What is the matter, Mr. Brown?" asked the student. "Don't call names," was the reply, "but go immediately into the cabin. There is one wounded and will bleed to death." Upon examining the wound the student feared the great artery was cut, and began to pull and tug at the collar of his own shirt to tear a bandage. The wounded man showed

that he was worthy of better work than chasing packet-boats and groping after hidden rum, by saying, "Pray, sir, don't tear your clothes; there is linen in that trunk." And after his wound was dressed, he begged the young surgeon to accept a gold stock-buckle as a mark of his gratitude; and, this being refused, he pressed upon him a silver one, which the student accepted and wore to old age. The crew were landed in two parties, two miles apart, and the lieutenant was carried to a house near the shore. The schooner was then set on fire.

When the sun rose nothing remained of her but a black and smoking hulk. The assailants rowed home at leisure in broad daylight, reaching Providence in time for breakfast. So little concealment was there, that, in the course of the morning, a young man appeared in the most public place in Providence with Lieutenant Dudington's gold-laced hat upon his head, and related to a great circle of admiring bystanders how and where he had got it in the schooner's cabin; he was induced to retire with his trophy; but every American in Providence knew who had done the deed, who suggested it, and what part in it each of the leading persons had borne.

Darius Sessions's parents must have been devoid of a sense of the ludicrous, else he had not been blessed with such a name; but Darius himself was a humorist. In the morning he received the "news" of this transaction. Whereupon he rode down to the scene, attended by some gentlemen of the town, to inquire into it. He found the thing had really happened! Here was the smoking hulk. In yonder house lay the wounded officer. The crew were roaming at large, subsisting on the country. He visited the lieutenant, and begged to know how he could be of service to him. That truly gallant officer replied that, for his own part, he wanted nothing; he hardly expected to survive; but he asked to have his men attended to, and sent to the admiral in Boston. The deputy

took sundry depositions, provided for the crew, and returned home to exercise his talent for grave burlesque in a letter to the governor. "A very disagreeable affair," said he, "has lately happened within this part of the Colony." He related the disagreeable affair. Then he remarked: "The dangerous tendency of this transaction is too obvious to pass it over with the least *appearance* of neglect." He did not underline the word "appearance," it was not necessary. He concluded his epistle thus: "It is the prevailing opinion of the gentlemen in this quarter, that a proclamation with a large reward be issued for apprehending the persons who have thus offended. You will please consult the gentlemen your way; and, in the mean time, I will endeavor to collect the sentiments of the members of the Assembly, and other principal gentlemen by name, and send the same to your Honor, as soon as may be."

Governor Wanton acted upon this hint. A proclamation was very promptly issued, offering a reward of a hundred pounds to any one who should discover the perpetrators. Strange to say, the proclamation was of no effect. Not a creature in Rhode Island disclosed what many hundreds of men, women, and children must have personally known. Lieutenant Dudingston recovered his health, was recommended for promotion, and, it is to be hoped, obtained it. Other cruisers replaced the burnt Gaspee. Narragansett Bay was as blue and bright as before, its islands as richly verdedured, and all things went their usual train.

No one can understand the importance of this affair, unless he bears in mind that the great controversy of which it was one trifling outbreak was a controversy between the colonists and ONE MAN. That one man was the king, — poor, dull, proud, ignorant, moody George III., — the costliest king a country was ever cursed with. He cost, in fact, £800,000,000, besides his board, and the loss of thirteen Colonies;

for it was *he*, that one blind, unteachable dunce, who severed the empire.

Of course there are always men enough to flatter the foibles of a king. The American Tories exulted in the destruction of the Gaspee. If *this* does not wake the British lion, wrote Governor Hutchinson of Massachusetts, no one will ever tremble at his roar again! "So daring an insult!" By men, too, who are perfectly well known, and yet not one arrested! The royal animal has been asleep these four or five years past; as if these turbulent colonists could be ruled by soft words, and milk-white steeds drawing great lords in gorgeous coaches! a gracious king sees with what result. A *king's* lieutenant wounded and turned out of his vessel! Governor Hutchinson had the honor of conversing with Admiral Montagu on the subject, and he rejoiced to hear the admiral state that, in his opinion, Lord Sandwich would "never leave pursuing the Colony until it was disfranchised." Governor Hutchinson's own opinion, as recorded for the perusal of the home government, was this: "If the late affair at Rhode Island is passed over without a full inquiry and due resentment, our liberty people will think they may with impunity commit any acts of violence, be they ever so atrocious, and the friends to government will despond and give up all hopes of being able to withstand the faction."

The home government needed no prompting. The lion was awake. The "law servants of the crown" pronounced the act of the Rhode-Islanders high treason, levying war against the king. Five royal commissioners — the governor of Rhode Island, the chief justices of New York, New Jersey, and Massachusetts, and a judge of the Boston Vice-admiralty Court — were appointed to go to Rhode Island and investigate the full business. General Gage, commanding the troops at Boston, was ordered to hold himself in readiness to assist the commissioners, if they should need assistance. Governor Wanton received this informa-

tion from England about the first of October in a long despatch from Lord Dartmouth ; and the material parts of this document found their way into the newspapers ! Secrecy would have been desirable, if the governor had meant to execute the king's commands ; but important matters will get into the papers in times of public commotion, if the pigeon-hole is not well looked to. There was one paragraph in Lord Dartmouth's despatch which arrested every intelligent mind in the Colonies, and kindled every patriotic heart. Jefferson read it at Monticello with feelings inexpressible. Dabney Carr read it in his cabin full of children, and, I doubt not, rode swiftly to his brother-in-law, Jefferson, to talk it over :—

"It is his Majesty's intention, in consequence of the advice of his Privy Council, that the persons concerned in the burning of the *Gaspee* schooner, and in the other violences which attended that daring insult, SHOULD BE BROUGHT TO ENGLAND TO BE TRIED ; and I am therefore to signify to you his Majesty's pleasure" that the prisoners, together with the witnesses on both sides, shall be delivered to the custody of Admiral Montagu, and sent in a king's ship to England !

The commissioners arrived at Newport. They offered a reward of a thousand pounds sterling to any one who would reveal or betray the ringleaders, and five hundred pounds for the detection of any other person concerned. Before entering upon their duties they all swore and subscribed the three great oaths, so pertinent to the occasion. First, they swore they did not believe in the doctrine of transubstantiation, and that they regarded the invocation of the Virgin Mary and the sacrifice of the mass as superstitious and idolatrous. Secondly, they swore that they considered George III. the true king of Great Britain, and rejected the Pretender, who called himself James III. Thirdly, they swore that from their hearts they abhorred, detested, and abjured, as impious and heretical, the damnable doctrine and position, that

the Pope could depose a king by pronouncing him excommunicate. These three tremendous oaths, drawn out to great length, having been duly sworn, recorded, and signed, the commissioners proceeded to business. It was in the Newport State House, in that large room into which summer visitors peep, and admire the quaint carpentry of other days, that these solemn things were done.

The commissioners summoned witnesses, took depositions, adjourned, met again, sat long and often, made up a voluminous Report, and discovered nothing ! Not one man was so much as arrested ! Every witness that knew anything about the matter stayed at home and sent an excuse. Some had causes coming on at court. One had "a swelling in the hand." Another was seventy-four years of age. Sabin, at whose tavern the assailants had met, and where they had spent an hour and a half in casting bullets and sharpening cutlasses, sent the following, which may serve as a sample :—

"Gentlemen : I now address you on account of a summons I received from you, requiring my attendance at the Council Chamber in Newport on Wednesday, 20th instant.

"Now, gentlemen, I beg to acquaint you what renders me incapable of attending. In the first place, I am an insolvent debtor ; and, therefore, my person would be subject to an arrest by some one or other of my creditors ; and my health has been on the decline for these two months past, and it would be dangerous should I leave my house.

"And, further, were I to attend, I could give no information relative to the assembling, arming, training, and leading on the people concerned in destroying the schooner *Gaspee*.

"On the 9th day of June last, at night, I was employed at my house, attending company ; who were John Andrew, Esq., judge of the Court of Vice-admiralty, John Cole, Esq., Mr. Hitchcock, and George Brown, who supped at my house, and stayed there until two of the clock in the morning following ;

and I have not any knowledge relative to the matter on which I am summoned." *

And so said they all, namely, George Brown, Mr. Hitchcock, Judge Andrews, and John Cole, Esq.; none of whom could attend the honorable commissioners, though they found time to write excuses protesting the densest ignorance of the whole affair. In a word, the investigation was an absolute nullity and farce. Those five commissioners, with all the aid the king could give them, with his fleet, his army, and his thousand pounds, could not, after five months' trying, discover what every boy in the streets knew, and what they themselves knew, as mere men. The publicity given to Lord Dartmouth's despatch would alone have defeated its object, even if the commissioners had been in earnest.

The affair might have ended here. But the King's friends were now in the ascendancy in Parliament, and they must needs invest this folly with the importance and permanence of law. An act was passed for the better protection of the navy and its appurtenances, which made it a capital offence to destroy any object belonging to a king's vessel. The act was so worded, that a man who should cut a button from a drunken marine's coat or knock in the head of a royal beef-barrel was to be presumed a traitor to the king, and could be sent for trial to any county in England!

It were difficult to exaggerate the interest which this affair excited throughout the Colonies. The audacious gallantry of the Providence men was the first theme of admiration; and before that had become an exhausted topic, rumors of coming vengeance from England renewed the public interest in it. Lord Dartmouth's despatch, the arrival of the commissioners, and their solemn sessions at Newport, still kept all

minds attentive. The absurd failure of the royal commission does not seem to have allayed the popular resentment. Finally, the act of Parliament fixing the Rhode Island precedent into imperial law convinced all but the most reluctant that the king was resolved upon forcing the controversy to an armed issue. Students familiar with the period receive the impression that it was the burning of the Gaspee, more than the throwing overboard of the tea, that led to the Boston Port Bill, and so precipitated the Revolution.

One evening in the early part of March, 1772, six or seven gentlemen sat about a table in a private room of the Raleigh Tavern at Williamsburg, Virginia. They were all members of the House of Burgesses,—Patrick Henry, Richard Henry Lee, his brother Francis Lightfoot Lee, Thomas Jefferson, his brother-in-law Dabney Carr, and one or two others. Rhode Island had been for weeks upon every tongue. It was not yet known that the scenes enacting in the Newport State House were comedy instead of tragedy. Paragraphs of fearful import circulated in the newspapers from Colony to Colony. It looked, for a time, as though poor little Rhode Island was about to be extirpated; for Admiral Montagu was going there with a fleet, General Gage with an army; the Inquisition had already been set up; and every man whom it chose to arrest was to be sent three thousand miles away for trial. Rhode Island was the least of the Colonies, and it seemed as if, for that reason, she had been *first* marked for vengeance. But the lawless court then sitting at Newport an infuriate Ministry could transfer to Williamsburg, and order fleets and armies to Virginia to execute its decrees! At such a crisis, what does it become the most powerful of the Colonies to do on behalf of the weakest?

This was the question which those gentlemen were discussing at the Raleigh Tavern that night. They were of the younger members of the House, and they had met by themselves, because

* A History of the Destruction of his Britannic Majesty's Schooner Gaspee in Narragansett Bay. By John Russell Bartlett, Secretary of State of Rhode Island, p. 102. Providence. 1861.

they feared their elders would hesitate to act with the requisite promptness and spirit. Their object was to hit upon a course which should be moderate enough for the Tories, while being decided enough for the Whigs. Virginia, they all felt, must stand by Rhode Island. The Colonies must make common cause. But it was requisite to proceed with moderation.

We shall never appreciate what it cost some of the Virginians to fall into line with the Northern Colonies on these occasions. The ideal of New England, as we plainly see in all the memorials of the first century, was Israel; but Virginia's beloved and honored model was England: and both were equally cramped by the inadequacy of their pattern. When the coast of British North America was divided, it was the northern half that should have been called Virginia, and the southern half New England; for it was in the southern half that another England was to be attempted. There the Church of England was to be established; there primogeniture and entail were to perpetuate county families; there the laborer was to be ignorant, poor, and hopeless; there the government was to be an imitation of King, Lords, and Commons; there the king was to be the source of honor; there that inexplicable, complex, omnipotent influence, the social tone, was to be English, only English, and that exceedingly. For a century or more it was Virginia's favorite vanity to differ from New England in just that very particular which the present crisis called upon her to disregard.

In 1674, when the agents of Virginia were in London trying to get their rights secured by a charter, they were opposed on the ground of New England's recent adherence to Cromwell. The agents replied: No disobedience of New England ought to cause apprehension of the same on the part of Virginia; for the people of New England "steer a quite contrary course" from us Virginians. *They* endeavor, as much as they can, to "sever them-

selves from the crown"; whereas *our* "chief desire is to be assured of our perpetual, immediate dependence thereon." They discover antimonarchical principles; they *love* a republican form of government, which is something distinct and independent from the policy of England. But we "are and ever have been heartily affectionate and loyal to the monarchy of England"; and the government of Virginia is "constituted, as we humbly conceive, in imitation of it." They have obtained power of choosing their own governor. We, on the contrary, "*would not have that power*, but desire our governor may be from time to time appointed by the king." "The New-Englanders imagine great felicity in their form of government, civil and ecclesiastical, under which they were trained up to disobedience to the crown and Church of England; but the Virginians would think themselves very unhappy to be obliged to accept of and live under a government so constituted."

Every Virginian heart would have responded to these sentiments. But, with all this loyalty to the king, there was a deeper attachment to what they called the Rights of Englishmen, and especially to that fundamental right, without which no other has validity, the right of self-taxation. The Province for a century and a half was never suffered long to forget that great right and the means of preserving it. The people had a special drill and training in Magna Charta. Old men long remembered and told their descendants that all was chaos in Virginia for the first fourteen years; until the first House of Burgesses convened at Jamestown,—their "darling assembly," as one of the old historians styles it. During fifty-three years more it was the first object of Virginians to secure this right of self-government by a royal charter. Curiously enough, the first king who recognized their parliament was the monarch who lost his head by trying to govern England without one. Young Charles I. wrote them a letter

scolding them for founding their Colony upon tobacco-smoke, and advising them to turn their attention to potash, staves, iron, and salt; but he offered them three shillings a pound for their whole crop of tobacco, and told them to convene an *Assembly* to consider and decide upon the proposition. To the moment of that king's decapitation, Virginia sided with the Commonwealth men, as England herself did. Once, in 1654, the tobacco lords in the Burgesses disfranchised all their constituents, except those who possessed a certain quantity of land. The act was repealed two years after, and for reasons which Jefferson himself might have dictated, and which, doubtless, his ancestors approved. It was unreasonable and unnatural, said the preamble to the repealing act, that men who contributed to the support of government and the defence of the country should be deprived of their chartered and natural rights by the very servants whom they had chosen to watch over their interests.

A long series of events could be adduced to show that the fundamental rights of citizens were familiar and dear to Virginians from 1621 onward to the time of the Stamp Act. Every doctrine of the Revolutionary period can be found, expressed with force and intelligence, in the public papers of the Province a century before the meeting of the first Congress. Despite that sentimental loyalty of theirs, the yeomen of Virginia were distinctly aware that their Colony had been "deduced," not at the king's expense, and defended, not by the king's troops, and supported, not by the king's treasure; and that, in founding a Colony which cost the king nothing and yielded him a revenue of a hundred and fifty thousand pounds a year, they had certainly not lost any of the rights of Englishmen.

Sentiment, however, is a potent influence, particularly when it is allied with vanity. It is hard for men to profess opinions to which the stigma of vulgarity has been affixed; and, in

Virginia, loyalty to Church and king was regarded as the trait of a gentleman. And, ridiculous as it seems, those twelve councillors whom the governor recommended and the king appointed — the only Virginians who could, with any show of legality, claim precedence of the rest — were held in extravagant respect. There was a large circle of families with whom the object of ambition was to see one of their members appointed to a seat in the Council Chamber. Sentiment, vanity, interest, tradition, habit, united to bind the heads of great families in close array around the viceregal throne. The excellent Botecourt, too, had now been replaced by the rash, ignorant, and reckless Lord Dunmore, with his cormorant factotum extorting illegal fees, and a numerous family of sons and daughters, who were striving to introduce into society at Williamsburg rules of precedence similar to those which prevailed in European courts. Fool as he was, he had his courtiers and his votaries. "The palace" was still a social force as well as a political one.

Our young burgesses, therefore, who were closeted at the Raleigh Tavern, could recommend nothing very bold or decisive. Besides, they came of a race whose words are apt to be moderate and few, when their intent is most serious and unchangeable; not inclined to threaten until they are ready with the stroke.

Two years and a half before, the Massachusetts Assembly had appointed a Committee of Correspondence, of five members, to communicate with their agent and others in England, and with the speakers of the several colonial legislatures, upon subjects of common concern; and, once or twice, circular letters had been sent by the House to the speakers of the various assemblies. Acting upon this hint (though without thinking of it at the time), the young gentlemen determined to propose to their House to establish a Standing Committee of eleven members, for the sole purpose of getting

and transmitting to sister Colonies the earliest intelligence of such acts of the administration and of Parliament as related to America; to instruct this committee to inquire at once into the affair at Rhode Island; and to invite each of the other colonial legislatures to appoint a similar committee. This measure was to be urged as a means of "*quieting the minds of his Majesty's faithful subjects in this Colony*," which had been "much disturbed by various rumors and reports of proceedings tending to deprive them of their ancient legal and constitutional rights."

The resolutions having been drawn, Jefferson was asked to offer them to the House the next morning. He preferred to assign this task to his brother-in-law, Dabney Carr, a new member, as yet unheard in the House, but endowed, as Jefferson believed, with eminent talents for debate. Mr. Carr consenting, the company broke up, Carr and Jefferson going to their lodgings together. As they walked homeward, they conversed upon the utility and probable effects of such Committees of Correspondence, and they agreed in thinking that the measure must lead, and that speedily, to a CONGRESS OF DEPUTIES from all the Colonies, for the purpose of presenting a united front to these strange aggressions, and of concerting the best methods of opposition. If either of them had ever heard of the Massachusetts committee of 1770, they had forgotten it. That committee's chief object had been correspondence with agents in London. No *system* of interchanging news and ideas had resulted from its appointment. They felt then, and always felt, that theirs was an original measure.

The next morning Dabney Carr rose to address the House for the first time. A general favorite, every one wished him success; and he spoke to men alarmed at the events transpiring in Rhode Island. The resolutions were read. He supported them in a speech which tradition reports to have been a happy blending of boldness, prudence, and courtesy. How harmless

the measure suggested! what more proper than for legislative bodies to procure prompt, exact information! He reconciled nearly every mind to the wisdom and propriety of the scheme; and when he sat down, the faces of the little parliament beamed with generous joy as in the triumph of a friend. Forty-three years after, Jefferson told a son of the young speaker how well he remembered the pleasure which shone in the countenances of the Assembly at the conclusion of the speech, and the buzz of applauding remark that followed it. The resolutions were carried with a near approach to unanimity. The members of the committee were Peyton Randolph, R. C. Nicholas, Richard Bland, R. H. Lee, Benjamin Harrison, Edmund Pendleton, Patrick Henry, Dudley Digges, Dabney Carr, Archibald Cary, and Thomas Jefferson.

The session ended on the day following, but the committee remained long enough to prepare and despatch a circular letter to the colonial assemblies, explaining the object of their appointment, and requesting each of them to designate a similar committee with whom they could regularly communicate. What a part these committees played in the times that followed need not be told. Every county, every village, came to have its committee, the power of which increased as the public alarm increased. No power is so terrible as the organ of a public terror. Some of the innumerable committees, American and French, that sprang into being through that meeting in the Raleigh Tavern, abused their power; but the Committees of Correspondence — forerunner and cause of the Continental Congress — secured the independence of the Colonies. The author of the scheme lived to see its success in one Revolution, and its fearful abuse in another.

The sympathy of the most powerful — or, at least, the most imposing and famous — of the Colonies with the smallest and weakest touched every generous heart in America, and led

the way to that predominance of Virginia which made her by and by the "mother of Presidents." The Assembly of Massachusetts hailed with warm applause the wise and firm conduct of Virginia at all times, and especially in thus making the cause of Rhode Island her own. The Rhode Island Legislature, in one of its resolves, spoke of "the glorious Assembly of Virginia." The young burgesses had every reason to be satisfied with the results of their measure.

The session being ended, Jefferson and Carr resumed their professional duties. If they rode homeward together, as is probable, Jefferson was obliged to return soon to the April term of the General Court at Williamsburg; and his brother-in-law had causes to plead in the county court held at Charlottesville, the village that lay within sight of Monticello. Dabney Carr, then eight years married, had, as I have said, his little house full of little children. The sixth was born about the time of his coming from his first session, flushed with the triumph of his maiden speech. He was compelled to leave home again before his wife was strong enough to sit up. Her spirits sank at the thought of his leaving her, and she was oppressed with forebodings of evil. He took his leave of her, and mounted his horse for his journey to Charlottesville. When she heard his horse's steps upon the road under her window, she raised herself feebly in bed to catch one last look at him, but she could only get high enough to see his hat, as it swayed to the motion of the horse. Soon after reaching Charlottesville he was seized with a malignant type of typhoid fever, the course of which was so rapid that he could not be moved even so far as Monticello, and he died before Jefferson heard that he was in danger.

The news of this desolating stroke came near depriving his children of a mother. She lost her reason for a time; during which she could see only the moving phantom of a HAT, as she had seen her husband's when he passed

her window. When reason returned, and for many weeks after, still that maddening Hat would not vanish from her sight.* It was long before she could bend her mind to the new duties which the event devolved upon her.

In this sudden desolation of her young life, her brother was literally a tower of refuge to her; for he took her, and all her helpless brood, home to Monticello; which thenceforth became their home, as he their father. He reared and educated all those six children — three sons and three daughters — with the same care, tenderness, and liberality as his own. He nurtured their infancy; he directed their studies; he guided their entrance into active life; two of the sons pursuing with distinguished success his own profession. Nor did he ever, during the long series of years when he had offices to give away, quarter one of them, or one of *their* children, upon the public. When he reached home, he found that his friend had been buried at Shadwell. Mindful of the romantic agreement of their youth, that, whichever died first, should bury the other under the giant oak on Monticello, beneath which they had read and talked during long summer days, he caused the remains to be removed, and mused over an inscription proper for the tombstone. He wrote one, which recorded the usual brief outline of a human life, and ended it with these words: "To his virtue, good sense, learning, and friendship this stone is dedicated by Thomas Jefferson, who, of all men living, loved him most." He thought of these lines to accompany the inscription, from the *Excursion by Mallet*: —

"Lamented Shade, whom every gift of Heaven
Profusely blest: a temper winning, mild;
Nor pity softer, nor was truth more bright.
Constant in doing well, he neither sought
Nor shunned applause. No bashful merit sighed
Near him neglected. Sympathizing, he
Wiped off the tear from Sorrow's clouded eye
With kindly hand, and taught her heart to smile."

These melancholy duties done, there remained for Jefferson a vast increase to the joy of his home; the play

* 1 Randall's *Jefferson*, 84.

and prattle of six affectionate children, their opening intelligence, their abundant love, their six countenances speaking welcome when he returned, and luring him while away. He had the instinct of the parent and of the tutor, and both unusually strong; so strong that his own family could not have sufficed for their gratification. Science will one day tell us *why* the children of such a pair should have had so slight, so precarious a hold upon life. At present we have to be content with the miserable fact. Their first child, Martha, inherited a constitution sufficiently robust; their second lived but five months; and their third only seventeen days; their fourth child was Mary, who grew to womanhood; their fifth lived five months; and their sixth two years. All of them were girls, except the one that lived seventeen days. The youngest, who survived two years, seemed all spirit. She listened to music with rapture, and had an organization so finely attuned, that a false note brought tears to her eyes. But Jefferson was blest in this, that his mountain-top, at every period of his long life, was alive and merry with a swarm of children besides his own.

We know so little of Mrs. Jefferson, that the least thing which concerns her has interest. Three glimpses of their home life are afforded in the memorials of these happy years. In one record we see her teaching "the little Carrs" the beginnings of knowledge along with her own child. In another the dense veil of a hundred years is lifted for a moment, and we hear her blaming her husband for some generous deed of his which had met with an ungrateful return. "But," she immediately added, in a gush of admiring affection, "it was always so with him; he is so good himself, that he cannot understand how bad other people may be." In another, we witness a short domestic scene in which appear three characters, father, mother, and child. For some trifling fault the child had undergone a trifling punishment. Some time after, being again in disgrace, her

mother reminded her of the painful circumstance. The too sensitive Martha, deeply wounded at what seemed a taunt, turned away with a swelling heart and eyes filled with tears; but, before she had gone beyond hearing, she heard her father say to her mother in the low tone of affectionate remonstrance, "My dear, a fault in so young a child once punished should be forgotten." The child never forgot the passion of grateful love that filled her heart as these words caught her ear.*

The year 1773 wore away. The next year was the one decisive of the controversy between the Colonies and the king. When the year 1774 opened, Thomas Jefferson was a thriving young lawyer, not known even by name beyond his native Province; when it closed, he was a person of note among the patriots of America, and had won the honor of being proscribed by name in England.

The spring found him as usual in his seat in the House of Burgesses. As, in 1773, the eyes of the continent were fixed upon Narragansett Bay, so now, in 1774, every mind was intent upon Boston Harbor. The wrath of a misguided king was kindled against the Bostonians. They had not equalled the Rhode-Islanders in audacity; they had not burnt a king's vessel, nor wounded a king's lieutenant; but a few of them had taken the liberty of throwing some chests of tea into the harbor. The Ministry, instructed by their failure in Rhode Island, made no attempt to discover the doers of this deed. They offered no reward, and appointed no commissioners. They held the whole population guilty, and closed the port; which, in an instant, suspended the business of the town, and deprived it of the means of subsistence. So do some unskilful schoolmasters, when they cannot detect a culprit, "keep in" the whole school, and put every boy upon bread and water.

Once more Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry, the two Lees, and a few

* Domestic Life of Thomas Jefferson, p. 344.

other choice spirits met to consider what part it became Virginia to take in this new crisis. Expedients appeared to be exhausted; at least, all appeals to the powers on the other side of the ocean had proved fruitless. The young Whigs in conference concluded that the next thing in order was to rouse the people of Virginia to a more vivid sense of the deadly peril of their liberty. The Boston Port Bill was to go into operation on the 1st of June. They determined to get the House, if they could, to appoint that day as one of public fasting and humiliation, to be observed by services in all the parish churches. Between the end of the session and the day designated there would be time for members to go to their counties and inspire the clergy with the feeling proper to the occasion. "We cooked up a resolution," Jefferson records, "somewhat modernizing the Puritan phrases, appointing the first day of June for a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer, to implore Heaven *to avert from us the evils of civil war*, to inspire us with firmness in support of our rights, and to turn the hearts of the king and Parliament to moderation and justice."

Jefferson never invited failure by neglecting obvious precautions or disregarding the small proprieties. He was aware that if this resolution and its pious preamble were offered by himself or by his merry friend Patrick Henry, or by any of the younger Whigs, the incongruity would not escape remark. The head of the bar, Mr. Nicholas, a grave, religious gentleman, was asked to offer it to the Burgesses. He complied with the request, and the resolution passed without opposition.

Rash Dunmore dissolved the House. The members, as in Lord Botecourt's time, assembled the next morning in the Apollo. Momentous meeting! They did a few quiet things, in their usual quiet, courteous way; but two of them were things that proved decisive, irreversible, revolutionary. They agreed to buy no more tea! They in-

structed the Committee of Correspondence to propose an ANNUAL CONGRESS of deputies from all the Colonies. They agreed to meet on the 1st of August at Williamsburg to elect the Virginia members of that congress. They declared that an attack on the rights of one Colony was an attack on all. Then they broke up, and hurried home to rouse the clergy to make the very utmost of the opportunity about to be afforded them on the Fast day.

The Fast was universally observed, and its effect, as Jefferson thought, was most salutary. The people, he says, met at their parish churches with anxiety and alarm in their faces; for no solemnity of the kind had been held in nineteen years, not since the days of terror after Braddock's defeat. The minister of his own parish was Charles Clay (cousin of Henry Clay), a man fully alive to the occasion, whose fervid oratory was heard all through the Revolutionary period, nerving the people to dare and endure. "The cause of liberty is the cause of God!" he once exclaimed in the course of a sermon on a Fast day. "Cursed be he," was another of his sentences, "who keepeth back his sword from blood in this war!" "The effect of the day," wrote Jefferson many years after, thinking, doubtless, of what he had heard and seen in Albemarle, "was like a shock of electricity, arousing every man, and placing him erect and solidly on his centre."

All that summer, Boston, suffering, impoverished Boston, lay upon every heart. Each Province, county, city, town, neighborhood, sent its contribution to supply the needs of the people, suddenly deprived of their occupation. The port being closed on the 1st of June, the day of the year when the stock of food in a country reaches its lowest point, the farmers could not at first be as liberal as they wished, but they did what they could. Windham (Conn.) began the work of relief. Before the month of June ended Windham sent in, with a cordial letter of ap-

plause and sympathy, "a small flock of sheep, which at this season are not so good as we could wish, but are the best we had." Two hundred and fifty-eight was Windham's notion of the number of sheep that go to "a small flock." Groton (Mass.) sent forty bushels of grain; Wrentham, one load of grain; Pepperill, forty bushels; Charlemont, two barrels of flour; Farmington, between three and four hundred bushels of rye and corn; and fertile Wethersfield, nearly eight hundred bushels of grain, with promise of more after harvest.

New Jersey soon wrote to say that she, too, was making contributions, and would be glad to know which would be most acceptable to a suffering sister, cash or produce. Cash, replied Boston, if perfectly convenient. North Carolina promptly sent two sloop-loads of provisions. The Marblehead fishermen were so liberal as to forward "two hundred and twenty-four quintals of good eating fish, one barrel and three quarters of good olive oil, and thirty-nine pounds five shillings and three pence in cash." South Carolina's first gift was one hundred casks of rice. "Baltimore town" contributed three thousand bushels of corn, twenty barrels of rye-flour, two barrels of pork, and twenty barrels of bread. Virginia, —there seemed to be no end to Virginia's gifts! A cargo of corn was her first offering; Alexandria followed soon with a present of three hundred and fifty pounds in money; and the several counties kept forwarding cargoes and large consignments of corn, all through the autumn and winter. In all, Virginia contributed about ten thousand bushels of what one forwarder styled, in his letter, "donation grain," besides several sums of money from villages and individuals. "Hold out long enough," wrote a gentleman in the South, "and Boston will become the granary of America."

As the cool season approached the agricultural towns became more liberal. Lebanon drove in "three hundred and seventy-six fat sheep"; Nor-

wich, two hundred and ninety-one; Groton, one hundred and twenty; Brooklyn, one hundred and twenty-five; East Haddam, "a drove of sheep and cattle." The Maryland counties were extremely liberal; each sent its thousand or two thousand bushels of corn. From cold and remote Quebec came "a small quantity of wheat"; from Montreal, a hundred pounds sterling. What droves of sheep kept streaming into Boston, when the temperature favored driving! From every little mountain town in New Hampshire and Vermont came sheep, fifty, sixty-five, one hundred, in a flock. Hartford sent off, after harvest, seven hundred and thirty-eight bushels of rye and one hundred and eleven bushels of corn, its "small but free gratuity." Berwick, with apologies for the smallness of its gift, sent six oxen and twenty-six sheep. Many towns and some Provinces, which out of the summer's scarcity had contributed liberally, contributed a second time from the autumn's fat abundance. Groton did so, and Marblehead, New Jersey, and Baltimore.

Individual donations swelled the tide of benefaction. Samuel Moody treated himself to a gift of five guineas. Philadelphia raised two thousand pounds, and forwarded it, part in provisions, part in iron, part in money. Providence voted one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Newport contributed a thousand dollars. New York sent a New-Year's gift of one thousand and sixty-two pounds, with notice of more to come. Clubs, fire companies, and other organizations forwarded sums of money during the winter. Charleston, in South Carolina, alleviated the winter's cold with three hundred and seventy-eight tierces of rice. The church in Salem, just after their "meeting-house" was burnt, and a powerful member had drawn off a number of their body, contrived to send twenty-four pounds sixteen shillings and eight pence, "wishing it had been ten times more." Little Rutland could only spare "four quarters of beef,"

weight five hundred and ninety-three pounds. Springfield gave twenty-five pigs, worth "three pounds eighteen shillings one penny, lawful money." Wells, in Maine, contributed twenty-five cords of wood; Falmouth, fifty-seven cords; Cape Elizabeth, forty-eight cords. Portsmouth, in New Hampshire, voted two hundred pounds. From Delaware came nine hundred dollars. In the spring arrived another thousand pounds from New York. Farmers, who had nothing else to give, carted firewood, some twelve miles, some sixteen. Dominica gave three bags of cocoa. Even from London — from the "Constitutional Society" there — came a hundred pounds; from another society, called The Supporters of Civil Rights, came five hundred pounds; and four smaller sums were received from individuals in England, — fifteen pounds, twenty pounds, ten pounds, four guineas. Augustine Washington, in Virginia, was asked whether he could sell a quantity of hoes and axes which Boston mechanics, thrown out of employment by the Port Bill, had turned to and made. The Committee of Relief set large numbers of the mechanics at work making bricks, nails, fabrics, implements, and invited contributions of materials. And so the work went on, even after the siege of the town was begun by the Continental troops; Georgia sending sixty-three casks of rice as late as June, 1776.

The letters which accompanied the gifts, and the answers of the Boston Committee, — for every gift was specially acknowledged in an epistle of high courtesy and considerable length, — would fill a volume of some magnitude. They have been printed by the Massachusetts Historical Society, to which the public is indebted for the preservation and accessibility of a great number of most precious memorials of the past. No relic of that period con-

tains so much of its spirit as this mass of correspondence.

Jefferson, on his mountain-top that summer, was busy both with hands and brain. He was striving to get a more commodious house over the heads of his double brood; making bricks, cutting timber, sending to England for sixteen pairs of sashes, and a small box of glass to mend with. His new Italian gardeners gave him as much work as he gave them; such an enthusiast in their lovely art was he. Nor was he yet, nor was he ever, weaned from his violin. Alberti, a great performer on the instrument, who had come to Virginia with a troupe of actors, and settled there as a teacher of music, he had lured to Monticello. Under him he practised three hours a day, until the absorbing events of these times drew him off.

This summer, especially, his head was busier than his hands. June and July would soon pass, and then the Burgesses were to meet at Williamsburg, in convention, to elect deputies to the Congress which was to assemble at Philadelphia in September. Those deputies, when elected, would require formal, exact instructions. What did Virginia desire her deputies to do or attempt in Philadelphia? It was a grave question. It was a difficult question. The situation being unique, there were no precedents to guide; and how necessary to the limited mind of man are precedents! Jefferson brooded over this problem, and, before starting for Williamsburg, at the end of July, he prepared a draft of such instructions as he desired should be given to the representatives of Virginia in the General Congress. It was but a rough draft, with gaps in it for names and dates, which he could not procure at home. Such as it was, however, it made him famous on one side of the ocean, and proscribed on the other.

James Parton.

QUITE SO.

I.

OF course that was not his name.

Even in the State of Maine, where it is still a custom to maim a child for life by christening him Arioch or Shadrach or Ephraim, nobody would dream of calling a boy "Quite So." It was merely a nickname which we gave him in camp; but it stuck to him with such burr-like tenacity, and is so inseparable from my memory of him, that I do not think I could write definitely of John Bladburn if I were to call him anything but "Quite So."

It was one fight shortly after the first battle of Bull Run. The Army of the Potomac, shattered, stunned, and forlorn, was back in its old quarters behind the earthworks. The melancholy line of ambulances bearing our wounded to Washington was not done creeping over Long Bridge; the blue smocks and the gray still lay in windrows on the field of Manassas; and the gloom that weighed down our hearts was like the fog that stretched along the bosom of the Potomac and infolded the valley of the Shenandoah. A drizzling rain had set in at twilight, and, growing bolder with the darkness, was beating a dismal tattoo on our tent,—the tent of Mess 6, Company A, —th Regiment N. Y. Volunteers. Our mess, consisting originally of eight men, was reduced to four. Little Billy, as one of the boys grimly remarked, had concluded to remain at Manassas; Corporal Steele we had to leave at Fairfax Court-House, shot through the hip; Hunter and Suydam we had said good-by to that afternoon. "Tell Johnny Reb," says Hunter, lifting up the leather side-piece of the ambulance, "that I'll be back again as soon as I get a new leg." But Suydam said nothing; he only unclosed his eyes languidly and smiled farewell to us.

The four of us who were left alive and unhurt that shameful July day sat gloomily smoking our brierwood pipes, thinking our thoughts, and listening to the rain pattering against the canvas. That, and the occasional whine of a hungry cur, foraging on the outskirts of the camp for a stray bone, alone broke the silence, save when a vicious drop of rain detached itself meditatively from the ridge-pole of the tent and fell upon the wick of our tallow candle, making it "cuss," as Ned Strong described it. The candle was in the midst of one of its most profane fits when Blakely, knocking the ashes from his pipe and addressing no one in particular, but giving breath, unconsciously as it were, to the result of his cogitations, observed that "it was considerable of a fizzle."

"The 'on to Richmond' business?"

"Yes."

"I wonder what they'll do about it over yonder," said Curtis, pointing over his right shoulder. By "over yonder" he meant the North in general and New England especially. Curtis was a Boston boy, and his sense of locality was so strong that, during all his wanderings in Virginia, I do not believe there was a moment, day or night, when he could not have made a bee-line for Faneuil Hall.

"Do about it?" cried Strong. "They'll make about two hundred thousand blue flannel trousers and send them along, each pair with a man in it,—all the short men in the long trousers and all the tall men in the short ones," he added, ruefully contemplating his own leg-gear, which reached scarcely to his ankles.

"That's so," said Blakely. "Just now when I was tackling the commissary for an extra candle, I saw a crowd of new fellows drawing blankets."

"I say there, drop that!" cried Strong. "All right, sir, did n't know

it was you," he added hastily, seeing it was Lieutenant Haines who had thrown back the flap of the tent and let in a gust of wind and rain that threatened the most serious bronchial consequences to our discontented tallow dip.

"You're to bunk in here," said the lieutenant, speaking to some one outside. The some one stepped in, and Haines vanished in the darkness.

When Strong had succeeded in restoring the candle to consciousness, the light fell upon a tall, shy-looking man of about thirty-five, with long, hay-colored beard and mustache, upon which the rain-drops stood in clusters, like the night-dew on patches of cobweb in a meadow. It was an honest face, with unworldly sort of blue eyes, that looked out from under the broad visor of the infantry cap. With a deferential glance towards us, the newcomer unstrapped his knapsack, spread his blanket over it, and sat down unobtrusively.

"Rather damp night out," remarked Blakely, whose strong hand was supposed to be conversation.

"Quite so," replied the stranger, not curtly, but pleasantly, and with an air as if he had said all there was to be said about it.

"Come from the North recently?" inquired Blakely, after a pause.

"Yes."

"From any place in particular?"

"Maine."

"People considerably stirred up down there?" continued Blakely, determined not to give up.

"Quite so."

Blakely threw a puzzled look over the tent, and seeing Ned Strong on the broad grin, frowned severely. Strong instantly assumed an abstracted air and began humming softly,

"I wish I was in Dixie."

"The State of Maine," observed Blakely, with a certain defiance of manner not at all necessary in discussing a geographical question, "is a pleasant State."

"In summer," suggested the stranger.

"In summer, I mean," returned Blakely with animation, thinking he had broken the ice. "Cold as blazes in winter, though, — ain't it?"

The new recruit merely nodded.

Blakely eyed the man homicidally for a moment, and then, smiling one of those smiles of simulated gayety which the novelists inform us are more tragic than tears, turned upon him with withering irony.

"Trust you left the old folks pretty comfortable?"

"Dead."

"The old folks dead!"

"Quite so."

Blakely made a sudden dive for his blanket, tucked it around him with painful precision, and was heard no more.

Just then the bugle sounded "lights out," — bugle answering bugle in far-off camps. When our not elaborate night - toilets were complete, Strong threw somebody else's old boot at the candle with infallible aim, and darkness took possession of the tent. Ned, who lay on my left, presently reached over to me, and whispered, "I say, our friend 'quite so' is a garrulous old boy! He'll talk himself to death some of these odd times, if he is n't careful. How he *did* run on!"

The next morning, when I opened my eyes, the new member of Mess 6 was sitting on his knapsack, combing his blond beard with a horn comb. He nodded pleasantly to me, and to each of the boys as they woke up, one by one. Blakely did not appear disposed to renew the animated conversation of the previous night; but while he was gone to make a requisition for what the imagination of Shakespeare himself could not accept as coffee, Curtis ventured to ask the man his name.

"Bladburn, John," was the reply.

"That's rather a long name for every-day use," put in Strong. "If it would n't hurt your feelings, I'd like to call you Quite So, — for short. Don't say no, if you don't like it. Is it agreeable?"

Bladburn gave a little laugh, all to himself, seemingly, and was about to say, "Quite so," when he caught at the words, blushed like a girl, and nodded a sunny assent to Strong. From that day until the end the sobriquet clung to him.

The disaster at Bull Run was followed, as the reader knows, by a long period of masterly inactivity, so far as the Army of the Potomac was concerned. McDowell, a good soldier, but unlucky, retired to Arlington Heights, and McClellan, who had distinguished himself in Western Virginia, took command of the forces in front of Washington, and bent his energies to reorganizing the demoralized troops. It was a dreary time to the people of the North, who looked fatuously from week to week for "the fall of Richmond"; it was a sad, dreary time to the denizens of that vast city of tents and forts which stretched in a semicircle before the beleaguered Capitol, — so tedious and soul-wearing a time, that the hardships of forced marches and the horrors of battle became desirable things to them.

Roll - call morning and evening, guard - duty, dress - parades, an occasional reconnoissance, dominos, wrestling-matches, and such rude games as could be carried on in camp, made up the sum of our lives. The arrival of the mail with letters and papers from home was the event of the day. We noticed that Bladburn neither wrote nor received any letters. When the rest of the boys were scribbling away for dear life, with drum-heads and knapsacks and cracker-boxes for writing-desks, he would sit serenely smoking his pipe, but looking out on us through rings of smoke with a face expressive of the tenderest interest.

"Look here, Quite So," Strong would say, "the mail-bag closes in half an hour. Ain't you going to write?"

"I believe not to-day," Bladburn would reply, as if he had written yesterday, or would write to-morrow; but he never wrote.

He had become a great favorite with

us, and with all the officers of the regiment. He talked less than any man I ever knew, but there was nothing gloomy or sullen in his reticence. It was sunshine, — warmth and brightness, but no voice. Unassuming and modest to the verge of shyness, he impressed every one as a man of singular pluck and nerve.

"Do you know," said Curtis to me one day, "that that fellow Quite So is clear grit, and when we come to close quarters with our Palmetto brethren over yonder, he'll do something devilish?"

"What makes you think so?"

"Well, nothing quite explainable; the exasperating coolness of the man, as much as anything. This morning the boys were teasing Muffin Fan," (a small mulatto-girl who used to bring muffins into camp three times a week, at the peril of her life!) "and Jemmy Blunt of Company K — you know him — was rather rough on the girl, when Quite So, who had been reading under a tree, shut one finger in his book, walked over to where the boys were skylarking, and with the smile of a juvenile angel on his face lifted Jemmy out of that and set him down gently in front of his own tent. There Blunt sat speechless, staring at Quite So, who was back again under the tree, pegging away at his little Latin grammar."

That Latin grammar! He always had it about him, reading it or turning over its dog's-eared pages at odd intervals and in out-of-the-way places. Half a dozen times a day he would draw it out from the bosom of his blouse, which had taken the shape of the book just over the left breast, look at it as if to assure himself it was all right, and then put the thing back. At night the volume lay beneath his pillow. The first thing in the morning, before he was well awake, his hand would go groping instinctively under his knapsack in search of it.

A devastating curiosity seized upon us boys concerning that Latin grammar, for we had discovered the nature of the book. Strong wanted to steal

it one night, but concluded not to. "In the first place," reflected Strong, "I have n't the heart to do it, and in the next place I have n't the moral courage. Quite So would placidly break every bone in my body." And I believe Strong was not far out of the way.

Sometimes I was vexed with myself for allowing this tall, simple-hearted country fellow to puzzle me so much. And yet, was he a simple-hearted country fellow? City bred he certainly was not; but his manner, in spite of his awkwardness, had an indescribable air of refinement. Now and then, too, he dropped a word or a phrase that showed his familiarity with unexpected lines of reading. "The other day," said Curtis, with the slightest elevation of eyebrow, "he had the cheek to correct my Latin for me." In short, Quite So was a daily problem to the members of Mess 6. Whenever he was absent, and Blakely and Curtis and Strong and I got together in the tent, we discussed him, evolving various theories to explain why he never wrote to anybody and why nobody ever wrote to him. Had the man committed some terrible crime, and fled to the army to hide his guilt? Blakely suggested that he must have murdered "the old folks." What did he mean by eternally conning that tattered Latin grammar? And was his name Bladburn, anyhow? Even his imperturbable amiability became suspicious. And then his frightful reticence! If he was the victim of any deep grief or crushing calamity, why did n't he seem unhappy? What business had he to be cheerful?

"It's my opinion," said Strong, "that he's a rival Wandering Jew; the original Jacobs, you know, was a dark fellow."

Blakely inferred from something Bladburn had said, or something he had n't said, — which was more likely, — that he had been a schoolmaster at some period of his life.

"Schoolmaster be hanged!" was Strong's comment; "can you fancy a

schoolmaster going about conjugating baby verbs out of a dratted little spelling-book? No, Quite So has evidently been a — a — Blessed if I can imagine *what* he's been!"

Whatever John Bladburn had been, he was a lonely man. Whenever I want a type of perfect human isolation, I shall think of him, as he was in those days, moving remote, self-contained, and alone in the midst of two hundred thousand men.

II.

The Indian summer, with its infinite beauty and tenderness, came like a reproach that year to Virginia. The foliage, touched here and there with prismatic tints, drooped motionless in the golden haze. The delicate Virginia creeper was almost minded to put forth its scarlet buds again. No wonder the lovely phantom — this dusky Southern sister of the pale Northern June — lingered not long with us, but, filling the once peaceful glens and valleys with her pathos, stole away rebukefully before the savage enginery of man.

The preparations that had been going on for months in arsenals and foundries at the North were nearly completed. For weeks past the air had been filled with rumors of an advance; but the rumor of to-day refuted the rumor of yesterday, and the Grand Army did not move. Heintzelman's corps was constantly folding its tents, like the Arabs, and as silently stealing away; but somehow it was always in the same place the next morning. One day, at length, orders came down for our brigade to move.

"We're going to Richmond, boys!" shouted Strong, thrusting his head in at the tent; and we all cheered and waved our caps like mad. You see, Big Bethel and Bull Run and Ball's Bluff had n't taught us any better sense.

Rising abruptly from the plateau, to the left of our encampment, was a tall hill covered with a stunted growth of

red-oak, persimmon, and chestnut. The night before we struck tents I climbed up to the crest to take a parting look at a spectacle which custom had not been able to rob of its enchantment. There, at my feet, and extending miles and miles away, lay the camps of the Grand Army, with its camp-fires reflected luridly against the sky. Thousands of lights were twinkling in every direction, some nestling in the valley, some like fire-flies beating their wings and palpitating among the trees, and others stretching in parallel lines and curves like the street-lamps of a city. Somewhere, far off, a band was playing, at intervals it seemed; and now and then, nearer to, a silvery strain from a bugle shot sharply up through the night, and seemed to lose itself like a rocket among the stars, — the patient untroubled stars. Suddenly a hand was laid upon my arm.

"I'd like to say a word to you," said Bladburn.

With a little start of surprise, I made room for him on the fallen tree where I was seated.

"I may n't get another chance," he said. "You and the boys have been very kind to me, kinder than I deserve; but sometimes I've fancied that my not saying anything about myself had given you the idea that all was not right in my past. I want to say that I came down to Virginia with a clean record."

"We never doubted it in our hearts, Bladburn."

"If I did n't write home," he continued, "it was because I had n't any home, neither kith nor kin. When I said the old folks were dead, I said it. Am I boring you? If I thought I was —"

"No, Bladburn. I have often wanted you to talk to me about yourself, not from idle curiosity, I trust, but because I liked you that rainy night when you came to camp, and have gone on liking you ever since. This is n't too much to say, when Heaven only knows how soon I may be past saying it or you listening to it."

"That s it," said Bladburn, hurriedly, "that's why I want to talk with you. I've a fancy that I sha' n't come out of our first battle."

The words gave me a queer start, for I had been trying several days to throw off a similar presentiment concerning him, — a foolish presentiment that grew out of a dream.

"In case anything of that kind turns up," he continued, "I'd like you to have my Latin grammar here, — you've seen me reading it. You might stick it away in a bookcase, for the sake of old times. It goes against me to think of it falling into rough hands or being kicked about camp and trampled under foot."

He was drumming softly with his fingers on the volume in the bosom of his blouse.

"I did n't count to speak of this to a living soul," he went on, motioning me not to answer him; "but something took hold of me to-night and made me follow you up here. Perhaps if I told you all, you would be the more willing to look after the little book in case it goes ill with me. When the war broke out I was teaching school down in Maine, in the same village where my father was schoolmaster before me. The old man when he died left me quite alone. I lived pretty much by myself, having no interests outside of the district school, which seemed in a manner my personal property. Eight years ago last spring a new pupil was brought to the school, a slight slip of a girl, with a sad kind of face and quiet ways. Perhaps it was because she was n't very strong, and perhaps because she was n't used over well by those who had charge of her, or perhaps it was because my life was lonely, that my heart warmed to the child. It all seems like a dream now, since that April morning when little Mary stood in front of my desk with her pretty eyes looking down bashfully and her soft hair falling over her face. One day I look up, and six years have gone by, — as they go by in dreams, — and among the scholars is a tall girl of sixteen, with serious woman-

ly eyes which I cannot trust myself to look upon. The old life has come to an end. The child has become a woman and can teach the master now. So help me Heaven, I did n't know that I loved her until that day!

"Long after the children had gone home I sat in the school-room with my face resting on my hands. There was her desk, the afternoon shadows falling across it. It never looked empty and cheerless before. I went and stood by the little chair, as I had stood hundreds of times. On the desk was a pile of books, ready to be taken away, and among the rest a small Latin grammar which we had studied together. What little despairs and triumphs and happy hours were associated with it! I took it up curiously, as if it were some precious dead thing, and turned over the pages, and could hardly see them. Turning the pages, idly so, I came to a leaf on which something was written with ink, in the familiar girlish hand. It was only the words 'Dear John,' through which she had drawn two hasty pencil lines—I wish she had n't drawn those lines!" added Bladburn, under his breath.

He was silent for a minute or two, looking off towards the camps, where the lights were fading out one by one.

"I had no right to go and love Mary. I was twice her age, an awkward, unsocial man, that would have blighted her youth. I was as wrong as wrong can be. But I never meant to tell her. I locked the grammar in my desk and the secret in my heart for a year. I could n't bear to meet her in the village, and kept away from every place where she was likely to be. Then she came to me, and sat down at my feet penitently, just as she used to do when she was a child, and asked what she had done to anger me; and then, Heaven forgive me! I told her all, and asked her if she could say with her lips the words she had written, and she nestled in my arms all a trembling like a bird and said them over and over again.

"When Mary's family heard of our engagement, there was trouble. They looked higher for Mary than a middle-aged schoolmaster. No blame to them. They forbade me the house, her uncles; but we met in the village and at the neighbors' houses, and I was happy, knowing she loved me. Matters were in this state when the war came on. I had a strong call to look after the old flag, and I hung my head that day when the company raised in our village marched by the school-house to the railroad station; but I could n't tear myself away. About this time the minister's son, who had been away to college, came to the village. He met Mary here and there, and they became great friends. He was a likely fellow, near her own age, and it was natural they should like one another. Sometimes I winced at seeing him made free of the home from which I was shut out; then I would open the grammar at the leaf where 'Dear John' was written up in the corner, and my trouble was gone. Mary was sorrowful and pale these days, and I think her people were worrying her.

"It was one evening two or three days before we got the news of Bull Run. I had gone down to the cemetery to trim the spruce hedge set round the old man's lot, and was just stepping into the enclosure, when I heard voices from the opposite side. One was Mary's, and the other I knew to be young Marston's, the minister's son. I did n't mean to listen, but what Mary was saying struck me dumb. *We must never meet again*, she was saying in a wild way. *We must say good-by here, forever,—good-by, good-by!* And I could hear her sobbing. Then, presently, she said, hurriedly, *No, no; my hand, not my lips!* Then it seemed he kissed her hands, and the two parted, one going towards the parsonage, and the other out by the gate near where I stood.

"I don't know how long I stood there, but the night-dews had wet me to the skin when I stole out of the graveyard and across the road to the

school-house. I unlocked the door, and took the Latin grammar from the desk and hid it in my bosom. There was not a sound nor a light anywhere as I walked out of the village. And now," said Bladburn, rising suddenly from the tree-trunk, "if the little book ever falls in your way, won't you see that it comes to no harm, for my sake, and for the sake of the little woman who was true to me and didn't love me? Wherever she is to-night, God bless her!"

As we descended to camp with our arms resting on each other's shoulder, the watch-fires were burning low in the valleys and along the hillsides, and as far as the eye could reach the silent tents lay bleaching in the moonlight.

III.

We imagined that the throwing forward of our brigade was the initial movement of a general advance of the army; but that, as the reader will remember, did not take place until the following March. The Confederates had fallen back to Centreville without firing a shot, and the National troops were in possession of Lewinsville, Vienna, and Fairfax Court-House. Our new position was nearly identical with that which we had occupied on the night previous to the battle of Bull Run,—on the old turnpike road to Manassas, where the enemy was supposed to be in great force. With a field-glass we could see the Rebel pickets moving in a strip of woodland on our right, and morning and evening we heard the spiteful roll of their snare-drums.

Those pickets soon became a nuisance to us. Hardly a night passed but they fired upon our outposts, so far with no harmful result; but after a while it grew to be a serious matter. The Rebels would crawl out on all-fours from the wood into a field covered with underbrush, and lie there in the dark for hours, waiting for a shot. Then our men took to the rifle-pits,—

pits ten or twelve feet long by four or five deep, with the loose earth banked up a few inches high on the exposed sides. All the pits bore names, more or less felicitous, by which they were known to their transient tenants. One was called "The Pepper-Box," another "Uncle Sam's Well," another "The Reb-Trap," and another, I am constrained to say, was named after a not to be mentioned tropical locality. Though this rude sort of nomenclature predominated, there was no lack of softer titles, such as "Fortress Matilda" and "Castle Mary," and one had, though unintentionally, a literary flavor to it, "Blair's Grave," which was not popularly considered as reflecting unpleasantly on Nat Blair, who had assisted in making the excavation.

Some of the regiment had discovered a field of late corn in the neighborhood, and used to boil a few ears every day, while it lasted, for the boys detailed on the night-picket. The corn-cobs were always scrupulously preserved and mounted on the parapets of the pits. Whenever a Rebel shot carried away one of these *barbette* guns, there was swearing in that particular trench. Strong, who was very sensitive to this kind of disaster, was complaining bitterly one morning, because he had lost three "pieces" the night before.

"There's Quite So, now," said Strong, "when a Minie-ball comes *ping!* and knocks one of his guns to flinders, he merely smiles, and does n't at all see the degradation of the thing."

Poor Bladburn! As I watched him day by day going about his duties, in his shy, cheery way, with a smile for every one and not an extra word for anybody, it was hard to believe he was the same man who, that night before we broke camp by the Potomac, had poured out to me the story of his love and sorrow in words that burned in my memory.

While Strong was speaking, Blakely lifted aside the flap of the tent and looked in on us.

"Boys, Quite So was hurt last

night," he said, with a white tremor to his lip.

"What!"

"Shot on picket."

"Why, he was in the pit next to mine," cried Strong.

"Badly hurt?"

"Badly hurt."

I knew he was; I need not have asked the question. He never meant to go back to New England!

Bladburn was lying on the stretcher in the hospital-tent. The surgeon had knelt down by him, and was carefully cutting away the bosom of his blouse. The little Latin grammar, stained and torn, slipped, and fell to the floor.

Bladburn gave me a quick, furtive glance. I picked up the book, and as I placed it in his hand, the chilly fingers closed softly over mine. He was sinking fast. In a few minutes the surgeon finished his examination. When he rose to his feet there were tears on the weather-beaten cheeks. He was a rough outside, but a tender heart.

"My poor lad," he blurted out, "it's no use. If you've anything to say, say it now, for you've nearly done with this world."

Then Bladburn lifted his eyes slowly to the surgeon, and the old smile flitted over his face as he murmured,

"Quite so."

T. B. Aldrich.

JOHN BROWN IN MASSACHUSETTS.

IT is still too early, perhaps, to tell the whole of the remarkable story of John Brown, the hero of Virginia in the nineteenth century, as that romantic chieftain of like plainness of name and vigor of spirit, John Smith, was its hero in the seventeenth century. Neither of them belonged to Virginia, — let us say rather that Virginia belonged to them; they took it for their stage of action, and there, for a few months or years, they exhibited in view of all the world the qualities which all the world with one consent, since the world was made, now agrees to call heroic. Their contemporaries did not all have this opinion of them; the Virginians of John Smith's time found him almost as troublesome as those of our time esteemed John Brown; and though they did not hang him, they would have been glad to do so if they could. The ancestors of John Randolph on the copper-colored side did their best to kill Smith, just as the descendants of John Randolph on the white side, if he had left any, would have joined in the killing of Brown, as the Washingtons

and Masons of our time did. This parallel need not be carried further, except by saying that both John Smith and John Brown have also connected their names with Massachusetts history; and it may not be too early to present some reminiscences of John Brown in Massachusetts, where his first American ancestor dwelt, and where he found in his last enterprise a few hearty friends and supporters.

It would be curious to trace the English ancestry of Captain Brown, which, some suppose, goes back to that stout-hearted John Brown, of Henry VIII.'s time, who was one of the victims of Popish persecution in the early years of that king. Fox, in his "Book of Martyrs," tells the story of his martyrdom at the stake, in the early summer of 1511, at Ashford, where he dwelt; and adds that his son, Richard Brown, was imprisoned for his faith in the latter days of Queen Mary, and would have been burned but for the proclaiming of Queen Elizabeth, in 1558. Peter Brown, who came over in the Mayflower, and his brother John, who came

afterward, both settling in Duxbury, near the hill of Miles Standish, may perhaps have been grandchildren or great-grandchildren of John Brown the martyr of Ashford. They were born probably about 1580, but very little is known of their history. The younger of the two brothers, as we suppose, Peter Brown of the Mayflower company, was a carpenter, and was twice married between his landing in 1620 and his death in 1633. He is believed to have had four children, of whom the youngest, Peter, was born in Duxbury in 1632, and, some twenty years later, removed to Windsor in Connecticut, and died there in 1692. From him, through a succession of John Browns, was descended Owen Brown, who married Ruth Mills, daughter of Rev. Gideon Mills of Simsbury, in 1793, and whose oldest son was John Brown, of Kansas and Harper's Ferry. He was born at Torrington, Connecticut, on the 9th of May, 1800.* Those curious in ethnology may take notice that while the Brown family was English, the Mills family was Dutch, and the Owens, of whom was John Brown's paternal grandmother, were Welsh. His ancestors were mostly farmers, and among them was the proper New England proportion of ministers, deacons, squires, and captains. Both his grandfathers were officers in the Connecticut contingent to Washington's army, and one of them, Captain John Brown, died in the service. It is his gravestone which the pilgrim to his grandson's grave, in the Adirondack woods, sees standing by the great rock that marks the spot.

John Brown, when a boy of five, emigrated with his father to Ohio. His first visit to Massachusetts was probably when he came here at the age of

eighteen or twenty to fit for college, — a purpose which he was soon compelled to abandon, from poverty and weakness of sight. Plainfield, in Hampshire County, a small hill town adjoining Cummington, the birthplace of the poet Bryant, was the place selected for his college preparation. It had been for many years the home of a learned minister, Rev. Moses Hallock, whose brother, Rev. Jeremiah Hallock, of Brown's native region, had married a relative of Brown, and it was through his kinsman, Jeremiah Hallock, that the young student was sent to Parson Hallock's then famous school in Plainfield, where Bryant had been a pupil some years before, and which had a reputation for graduating missionaries and parish ministers. John Brown meant to enter the ministry, after his college course, and we may well believe that his failure to go on with his education was a serious grief to him.

The young student was a tanner by trade, and brought with him from Ohio to Plainfield a piece of sole-leather which he had himself kept in the tan-pits of his father at Hudson for seven years, and with which he meant to sole his thick boots when they should require it. He lived in the parsonage-house of Mr. Hallock while he remained in Plainfield, which seems to have been but a few months. His design probably was to enter Amherst College, which was founded about that time, and of which his cousin, Dr. Heman Humphrey, was, soon after, for many years the president. Disappointed in the hope of a ministerial education, and crossed in love, he returned to Ohio about 1820, and soon after, as he says in his autobiography, "led by his own inclination and *prompted also* by his father, he married a *remarkably plain*, but neat, industrious, and economical girl, of excellent character, earnest piety, and good practical common sense, about one year younger than himself." The italics here are Brown's own, and they indicate that the excellent Dianthe Lusk, whom he married,

* The house in which John Brown was born is still standing in Torrington on a hill-top, — a brown wooden farm-house, now tenanted by a colored family; and even the bedroom on the ground floor in which he was born is shown to visitors, and has had half its door cut off and carried away for relics of the martyr. The homestead is "about a mile northwest of the meeting-house," and may be reached from Wolcottville on the Naugatuck Railroad, by a drive across the hills.

was not the Rachel he had striven to win. But she was a good wife to him, and so he goes on to say: "This woman, by her mild, frank, and, more than all else, by her very consistent conduct, acquired, and ever while she lived maintained, a most powerful and good influence over him. Her plain but kind admonitions generally had the right effect, without arousing his haughty, obstinate temper." She was the mother of his first seven children, and died in 1832. The next year he married again; his second wife survives him, and now lives, with four of her thirteen children, in California.

It was about fourteen years after this second marriage that John Brown came again to Massachusetts, where he lived from 1846 to 1849. In the intervening years, since he studied with Parson Hallock at Plainfield, he had been a tanner in Ohio and Pennsylvania, and a shepherd in Ohio,—the latter occupation, as he says, "being a calling for which in early life he had a kind of enthusiastic longing." At the age of thirty-nine, when he entered upon this "calling" as a regular business, he also had, as he says, "the idea that as a business it bid fair to afford him the means of carrying out his greatest or principal object." This object was the liberation of the slaves, and the plan which he had formed for this was in substance the same in 1839 that it was twenty years later, when he put it in execution. This statement is made on the authority of his wife, who declares that he communicated it to her as early as 1839, and that all her children were brought up to believe in it and to aid in it. The precise time when this plan was formed it is perhaps impossible now to determine, nor is it important to do so, if we accept Mr. Emerson's view of the matter in his speech at Salem, a month after Brown's martyrdom: "His enterprise was not a piece of spite or revenge, a plot of two years or of twenty years, but the keeping of an oath made to heaven and earth forty-seven years before. Forty-seven years at least, though I incline to

accept his own account of the matter at Charlestown, which makes the date a little older, when he said, 'This was all settled millions of years before the world was made.'" He was indeed a most implicit believer in foreordination, as his Puritan forefathers had been. He had long looked upon himself as called to take part in the liberation of the slaves, and how constantly his mind dwelt on this subject will appear from an incident which is now for the first time published.

When he came to live in Massachusetts, in 1846, it was as the agent of sheep-farmers and wool-growers in Ohio, one of whom he had been for half a dozen years. Their interests required, as they thought, that an agency to stand between them and the New England manufacturers, to whom they sold their wool, should be established at Springfield in Massachusetts, and Brown was selected as the fittest person to manage this agency. He accepted the trust and was active and faithful in it, but he held the position also as a means of developing his scheme of emancipation. Before he took up his residence in Springfield he carried his family thither, and his sons there made the acquaintance of a colored man, a fugitive from the eastern shore of Maryland, Thomas Thomas by name, who was living in a humble capacity at Springfield. The young men accompanied Thomas to the African church in the town, learned his history and something of his upright and courageous character, and engaged him to work for their father when he should come to take charge of his wool business at Springfield. In due time John Brown came, and sent for Thomas to call and see him. He did so, and was directed to come and begin work as a porter at the wool-warehouse the next morning. "How early shall I come?" said Thomas. "We begin work at seven," replied Brown, "but I wish you would come round earlier, for I want to talk with you." Thomas accordingly went to his work the next morning between five and six

o'clock ; found Brown waiting for him, and there received from him the outlines of his plan to liberate the slaves, and was invited to join in the enterprise, which he agreed to do. This was nine years before Brown went to Kansas, four years before the Fugitive Slave Bill was passed, and two years before Sumner, Wilson, Adams, Phillips, Hoar, and their friends formed the Free Soil party of Massachusetts. Thomas was afterwards sent by Brown to look up Madison Washington, the leader of the courageous slaves of the vessel *Creole*, who was wanted as a leader among the colored recruits that Brown hoped to enlist in his band of liberators. But Washington, when found, proved to be an unfit person for such a position.

The house in which John Brown lived during the three years of his residence in Springfield is still standing, on Franklin Street, a short distance north of the railroad station. His wool-warehouses were close by the railroad, and have been partially removed to make way for new buildings. His business was at one time very large and promised to be successful, but from a variety of causes it turned out badly. He understood the value of wool and the best way to sort and grade it, better than he knew how to deal with his Eastern customers, who preferred to grade their own wool, and did not wish to have any man stand between them and the Ohio farmers, of whom they had formerly bought directly and with much advantage to themselves. Brown believed that some of the manufacturers combined against him, and that they hired a person in his employ to be more careful of their interests than those of his employers. The result was a sharp controversy, ending in lawsuits, some of which he won and some of which he lost ; but his business suffered, and was finally ruined by his shipping a large stock of wool to Europe, where it was sold at a low rate and fell into the hands of the very men to whom he had refused it in Springfield. In 1849 he removed from the

town and went to live for a while in the Adirondack woods at North Elba.

The occasion of his choosing that wild retreat was characteristic of the man, and an indication of the persistence with which he followed up his great purpose. It was about the time of Brown's visit to Europe, in 1848, that Mr. Gerrit Smith, who had inherited from his father landed estates in more than half the counties of New York, offered to give away his thousands of acres in the Adirondack wilderness for farms to such colored men as would accept them and live upon them. The offer was a princely one and came from a princely heart, but there were many difficulties in the way of its acceptance by the Southern fugitives and the free people of color in the Northern cities. It was then, much more than now, a backwoods region, with few roads, schools, or churches, and very few good farms. The great current of summer travel, which now flows through it every year, had scarcely begun to be felt ; a few sportsmen from New York and New England, and the agents of men interested in iron-mines and smelting-forges, were the chief visitors. The life of a settler there was rough pioneer work,—the forest was to be cut down and the land burnt over ; the family supplies must be produced mainly in the household ; the men made their own sugar from the maple woods, and the women spun and wove the garments from the wool that grew on the backs of the farmers' sheep. Winter lingers there for six months in the year, and neither wheat nor Indian corn will grow on these hillsides in ordinary years. The crops are grass, oats, and potatoes ; cows, and especially sheep, are the wealth of the farmer ; and, as Colonel Higginson mentions, the widow of Oliver Brown, who was killed at Harper's Ferry, was considered not to be absolutely penniless, because her young husband had left her five sheep, valued at ten dollars. Such a region was less attractive to the colored people than Canada, for it was

as cold, less secure from the slave-hunter, and gave little choice of those humble but well-paid employments, indispensable in towns, to which the colored race naturally resort. There was no opening in the woods of Essex County for cooks or barbers, coachmen or washerwomen, and the hard life of a backwoodsman had few charms even for the fugitive timber-cutters and wood-choppers from the eastern shore of Maryland. Still a small colony braved the hardships of the place, and established themselves on Mr. Smith's property. Hearing of this in 1849, John Brown, who had no previous acquaintance with Mr. Smith, presented himself one day at his hospitable country-house in Peterboro, New York, and made this proposal to him: "I am something of a pioneer, and accustomed to the climate and the way of life that your colony at North Elba have so little experience in. I will take a farm there myself, if you do not object, clear it up and plant it, and show the colored people how such work should be done. I will employ some of them, as I have occasion, look after them in all ways that are needful, and try to be a kind of father to them." Mr. Smith liked the man and his plan, and readily consented to his taking charge of the colony in this way; and Brown did so, living at North Elba himself for a year or more, and leaving his family there the greater part of the ten years' period that intervened between his first settlement there and his death at Charlestown. His eldest living daughter, Mrs. Ruth Thompson, wife of Henry Thompson, who was wounded in one of his Kansas fights, is the only one of his family now living at North Elba, where she occupies, with her husband and children, a farm adjoining that on which John Brown first settled.

There is no doubt that, in retiring with his colored neighbors to the woods of North Elba, he had in view the mustering and training of a company of men which should form the nucleus of his army of liberation at the

South. He said this himself, and, if his word needed any confirmation, it could be found in the statements of his wife and children. But neither Gerrit Smith nor any of his later friends and supporters, outside of the small circle of his family connections and a few of the colored people, knew aught of this, till many years after. With all his devotion to the great task of his life, he never neglected the present work which he had in hand; and for several years after removing to North Elba he was engaged in settling up his wool business and in a renewal of sheep-farming in Ohio. The firm of Perkins and Brown, which had carried on business at Springfield under his direction, and in Ohio under that of Mr. Perkins, was involved in several lawsuits, one of which, of much consequence pecuniarily, was tried in Boston before Judge Cushing in the winter of 1852-53, and was one of the last cases tried by Mr. Cushing before leaving his seat on the Supreme bench of Massachusetts to take his place in General Pierce's Cabinet as Attorney-General. The suit was brought by the Burlington Mills Company of Vermont, represented in Boston by Jacob Sleeper and others, against John Brown and others, for a breach of contract in supplying wool to these mills of certain grades, and the damages were laid at sixty thousand dollars. It was pending for a long time, the counsel against Brown being Rufus Choate and Francis B. Hayes, and his own senior counsel being the eminent New York lawyer, Joshua V. Spencer. It finally came to trial in Boston, January 14, 1853, and after several postponements and the taking of much testimony it was settled, February 3, 1853, by a compromise between the counsel, the anticipated decision of the court being against Brown. About a year later he won a similar suit in a New York court; and he always believed that he should have won his Boston suit, if the case had been tried on its merits. It is not probable that his good opinion of Mr. Cushing and Mr. Choate, or the

political cause with which they were identified, was at all increased by the issue of this trial; but, on the other hand, it was not decreased, and could not well be. And it is worth mentioning, that, after his condemnation to death in Virginia, and while an appeal on his case was pending, he spoke of Mr. Cushing as a prominent Democratic lawyer who had knowledge of him, from the circumstances of this wool case, and who would perhaps take some interest in the motion for a new trial in Virginia. Mr. Cushing, however, as might have been anticipated, refused to have anything to do with such a political offender as John Brown.

After Brown's removal from Springfield in 1849, and before the settlement of his Boston lawsuit, he was often in Springfield on various errands of necessity or mercy, and on one of these visits he assisted in the organization of an armed resistance to the Fugitive Slave Bill of 1850, which is so characteristic of his spirit and purposes, through all these years, that it deserves to be specially mentioned. Some notice of it was published in the Independent newspaper two years ago by William Wells Brown, and from his communication is copied this striking paper, written by John Brown in January, 1851. It exists in his handwriting, and is signed by forty-four men and women then resident in Springfield, including both white and colored persons, but largely made up of fugitives from slavery and their connections:—

"WORDS OF ADVICE.

"Branch of the United States League of Gileadites. Adopted January 15, 1851, as written and recommended by John Brown.

"UNION IS STRENGTH."

"Nothing so charms the American people as personal bravery. The trial for life of one bold and to some extent successful man, for defending his rights

in good earnest, would arouse more sympathy throughout the nation than the accumulated wrongs and sufferings of more than three millions of our submissive colored population. We need not mention the Greeks struggling against the oppressive Turks, the Poles against Russia, nor the Hungarians against Austria and Russia combined, to prove this. *No jury can be found in the Northern States that would convict a man for defending his rights to the last extremity. This is well understood by Southern congressmen, who insisted that the right of trial by jury should not be granted to the fugitive.* Colored people have more fast friends amongst the whites than they suppose, and would have ten times the number they now have were they but half as much in earnest to secure their dearest rights as they are to ape the follies and extravagances of their white neighbors, and to indulge in idle show, in ease, and in luxury. Just think of the money expended by individuals in your behalf in the past twenty years. Think of the number who have been mobbed and imprisoned on your account. Have any of you seen the Branded Hand? Do you remember the names of Lovejoy and Torrey?

"Should one of your number be arrested, you must collect together as quickly as possible, so as to outnumber your adversaries who are taking an active part against you. Let no able-bodied man appear on the ground unequipped, or with his weapons exposed to view; let that be understood beforehand. Your plans must be known only to yourself, and with the understanding that all traitors must die, wherever caught and proven to be guilty. 'Who-soever is fearful or afraid, let him return and depart early from Mount Gilead.' (Judges, vii. chap., 3 verse; Deut., xx. chap., 8 verse.) Give all cowards an opportunity to show it on condition of holding their peace. *Do not delay one moment after you are ready; you will lose all your resolution if you do. Let the first blow be the signal for all to engage, and when engaged do not do your*

work by halves ; but make clean work with your enemies, and be sure you meddle not with any others. By going about your business quietly, you will get the job disposed of before the number that an uproar would bring together can collect ; and you will have the advantage of those who come out against you, for they will be wholly unprepared with either equipments or matured plans ; all with them will be confusion and terror. Your enemies will be slow to attack you after you have once done up the work nicely ; and, if they should, they will have to encounter your white friends as well as you, for you may safely calculate on a division of the whites, and may by that means get to an honorable parley.

“Be firm, determined, and cool ; but let it be understood that you are not to be driven to desperation without making it an awful dear job to others as well as to you. Give them to know distinctly that those who live in wooden houses should not throw fire, and that you are just as able to suffer as your white neighbors. *After effecting a rescue, if you are assailed, go into the houses of your most prominent and influential white friends with your wives, and that will effectually fasten upon them the suspicion of being connected with you, and will compel them to make a common cause with you, whether they would otherwise live up to their profession or not.* This would leave them no choice in the matter. Some would, doubtless, prove themselves true of their own choice ; others would flinch. That would be taking them at their own words. You may make a tumult in the court-room where a trial is going on by burning gunpowder freely in paper packages, if you cannot think of any better way to create a momentary alarm, and might possibly give one or more of your enemies a hoist. But in such case the prisoner will need to take the hint at once and bestir himself ; and so should his friends improve the opportunity for a general rush.

“A lasso might possibly be applied to a slave-catcher for once with good

effect. Hold on to your weapons, and never be persuaded to leave them, part with them, or have them far away from you. *Stand by one another, and by your friends, while a drop of blood remains ; and be hanged, if you must, but tell no tales out of school. Make no confession.*”

AGREEMENT.

“As citizens of the United States of America, trusting in a just and merciful God, whose spirit and all-powerful aid we humbly implore, *we will ever be true to the flag of our beloved country, always acting under it.* We whose names are hereunto affixed do constitute ourselves a branch of the United States League of Gileadites. That we will provide ourselves at once with suitable implements, and will aid those who do not possess the means, if any such are disposed to join us. We invite every colored person whose heart is engaged for the performance of our business, whether male or female, old or young. The duty of the aged, infirm, and young members of the League shall be to give instant notice to all members in case of an attack upon any of our people. We agree to have no officers except a Treasurer and Secretary *pro tem.*, until after some trial of courage and talent of able-bodied members shall enable us to elect officers from those who shall have rendered the most important services. Nothing but wisdom and undaunted courage, efficiency, and general good conduct shall in any way influence us in electing our officers.”

Then follows, in the original manuscript, a code of laws or regulations, such as John Brown, with his methodical, forward-looking mind, was in the habit of drawing up whenever he organized any branch of his grand movement against slavery. Such he no doubt considered this “League of Gileadites” to be, and companies of this kind were perhaps enrolled elsewhere. Some features of this organization strikingly resemble that formed by him in Canada, in May, 1858, (the Constitution of

which was captured, among his papers at Harper's Ferry,) especially the agreement that "we will ever be true to the Flag of our beloved Country, always acting under it." This was reproduced in the "Provisional Constitution of 1858," the forty-sixth article of which reads thus :—

"ART. XLVI. *These Articles not for the Overthrow of Government.* The foregoing articles shall not be construed so as in any way to encourage the overthrow of any State Government, or of the General Government of the United States, and look to no dissolution of the Union, but simply to amendment and repeal, *and our flag shall be the same that our fathers fought under in the Revolution.*"

This devotion to the flag and the principles of the Revolution, the latter as set forth in the Declaration of Independence, was fixed and constant in Captain Brown's mind, as it had been in the hearts of his two grandfathers who fought under Washington. He did not believe in the possibility of dissolving the Union, would not willingly hear it discussed, and once said to one of his friends, with the most serious emphasis, weighing every word as he uttered it (such was his manner), "I believe in the Golden Rule and the Declaration of Independence. I think they both mean the same thing; and it is better that a whole generation should pass off the earth, men, women, and children, by a violent death, than that one jot of either should fail, *in this country.*" He acted consistently on this principle, though a man of peace from his youth up, and inclining to the Quaker habit of not bearing arms in time of peace. Writing to his wife at North Elba, from Springfield, about the time he formed his "league" there, in 1851, he says: "Since the sending off of Long (a fugitive) from New York, I have improved my leisure hours quite busily with colored people here, in advising them how to act, and in giving them all the encouragement in my power. They very much need encouragement

and advice, and some of them are so alarmed that they tell me they cannot sleep, on account of either themselves or their wives and children. I can only say I think I have been enabled to do something to revive their broken spirits. I want all my family to imagine themselves in the same dreadful condition." Such was the practical way in which he made his exegesis of that text so often on his lips and in his heart, "Remember them that are in bonds as bound with them." No occasion was offered of putting in practice his directions for resisting the seizure of fugitives in Springfield, such as occurred soon after in Worcester and Boston, nor does it appear that Brown was present at any of the fugitive slave trials which disgrace the annals of Massachusetts, though he was with difficulty prevented by his friends in New York, in May, 1854, from going to Boston to head a movement for the rescue of Anthony Burns.

In the winter of 1854-55 the four elder sons of John Brown, John, Jason, Owen, and Frederick, then living in or near Akron, Ohio, made their arrangements to settle in Kansas, then just opened to emigrants, and they did establish themselves the next spring in Lykins County, about eight miles from Osawatimie, a town afterwards made famous by their father's defence of it, August 30, 1856. John Brown himself did not go to Kansas till the autumn of 1855, and in the preceding summer, shortly before he set out to join his sons there, he was again in Massachusetts, and saw some of his old friends in Springfield,—among them, Thomas, the Maryland fugitive, who had engaged with him in the great work nine years before. He expressed his belief that the struggle for the liberation of the slaves was soon to come on, but does not seem to have made, at that time, any special effort to enlist men for service in Kansas. Probably with his characteristic caution, he meant first to explore the ground and see what was necessary, and what could be done. Nor did he receive any of the

money which, in 1855 and 1856, was raised in Massachusetts for the benefit of the Free State men in Kansas, to the amount of \$100,000 and upward. He was aided by a subscription in Central New York, to which Gerrit Smith contributed, but the amount was not large, and he and his family, for the most part, carried on their Kansas campaign at their own charges. Before going to Kansas he carried back his family, who had been in Ohio with him, to his farm at North Elba, where they remained for several years after his death. In the spring of 1856 he had with him in Kansas, however, all his seven sons and his son-in-law, Henry Thompson, with his wife, Ruth Brown. In the late autumn of that year he left Kansas, leaving one son dead there, and one made temporarily insane by ill-treatment while a prisoner, while another son and his son-in-law had been wounded. It was with these testimonials of service in the Free State cause that he came slowly eastward in the winter of 1856-57, and presented himself before the State Kansas Committee of Massachusetts.

This committee, before which John Brown appeared in January, 1857, had been organized the preceding summer in the midst of the excitement attending the outrages committed in Kansas on the Free State settlers there, many of whom had gone out from Massachusetts. It consisted of many members from different parts of the State, but its work was mainly done by an executive committee, of which, as of the larger committee, the late George L. Stearns of Medford was chairman, and F. B. Sanborn of Concord was secretary. Other members of the executive committee were Dr. S. G. Howe, Dr. Samuel Cabot (who were also members of a National Kansas Committee), Dr. William R. Lawrence, Judge Thomas Russell, and Mr. Patrick T. Jackson, who was treasurer of the committee. In the autumn of 1856 and the following winter the labors of this committee were so active that it was thought proper the secretary should

devote his whole time to them, and he did so, occupying an office in Niles's Block, on School Street in Boston, and there receiving all persons who had business with the committee. It was in this room very early in January, 1857, that John Brown of Osawatomie — "Osawatomie Brown," as he was then called — first introduced himself to the acquaintance of those Massachusetts men on whom he afterwards relied so much, and who aided him with money and in other ways to carry out his long-cherished design. He came to this room early one morning, accompanied by his son Owen, who had escaped with him from Kansas; he brought a letter of introduction to the secretary from Mr. George Walker of Springfield, and, on making known who he was, his welcome was a very cordial one. The fame of his exploits in Kansas had preceded him, and given him a title to great consideration; but his own aspect and manner would have made him distinguished anywhere, among men who know how to recognize courage and greatness of mind. He was then in his fifty-seventh year, but active and vigorous when not suffering from an ague contracted in Kansas; his figure was tall, slender, and commanding, his bearing military, and his garb a singular blending of the soldier and the deacon. His coat, waistcoat, and trousers were of a brown color, such as he always selected when possible, and of a cut far from fashionable; his gray overcoat was of that shape which our soldiers a few years after made so familiar to all eyes, and he wore a patent-leather stock, which also suggested the soldier of former years. His fur cap was more in keeping with his military overcoat than with the Sunday suit of a deacon, which he wore beneath it; his face was close shaven, displaying the force of his firm and wide mouth, and his positive chin. The long white beard which he wore a year or two later, and which nearly all his portraits now show, added a picturesque finish to a face that was in all its features severe and masculine. His eyes

were a piercing blue-gray, not very large, but looking out from under brows

"Of dauntless courage and considerate pride";

his hair was dark brown touched with gray, short and bristling, and shooting back from a forehead of middle height and breadth; his ears were large, his frame angular, his voice deep and metallic, his walk positive and intrepid, though somewhat slow. His manner was modest, and in a large company even diffident; he was by no means fluent of speech, but his words were always to the point, and his observations original, direct, and shrewd. His mien was serious and patient rather than cheerful; it betokened the "sad wise valor" which Herbert praises; but, though earnest and almost anxious, it was never depressed. In short, he was then, to the eye of insight, what he afterwards seemed to the world, a brave and resolved man, conscious of a work laid upon him, and confident that he should accomplish it.

In a few days Captain Brown made the acquaintance of the men in Boston whom he wished to consult,—of Mr. Stearns, Dr. Cabot, Theodore Parker, Amos A. Lawrence, Judge Russell, Dr. Howe, Mr. Garrison, and all who were then conspicuous in maintaining the cause of the Kansas pioneers. His special object was to obtain control of some two hundred Sharpe's rifles, belonging to the Massachusetts committee, with which to arm a force of a hundred men for the purpose of defending Kansas and making excursions, if necessary, into Missouri and other slave States. His Virginia plan was then in his mind, but he did not communicate it to any person in Massachusetts for more than a year; only taking pains to say that with the arms, money, and clothing that he might get for his company, he should act on his own responsibility, without taking orders from any committee. With this understanding, and having great confidence in him, the Massachusetts executive committee, on the 8th of January, 1857, gave him an order for taking pos-

session of the two hundred rifles, with their belongings, then stored at Tabor, in the southwestern part of Iowa. This order, however, did not authorize him to make any use of the arms, though it appropriated five hundred dollars for his expenses in getting possession of them; and it was not until April 11, three months later, that a vote was passed allowing Captain Brown to sell a hundred of the rifles to Free State inhabitants of Kansas. At the same time another sum of five hundred dollars was voted him, to be used "for the relief of persons in Kansas." The arms thus placed at his disposal were a part of those afterwards carried by him to Harper's Ferry, and, as the true nature of the transaction by which they came, honestly, into his possession for use in Virginia, has never been well understood, it may here be explained.

In the winter of 1855–56 a large subscription was collected in Boston by Dr. Samuel Cabot and others, expressly for the purchase of arms for Kansas settlers, and with this money a hundred Sharpe's rifles and some other arms were purchased by Dr. Cabot and forwarded to Kansas early in 1856. These were no part of the arms of Captain Brown, which were purchased by the Massachusetts State Kansas Committee in the autumn of 1856, and forwarded, through the National Committee, having its headquarters at Chicago, by the Iowa and Nebraska route to Kansas. They never seem to have got farther than Tabor, where they were lying when Captain Brown made his exit from Kansas by that route, in November, 1856. On reaching Chicago, soon after, he appears to have made application to Messrs. George W. Dole, J. D. Webster (afterwards General Webster, of General Grant's staff), and Henry B. Hurd, the Chicago members of the National Committee, for the custody of the rifles at Tabor. This application was not granted, perhaps because the committee distrusted Captain Brown, perhaps because they

recognized the Massachusetts committee to be owners of the arms, as the fact was. The Chicago committee did afterwards, however, lay claim to the control of these arms; and one reason for the Massachusetts order of January 8, 1857, above alluded to, was to place them in the hands of a man who had shown his ability to protect whatever was in his custody. Before taking actual possession of them, Captain Brown attended a full meeting of the National Committee at the Astor House in New York, January 22-25, 1857, for the purpose of securing an appropriation from that committee for his company of minute-men; and, in order to settle the question, which committee controlled the arms at Tabor, he made a request for those arms as a part of the appropriation. This request was vehemently opposed by Mr. Hurd of Chicago, who expressed great anxiety lest Brown should make incursions into Missouri or other slave States. Mr. Sanborn, who represented Massachusetts at the Astor House meeting, as proxy for Drs. Cabot and Howe, supported the application of Captain Brown, which was viewed with favor by a majority of the meeting. As a final compromise, it was voted that the arms at Tabor should be restored to the Massachusetts committee, to be disposed of as they should think best; and that an appropriation of several thousand dollars, in money and clothing, should be made to Captain Brown's company by the National Committee. This left the Massachusetts committee at liberty to use their own property as they saw fit, and they then gave Captain Brown undisputed possession of the arms, subject, however, to future votes of the committee at Boston. In point of fact, though this was not known to the committee till a year later, the rifles were brought from Tabor to Ohio in the year 1857, and remained there till they were sent to Chambersburg by John Brown, Jr., in July, 1859, for use at Harper's Ferry. During the year 1857 the expenditures of the Massachusetts committee for

the relief of the famine in Kansas were very large; and as advances of money were made by the chairman, Mr. Stearns, much in excess of the current receipts, it was finally voted to reimburse him by giving him the assets of the committee. These consisted of the arms above named, certain notes of hand given by the Kansas settlers for clothing, wheat, etc., furnished them by the committee, and other property of small money value. Hence it resulted that, early in 1858, when the Massachusetts committee had ceased its active operations, Mr. Stearns was the legitimate owner of all the assets of the committee, with the understanding that, if he should realize from them more than the amount of his advances, the excess should go into the committee's treasury. No such excess was ever collected, and Mr. Stearns virtually contributed to the committee several thousand dollars which he had thus advanced; but he retained the ownership of the rifles, the money value of which would perhaps cover his contributions.

Thus matters stood in March, 1858, when, as we are told, Captain Brown first communicated to a few of his Boston friends his plan for invading Virginia. Mr. Stearns was one of these, and, as owner of the rifles, he verbally consented that Brown should use them in his expedition. They were therefore legitimately and honestly in Brown's possession in May, 1858, when, at the suggestion of Senator Wilson, Mr. Stearns directed Brown by letter not to use them for any other purpose than the defence of Kansas, "and to hold them subject to my order as chairman of said committee." This letter, it must be said, while intended to prevent any immediate use of the arms in Virginia, was mainly a blind to satisfy Senator Wilson and other Republican politicians, who were alarmed at rumors of Brown's plans, and knew nothing of the real ownership of the arms. In the same spirit Dr. Howe wrote to Mr. Wilson, May 15, 1858, that "prompt measures have been

taken and will be resolutely followed up, to prevent any such monstrous perversion of a trust as would be the application of means raised for the defence of Kansas to a purpose which the subscribers of the fund would disapprove and vehemently condemn." This language was literally true, yet it did not express the whole truth, inasmuch as it did not correct the general misapprehension that these arms were then the property of the committee.

But to return to John Brown in Massachusetts. He was here a large part of January and February and the early weeks of March and April, 1857. On the 18th of February he appeared before a committee of the State Legislature to urge that Massachusetts should make an appropriation of money in aid of the emigrants from the State who had settled in Kansas, and his speech on that occasion is printed in Redpath's Life. It was one of the few speeches made by him in Massachusetts that year, and was mainly read from his manuscript. In March he made his first visit to Concord, where he addressed a large audience in the Town Hall, and spoke without notes, in a very impressive and eloquent manner. Among his hearers were Mr. R. W. Emerson and Mr. Henry D. Thoreau, who had made his acquaintance the preceding day, under circumstances that it may be interesting to mention, since both these gentlemen were his warm admirers, and took up his cause when he had but few champions among the scholars of Massachusetts. Mr. Thoreau's noble appeal in his behalf, given at Concord on Sunday evening, October 30, 1859, and repeated at the Tremont Temple in Boston, November 1st, was the earliest address in his praise to which the Massachusetts public listened, as it still is the best; and it was soon followed by Mr. Emerson's famous mention of Brown in a Boston lecture as one who had "made the gallows glorious, like the cross," and by his speech at the Tremont Temple relief meeting,

November 18, 1859, at which John A. Andrew presided.

The first occasion of John Brown's visit to Concord was to speak at the public meeting just mentioned, in March, 1857, which had been called at the instance of Mr. Sanborn, then living in that town. On the day appointed, Brown went up from Boston at noon and dined with Mr. Thoreau, then a member of his father's family, and residing not far from the railroad station. The two idealists, both of them in revolt against the civil government then established in this country, because of its base subservience to slavery, found themselves friends from the beginning of their acquaintance. They sat after dinner, discussing the events of the border warfare in Kansas, and Brown's share in them, when, as it often happened, Mr. Emerson called at Mr. Thoreau's door on some errand to his friend. Thus the three men, so celebrated each in his own way, first met under the same roof, and found that they held the same opinion of what was uppermost in the mind of Brown. He did not reveal to them, either then or later, his Virginia plans; but he declared frankly, as he always did, his purpose of attacking slavery, wherever it could be reached; and this was the sentiment of his speech at the evening meeting, when he told the story of his Kansas life to the grandsons of the men who began the war of the Revolution at Concord Bridge. He spoke of the murder of one of his seven sons, the imprisonment and insanity of another; and as he shook before his audience the chain which his free-born son had worn, for no crime but for resisting slavery, his words rose to thrilling eloquence, and made a wonderful impression on his audience. From that time the Concord people were on his side, as they afterwards testified on several occasions. He was again in Concord for several days in April, 1857, and on this visit was the guest of Mr. Emerson for a day; from whose house he drove across the country to Mr. Stearns's house at Medford, one pleas-

sant Sunday morning in that April. The journals of Emerson, Thoreau, and, two years later, of their friend Bronson Alcott, no doubt bear witness to the impression made by Captain Brown on these three founders of a school of thought and literature.

In the latter part of March, 1857, Captain Brown, in company with Martin F. Conway, afterwards a member of Congress from Kansas, and Mr. Sanborn of the Massachusetts committee, met by appointment at the Metropolitan Hotel in New York, and proceeded in company to Easton, Pennsylvania, where Mr. Andrew H. Reeder, a former governor of Kansas, was living, for the purpose of inducing him, if possible, to return to Kansas, and become the leader of the Free State party there. The journey was undertaken at the instance of the Massachusetts committee, of which both Brown and Conway were, or had been, agents. It resulted in nothing, for Governor Reeder was unwilling to leave his family and his occupations at Easton to engage again in the political contests of Kansas. Captain Brown had quite a different conception of his own duty to his family, as compared with his duty to the cause in which he had enlisted. Although he had been absent from home nearly two years, he refrained from a visit to North Elba, where his family then were, until he had arranged all his military affairs in Boston, New York, and Connecticut; and he finally reached his rough mountain home late in April. He found his daughter Ellen, whom he had left an infant in the cradle, old enough to hear him sing his favorite hymn, "Blow ye the trumpet, blow!" to the old tune of Lenox. "He sung all his own children to sleep with it," writes his daughter Anne, "and some of his grandchildren too. He seemed to be very partial to the first verse; I think that he applied it to himself. When he was at home (I think it was the first time he came from Kansas), he told Ellen that he had sung it to all the rest, and must to her too. She was afraid to go to him alone" (the poor

child had forgotten her father in his two years' absence), "so father said that I must sit with her. He took Ellen on one knee and me on the other and sung it to us." How touching this modern rendering of the scene between Hector and Astyanax!

It was on this visit to North Elba that John Brown carried with him the old tombstone of his grandfather, Captain John Brown, the Revolutionary soldier, from the burial-place of his family in Canton, Connecticut. He caused the name of his murdered son Frederick, who fell in Kansas, to be carved on this stone, with the date of his death, and placed it where he desired his own grave to be, beside a huge rock on the hillside where his house stands, giving directions that his own name and the date of his death should be inscribed there too, when he should fall, as he expected in the conflict with slavery. That stone now marks his grave and tells a story which more costly monuments and longer inscriptions could not so well declare.

Although Captain Brown spent the winter of 1856-57 in New England, he did not by any means forget or neglect his family at North Elba, but busied himself in securing for them an addition to the two farms in the wilderness on which his wife and his married daughter, Mrs. Thompson, were living. Several of his Massachusetts friends, chief among whom were Mr. Amos A. Lawrence and Mr. Stearns, raised a subscription of \$1,000 to purchase one hundred and sixty acres of land for division in equal portions between these farms. Mr. Stearns contributed \$260 to this fund, and Mr. Lawrence about the same amount; these two gentlemen having made up the sum by which the original subscription fell short of \$1,000. The connection of Mr. Lawrence with this transaction, and his personal acquaintance with Brown in 1857, were afterwards held to imply that he had some knowledge of Brown's plans, which was not the case. The subscription thus raised was expended in completing the purchase of the tract

in question, originally sold by Gerrit Smith to the brothers of Henry Thompson, Brown's son-in-law, but which had not been wholly paid for. In August, 1857, an agent of Messrs. Stearns and Lawrence visited North Elba, examined the land, paid the Thompsons their stipulated price for improvements, and to Mr. Smith the remainder of the purchase-money; took the necessary deeds and transferred the property to Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Thompson, according to the terms arranged by Captain Brown in the preceding spring. When Mrs. Brown sold her farm, on her removal to California, seven or eight years ago, her share of this purchase of 1857 was sold, but Mrs. Thompson still lives on her farm, as thus enlarged.

Notwithstanding the success attending some of his efforts in New England in the spring of 1857, John Brown failed to raise at that time a sufficient sum of money to equip and support his company of mounted minute-men, and he left Massachusetts, late in April, much saddened by this failure. Before leaving Boston he wrote a brief paper, headed "Old Brown's Farewell to the Plymouth Rocks, Bunker Hill Monuments, Charter Oaks, and Uncle Tom's Cabins," in which he says he had been trying, since he came out of Kansas, "to secure an outfit, or, in other words, the means of arming and thoroughly equipping his regular minute-men, who are mixed up with the people of Kansas"; but that he goes back "with a feeling of deepest sadness that, after having exhausted his own small means, and with his family and his brave men suffered hunger, cold, nakedness, and some of them sickness, wounds, imprisonment in irons, with extreme cruel treatment, and others death, . . . he cannot secure, amidst all the wealth, luxury, and extravagance of this 'Heaven-exalted' people, even

the necessary supplies of the common soldier." He had formed an elaborate plan for raising and drilling such a company of men, and, without the knowledge of his Massachusetts friends, had engaged an English Garibaldian, Hugh Forbes, whom he found giving fencing-lessons in New York, to go out with him to Western Iowa, and there train his recruits for service in the field against slavery. Disappointed in raising the money he had expected, Captain Brown was obliged to cancel his engagement with Forbes, who, as the event proved, was a very useless and embarrassing person. Forbes had travelled from New York to Tabor in Iowa, in July and August, 1857, and returned early in November, angry and disappointed, to New York, whence he soon began to write abusive and threatening letters, denouncing Brown, and speaking of his plans in a way that surprised Brown's Massachusetts friends, who had never heard of Forbes before, and who knew absolutely nothing of the grand scheme for invading Virginia. It may be that this quarrel with Forbes impelled Brown to impart his plans more fully to his Massachusetts friends, or a few of them; at any rate, he did so impart them, early in the year 1858, and in a manner which will be hereafter related. For the present it is enough to say that, up to the close of 1857, though Brown had then cherished his Virginia scheme for nearly twenty years, and had revealed it ten years before to his colored friend Thomas in Springfield, there was no person among the Abolitionists or Kansas committee-men of Massachusetts, so far as we know, who had even a suspicion of his main purpose. So well had he kept his secret, not by dissimulation, but by mere power of silence, that when it was revealed to a chosen few, in February, 1858, it came upon them all with a shock of surprise.

A COMEDY OF TERRORS.

VII.

A BAFLED FLIGHT.

CARROL fled from Montreal in disguise, and concealed himself for some days in New York. Even here, however, he did not feel safe from the consequences of his crime, and so he resolved to fly to Europe. After some consideration, he decided to take the steamer to Havre, and go to Paris first. On the day for her departure he went on board at an early hour, and shut himself up in his state-room, waiting for the vessel to start. Here he remained for hours, listening to the noises around him, and peering stealthily through the glass to watch the movements on the wharf, while all the time he was tormented by an agonizing dread of arrest.

But the long-delayed moment of departure came at last. The lines were cast off, and the steamer, leaving the wharf, moved on down the harbor. Then Carrol ventured forth, and went up on deck.

Just as his foot touched the deck, he found himself face to face with a passenger who was on his way to the cabin. The passenger stopped short, and so did Carrol, and the two gazed at each other with unutterable surprise.

"Carrol! by Jingo!"

"Grimes! Good Lord!"

At such an utterly unexpected meeting, it is difficult to say which of these two felt the greater astonishment. The peculiar circumstances under which they had parted made a future meeting seem among the remotest of possibilities for many a long day. Grimes had characterized it as an eternal farewell, and Carrol, in all his thoughts of the possible acquaintances whom he might encounter, had never dreamed of this one. Yet this one was actually the only one whom thus far he had met; and he found him in the very place

where he had not expected to meet any acquaintance at all. He had hoped that his parting from the shore would rid him of everything connected with the most terrible event of his life; yet here, the moment that he ventured to emerge from his hiding-place, he found himself confronted by the very man who was most closely connected with that event; not merely one who was acquainted with it, but its very prompter and instigator. Yet in Carrol's mind the meeting caused pleasure rather than pain. He had been alone so long, brooding in secret over his troubles, that the sight of one whom he could trust was inexpressibly soothing; and he wrung Grimes's big hand as he had never before wrung the hand of any man.

"Wal," cried Grimes, "of all the events that have ever occurred, this strikes me as about a little the darn'd-est that I can think of; I declare, if it ain't the cur'ousest coincidence —!"

And Grimes paused, fairly overwhelmed.

"I took this steamer," said Carrol, hurriedly, "because it happened to be the first one that was leaving."

"Wal, for that matter, so did I; but who 'd have thought of you goin' to Europe?"

Carrol's face, which for a moment had lighted up with a flush of pleasing excitement, now grew dark again, and the sombre cloud that had hung over it ever since that night of horror once more overspread it.

"I've come," said he, with some hesitation, "because Europe — seemed to me the — the best place that I could go to."

"Wal, so did I," said Grimes; "especially France. That's the country for me. I've thought all the world over, and decided on that one spot."

"When did you leave Montreal?" asked Carrol, after a pause.

"Why, the very mornin' after I left you."

"The morning after? Why, I left then."

"You did? What train?"

"The first one."

"Why, that 's the very train I travelled in."

"Was it?" asked Carrol, drearily.

"Yes, it was, and I can't understand why I did n't see you."

"Very strange," said Carrol, in a low voice, raising at the same time his white face, and glancing furtively around.

"Wal, it's darned queer, too," said Grimes; "and I've been in York ever since. Have you?"

"Well — yes — that is — I've had some — some business — you know," said Carrol, in a confused way.

There was something in Carrol's manner that struck Grimes. Thus far he had been too much occupied with the surprise of this unexpected meeting; but now that the first surprise was over, he was open to other feelings; and the first feeling that came to him was simply a repetition of the former emotion of surprise, suggested, however, by a different cause. His attention was now arrested by the change in the tone, manner, and appearance of Carrol; and he looked at him earnestly, searchingly, and wonderingly. He saw a face of extreme paleness, which already bore marks of emaciation and of suffering. His hair, as it straggled from beneath his hat, did not seem to have been brushed; his mustache was loose and ragged; there was a certain furtive watchfulness in his eyes, and a haunted look in his face, that gave to him an appearance totally different from that which had characterized him in the old easy days of yore. All this was taken in by Grimes at one glance.

The result of this one glance was very marked in Grimes himself. A change came over him in an instant, which was as marked in its way as the change that had come over Carrol. The broad content, the loose *insou-*

ciance, and the careless *bonhomme* of his face were succeeded by an expression of deep concern, of anxiety, of something, in fact, that looked like self-reproach, and seemed to verge upon that remorse which was stamped upon the face of his friend. His teeth compressed themselves, he frowned, and the trouble of his soul could not be concealed.

"What's the matter?" asked Carrol. "Why do you look so?"

"Why, man, it's *you* that looks so, as you say. What's the matter with *you*?" said Grimes, in a hesitating voice. "You look as if you'd seen a ghost."

Carrol shuddered.

"What has happened?" asked Grimes, anxiously. "How did it end? Is this what sent you away?"

Carrol looked wildly around, and then said in a hurried voice, "Hush! Come away from here. Come down to my state-room. I'll tell you all about it."

A terrible secret borne in one's own heart will always bear down that heart by its weight; and it was this that Carrol had endured. The meeting with his old friend had been instinctively welcomed; and now that he had him alone, he availed himself eagerly of that precious and soothing relief which is always found when the dread secret can be revealed safely to one who is trusted. And so, in the seclusion of his state-room, he told Grimes his story, omitting those unnecessary particulars about his own superstitious fancies, and confining himself simply to what he considered the facts of the case.

To all this sad confession Grimes listened with a strange and a disturbed countenance. There was in his face true sympathy and profound compassion; but there was something more. There was perplexity and bewilderment. Evidently there was something in the story which he did not comprehend, and could not. He felt puzzled. He looked so; and as Carrol approached the crisis of his story, he

interrupted him with frequent questions.

"Do you mean to say," he asked, as Carrol ended, "that you really believe you killed him?"

"Have n't I told you that?" groaned Carrol.

"But — but — is n't there some darned mistake about it all?" asked Grimes.

"Mistake! O heavens! What would n't I give if I could only hope that there might have been! But that is impossible. O no! There is always ringing in my ears that horrible rushing sound of his fall."

"But it may have been something else."

"Something else!" repeated Carrol, in a despairing tone. "O no; my senses could not have deceived me!"

"Now, look here," cried Grimes, with a certain sort of feverish impatience, "did you *see* him?"

"See him? What nonsense! How could I?"

"The flash of the pistol would show him."

"Flash of the pistol! I tell you my brain was full of a thousand images, and every one of them represented him."

"Had you been drinking much that day?" asked Grimes, after a thoughtful pause.

"Yes; of course. You might have supposed that."

"Very much?"

"Yes."

Grimes paused again.

"Did n't you go over," he asked, "to find out whether it was him or not; to assure yourself of the fact, you know? Did n't you touch him?"

"Touch him!" cried Carrol, in a voice of horror. "What! *Touch him!* Good heavens!"

"Wal," said Grimes, "you really don't know this."

"As sure as there is a heaven above us, I *do* know it," said Carrol.

Grimes said no more. He leaned forward, and buried his face in his hands. Carrol reclined back against

the wall of the state-room, and gave himself up to the terrible memories which had been once more aroused by his narration. At last he gave a heavy sigh, and started to his feet.

"Come," he said, "I can't stand this. Let's go out. I'm suffocating. Come out on deck. I must have some fresh air. Come."

Grimes rose to his feet without a word, and followed Carrol as he led the way. On his face there was the same expression of anxiety and bewilderment which has already been mentioned. In this mood he followed Carrol to the upper deck.

"Come," said Carrol, "let's go aft. There are fewer people there, and we'll be more by ourselves."

He led the way aft, and Grimes followed.

As they approached the stern, they saw two ladies sitting there whose backs were turned towards them. The ladies were gazing in silence at the receding shores, and Carrol drew Grimes to a place on the side of the steamer which was about a dozen yards away. Standing there, the two friends instinctively turned their eyes toward the land behind them, and looked at it in an abstracted way; for each one was so absorbed by his own thoughts, that his gaze was fixed rather upon vacancy than upon any definite object.

At length, one of the ladies said something to the other, after which they both rose, and turned as if with the intention of leaving the place. As they turned, their eyes wandered about and finally rested for an instant upon Grimes and his companion.

It was only for an instant that their glance fell upon these two men, but that instant was enough to allow of a profound sensation. The deep rich complexion of one of the ladies grew deeper and richer, as a flush passed over all her beautiful face; while at the same time that beautiful face assumed an expression of astonishment, embarrassment, and almost dismay, that was very much in contrast with its former air of good-natured content.

For a moment she hesitated in her confusion, and then bowed. The other lady showed equal feeling, but of a totally different kind. Her face was very pale and very sad; and as she saw the two friends, a flush passed over it, which was followed by a mournful, earnest look of mute inquiry and wonder.

Grimes looked amazed, but took off his hat and bowed; after which he hesitated, and seemed on the point of approaching the ladies. But he looked around for a moment to see Carrol. Carrol, on his part, had seen the ladies, and certainly his amazement was fully equal to that which was felt by any of the others. Already he had experienced one surprise at meeting with Grimes. This meeting was a much greater shock, for he had not the faintest idea that Mrs. Lovell and Miss Heathcote had contemplated leaving Montreal. But the sight of Miss Heathcote's face, after the first surprise, only served to deepen the darkness that had closed around his soul. For a moment he regarded her with a hard, cold stare of wonder; and then, without a word, without a sign, he turned abruptly and walked away. As Grimes looked around after his friend, he saw him thus walking off; for a moment he hesitated, and then, with another bow to the ladies, he walked off after him.

VIII.

AT HIS MERCY.

MRS. LOVELL and her sister stood for some moments in silence, with their eyes fixed upon the retreating figures of these two men, and varying feelings animated them at this sudden and unexpected meeting. Mrs. Lovell at length flung herself impatiently into a seat and patted the deck with her little foot; while Maud stood like a statue, erect, rigid, with every trace of color gone from her face.

"Have you your salts, Maudie dearest?" asked Mrs. Lovell, at length.

VOL. XXIX. — NO. 174.

28

Maud did not seem to hear her, for she made no reply.

Mrs. Lovell repeated the question.

"No," said Maud, abruptly.

Mrs. Lovell heaved a deep sigh.

"I'm sure," said she, "I'll never get over this; but, at any rate, we may as well carry out our intention of going below. We're safer there, you know, Maudie. And who'd have thought it! Who *would* have thought it! O dear! of all the strange and unfortunate coincidences! O dear me, Maudie dearest, what *shall* I do!"

To this appeal, which was uttered in quite a heart-rending tone, Maud made no reply. Indeed, she did not seem to have heard it. She stood as statue-like as before, with her face turned toward the retreating form of Carrol. She watched him till he was out of sight, and even after he was lost to her view she stood looking in that direction.

"Maudie," said Mrs. Lovell, at last, in as impatient a tone as was possible for her to use.

Maud sighed.

"Well," said she, turning around, and looking at her sister in an absent way.

"O Maudie darling, what in the world *am* I ever to do!" said Mrs. Lovell, mournfully.

"I suppose," said Maud, in a deliberate voice, "we may as well go below, as we first proposed."

"You are so awfully cold and unsympathetic," said Mrs. Lovell, in a reproachful tone.

Maud said nothing.

Mrs. Lovell, thereupon, rose to her feet, and stood for a moment looking forward along the line of retreat of Grimes and Carrol, with an expression of refined and ladylike despair that was uncommonly becoming to her.

"Well," said she, with a sigh, "I see no signs of them now; I dare say they will have the good taste to keep out of the way for the present; and so, Maudie, I think we had better go below at once."

"Very well," said Maud, in a low

voice ; and thereupon, the two ladies sought the seclusion of their state-room, which they reached without again encountering the two gentlemen.

Here a long silence followed, which was at length broken by Mrs. Lovell.

"O dear !" she said, with a little sigh. "He has tracked me after all, and how he *ever* managed to do it is more than I can tell, I'm sure. And the worst of it is, it was the very thing I was afraid of. You remember, Maudie dear, I proposed at first to take a Cunard steamer to Liverpool. And you remember that I changed my mind and took this one. You know I told you that I changed my mind because I preferred going to France direct. Well, you know, Maudie darling, it was nothing of the kind. That was n't my reason at all, you know."

"What was it ?" asked Maud.

"Why, you know, I really was quite frightened at the idea that Mr. Grimes might manage to find out how I had gone. I felt sure that he would follow me. He's one of those dreadful men of one idea, you know ; and I know that I'm the only idea he has in his poor old head. Well, I was so dreadfully frightened at the idea of his following me, that I changed my plans and took this steamer. I thought it was a very lucky thing, and I felt quite sure, you know, that he would n't find me at all. If he attempted to follow me he would be carried to Liverpool, and I would go to Havre, and I knew that he could never track me from one place to the other. He would have to go all the way back to America, you know, before he could gain the slightest clew to my proceedings ; and even then it would have been very, very hard. But, O dear ! how foolishly sanguine I was ! I come here. I embark. I am just leaving the shore, and thinking with a kind of pity about the poor fellow, — who really has no end of claims to my esteem, — when suddenly I turn round, and as I live ! there he is, standing just before me. I declare to you, Maudie darling, it was a perfect wonder that I

did n't drop down senseless. I'm sure, my heart never beat so fast in all my life. Did n't I look dreadfully discomposed, Maudie dear ?"

"O no, I think not," said Maud, absently.

"Well, I really felt so, you know, — as embarrassed as possible ; quite like some raw school-girl, detected in some fault, you know. And now — O dear ! what *am I ever* to do ! what *am I ever* to do ! I'm sure, it's really quite cruel in you, Maudie dear, to be so very, very indifferent. You are far, far too self-absorbed."

To this Maud made no answer.

"The worst of it is," continued Mrs. Lovell, "we are out at sea, positively on the ocean itself. If we were only at the wharf, I would go ashore at once, and leave all my luggage behind, — I positively would. Now, would n't you, Maudie, if you were in my place ? Would n't you, now ? Say."

"Yes," said Maud, dreamily.

"But no ; there's nothing so good as that. Here I am, positively at his mercy. Did you notice, Maudie dearest, how very, very triumphant he looked ?"

"No."

"Well, he did then ; and very, very unpleasantly so, indeed. It's bad enough, I'm sure, for one to have power over one, but to go and assert it in such a particularly open way is really cruel. It really reminds me of those lines of poetry that some one made, that it was something or other to have a giant's strength, but very, very naughty to use it like a giant. I dare say you remember the lines, Maudie.

"But I know another reason," said Mrs. Lovell, after a thoughtful pause, — "another reason why he looked so triumphant. He's got that dreadful chignon with him. I saw it in his face. It was just as if he had said so to me in so many words. And how dreadful it is, Maudie, for a discarded lover to be carrying about a lock of his lady's hair. It's really awful, you know."

"O well, you know, it isn't your own hair."

"Well, it's as much mine as most people's, you know. Really, one hardly knows what really is a lady's hair now, and so it's all the same; but I do wish, Maudie, that it was n't so very much. It's a whole head, Maudie dear. And only to think of his having it now in his trunk, or his valise, or his carpet-bag. But I dare say he has a casket made on purpose to keep it in. Really, Maudie dear, do you know, it makes me feel quite agitated when I think of it. It's so very improper. And I could n't help it. I really had to give it to him. And it makes me feel as though it gave him some sort of a claim on me."

"I'm sure, your fears seem quite unnecessary to me," said Maud. "You can do as you please."

"O, it's all very well to talk that way, Maudie; but then, you know, he has such a strange power over me, that I'm afraid of having him near me, and I know that I shall be in a state of constant terror all this voyage. Of course, he'll bother me all the time; and I'll have to be always planning to keep out of his way. And how *can* I do that? I must shut myself up here, a prisoner; and what good will that do? Besides, I can't make a prisoner of myself in that way; I really can't. I *must* go about on deck, and so I shall constantly fall in his way. And I can't help it. Only, Maudie dear, you must always, always be with me. You must never, never let me be alone."

"O, we shall be always together," said Maud. "As to staying below, that is absurd."

"Well, really to me," continued Mrs. Lovell, "there is something perfectly appalling in this man's mysterious knowledge of my movements. Think how he tracked me all through Canada to Montreal. That was wonderful enough, but it was nothing to this. For you see I tried as hard as I could to baffle him completely. I really cannot think of one single trace that I could have left. My friends all think that I

have gone in the Cunard steamer, and I myself did not really know that I was going in this one till yesterday, and I did not take my passage till the last moment. Really, Maudie, it frightens me. I'll tell you what I think, — I think he must have agents."

"Agents?"

"Yes, agents. I don't know what agents are, but I know they're something dreadful, something like spies or detectives; only they are in private employ, you know. And he must have quite an army of them. And only think of an army of those terrible agents watching all my movements, spying my actions, listening to my words, and reporting everything to him. It's awful."

"Well, really now, Georgie," said Maud, "you are going too far, you know. He could easily have found out this by himself."

"I'm sure I don't see how he could."

"Why, he could easily have gone about and seen the lists of passengers on each boat, before starting. I dare say he heard in Montreal that you were going to Europe, and so he has watched the principal steamers; and as he found your name on the passenger-list of this one, he sailed in it himself."

"Well, then, all I can say is, I think it is really very, very rude in him. I thought he had such delicacy, you know, and such a fine sense of honor, — really exquisite, you know. He seemed to be so very delicate in his sense of propriety and honor and all that, — on one occasion, — when he might have — might have acted so very much more for his own interest, by being a little less punctilious, you know. And I really don't know how to harmonize such delicate conduct on one occasion with the very inconsiderate and really alarming behavior of this."

"I think, perhaps, you have given him credit for what did not belong to him," said Maud. "What you considered a delicate sense of honor may

have been a kind of obtuseness, or bluntness of perception, or honesty, or something of that sort, you know."

"O, well, it would n't interfere with my esteem for him, you know. I would n't lay very *great* stress upon a very fine sense of honor; that is, I mean, I don't think that it is necessary for a man to form his conduct toward ladies after the fashion of Sir Charles Grandison. And do you know, Maudie darling, I really don't know but that I should rather prefer having him just a little dishonorable. I really think it's rather nice, you know."

"Nice!" exclaimed Maud, in a strange tone.

"Well, at any rate, they are all so," said Mrs. Lovell. "The men, I mean. What they are chiefly wanting in is that peculiar sense of honor for which we women are distinguished. Men never form strong and intimate friendships like women. They never can thoroughly trust one another. They never defend the weak of their own sex. They can never keep one another's secrets. They take a spiteful and malicious pleasure in tearing one another's reputations to pieces, and in displaying their weakness to the world. Petty spite, small scandal, and ungenerous and censorious observation of one another are almost universal among them. They are terribly inclined to jealousy, and are fearfully exigent. O, I assure you, I have always had a very, very low opinion of men! When I was a little girl, my governess gave me a proof-book. Each page was headed with a statement about the nature of man. The first page was headed, "Man is corrupt"; the second, "Man is sinful"; the third, "Man is a child of wrath"; the fourth, "Man is weak"; the fifth, "Man is desperately wicked"; and many more. Now, you know, Maudie, I had to find texts from the Bible to prove all these; and I found no end of them, and I filled the book; and really, when I had finished, the impression that was left on my mind about man, Maudie dar-

ling, was that he was very, very shocking, and that it was a great pity that he was ever created. And I don't want ever, ever to be married again. And I'm dreadfully uneasy; for, you see, Mr. Grimes is so awfully determined, and so fearfully persevering, and I'm so wretchedly weak, that really I almost feel as though I am lost. And now, here he is, and what *am* I to do? You must stay with me always, always, you know, Maudie dear; and not leave me alone for even so much as five minutes."

"O well, Georgie, you know, I am always with you, and I'm sure you need never be alone, unless you run off by yourself."

"Yes, but that's the very thing I mean. You must never let me run off by myself. I can't trust myself. I have no end of foolish impulses; and you see Mr. Grimes has me here quite in his own power. Here he is, with his great face and beard and voice, and his great, big eyes, carrying my chignon with him; and I know exactly what he's going to do. He'll put himself where I can see him, and pretend not to annoy me, and then he'll look so pathetic that he'll make me awfully sorry for him; and then, you know, I'm so good-natured, and I'll feel so sorry for him, that I'll manage to draw him to me; and then he'll begin a system of silent adoration that will be simply intolerable. I can't bear to be adored, Maudie dear."

"I'm sure, Georgie," said Maud, with a weary sigh, "I'll do all that I can. I think you are really giving yourself a great deal of unnecessary trouble. I'll always be with you, unless you choose to run away."

"Yes, but, Maudie dear, you must watch me, and follow me up, for, you know, you would n't like to lose me, — now, would you, Maudie? and I'm the best sister you have and the most loving. To be sure, you have no other sister; but then, you know, I mean, even if you had twenty sisters, none of them could love you as I do. Now could they, Maudie? But, my poor

darling! what is the matter with you?"

And Mrs. Lovell, whose protestation of affection had caused her to turn her thoughts more particularly to her sister, now noticed something about her which shocked her. She was excessively pale, and there was a suffering visible in her face which was more striking than the ordinary expression of mere dejection which had characterized her recently. In an instant all Mrs. Lovell's fears for herself fled away in deep anxiety about her sister.

"You poor darling!" she cried. "How foolish I have been! I have n't thought of you. And I might have known. Really, Maudie, I did n't think of Mr. Carrol being here too. But how very, very odd! And how cruel it is too! What in the world could have made *him* come! With him it is different; he has treated you most shockingly, and has shown no desire to make amends. Why should he follow you?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Maud, with a dreary sigh.

"He's a heartless, cruel, miserable man," cried Mrs. Lovell, vehemently. "Just at the very moment when you might hope for change of scene and all that to distract your thoughts, *he* comes forcing himself upon your notice, to show you how indifferent he is. The wretch! O Maudie, never, never can I forgive him for the grief he has caused you. Of course this is all his mean and ungentlemanly spite."

Maud was silent.

"After you had stooped so low too, Maudie. You actually descended to an explanation, and he did n't deign to answer it. He could n't forgive the offence to his dignity, even after he must have seen that the offence was never really committed. Or perhaps he knew he had done you a deep wrong, and was too proud to acknowledge it. Of course that was it, unless, indeed, he may have repented of his proposal altogether, and chose this way of getting out of it. But what makes him follow us? In any case it seems a strange course. Nothing but

petty spite can account for it, and that is the most probable cause; for do you know, Maudie, that is the way with men. O, it is, I assure you! They are very much influenced by all the smaller passions, such as jealousy, envy, malice, and miserable spite. Nearly all men are more or less spiteful; and it is this feeling of spite that has brought him here. But, Maudie dear, will you really allow yourself to be made unhappy by such an unworthy creature? Can't you fall back upon your pride, and look at him with that utter indifference which he deserves? O dear, Maudie, how I wish I could give you a little of my strength of character!"

Maud said nothing for some time, and when at last she did speak it was in a low monotone, which sounded rather as if she were uttering her thoughts aloud, than as if she were addressing a remark to her sister.

"Yes, he must have received my letter. He must know now exactly how it happened. I expected that he would have come at once to me. But he would n't; and I waited for days that seemed ages. He was offended perhaps because even a mistake had arisen, and his pride could not bend so far as to come to a reconciliation. He has thought of me ever since with the resentful and angry feeling that he expressed in his last letter. Having written that, he could not retract it. It seemed to him as though he might be confessing that he had been in a wrong. He has chosen rather to let the error remain, and for the sake of a foolish and frantic self-conceit, to sacrifice me. It was that which I saw in his face to-day. Why he has followed me I can't imagine, unless he has been prompted by that same self-conceit which now leads him to show himself to me, so that I may see how indifferent he is to me. No doubt he wants me to feel that he is ashamed of the love that he once professed. He has evidently followed me with a purpose, and it could not possibly have been an accident, for he came deliberately to show himself almost as soon as we had left the wharf. He put

himself in a place where I should be sure to see him, and as I turned round he fixed upon me that cold, cruel stare, the remembrance of which haunts me even now. But O, Georgie! did n't you see how fearfully he has changed? How pale, how awfully pale he is!"

"Is he?" said Mrs. Lovell, in an indifferent tone. "Well really, I scarce noticed him at all. I was too confused, you know."

"Well," said Maud, after another long silence, "I am not one of those who can be meek under open insult and contempt. He shall find that the scorn which he is so eager to show can be met by equal scorn from me. He shall see no weakness in me. I will show him that life has other things for me of far more value than a silly sentiment."

"O Maudie! my dear darling!" burst forth Mrs. Lovell, enthusiastically. "How I love to hear you talk so! That's right; be a grand, great, bold, brave, wise woman. Do you know, darling, that is my highest ideal of humanity? And only to think of *you* being all that! I'm sure *I* try hard," she continued in a plaintive voice, — "I try hard to be that myself, but I'm sometimes a little afraid that I don't succeed so well as I wish to. But I intend now to begin again; let's both of us begin, Maudie; let's be both of us great and grand and bold and brave and wise. Will you, Maudie dearest? Say yes, darling."

"I don't know I'm sure," said Maud, absently. "I'll do whatever you wish, Georgie, of course."

"And so you do, you precious; and so we'll both of us make our lives sublime. For my part, I despise men more than ever," continued Mrs. Lovell, suddenly darting aside from the idea with which she started, and reverting to her favorite topic; "but then if they are false and fickle and weak, why, we should remember that it is the common failing of their sex, should n't we, Maudie dear? But, Maudie, do you intend to avoid him?"

"Avoid him?" asked Maud.

"Yes; do you feel at all weak about seeing him?"

"There is no danger," said Maud, "but that I shall always have pride enough to sustain me against the open scorn of any one. He shall not find me trying to avoid him; I shall let him see that he cannot persecute me, for the simple reason that I will not allow myself to be persecuted. And he shall find that his presence in this boat will not make me vary one hair's breadth from my usual course."

IX.

AN APPARITION.

WHEN Carrol turned away at that unexpected meeting with Miss Heathcote, he was quite overwhelmed with the new emotion that it called up within him, and had the most indefinite idea in the world of what he was to do. He wandered, therefore, in a blind, vague sort of a way, until he found himself in his state-room. Grimes, too, who was equally confused, indulged in an equally vague course of wandering, and instinctively following his friend, he entered the same enclosure, and then, shutting the door, the two sat in silence, looking at one another.

"Wal," said Grimes, at length, "ain't this rich! Of all the darn'dest! Only to think of everybody tumbling in here together in this here boat, and at the very beginnin' of the voyage, too! It does beat all creation!"

"I don't understand it all," said Carrol, moodily. "How the Devil did *she* get here, of all places? When did they leave? What did they leave for? Where are they going?"

"You need n't ask any more questions of that sort," said Grimes, "I give it up at the outset. I'm nowhar. Don't direct any of your observations to me."

And Grimes began to rub his shingled hair in a most violent manner, and then a long silence followed.

"I see how it is," said Carrol, at length. "It's beginning to be intelli-

gible, though the Devil himself must have contrived that she and I should find ourselves in the same boat. But I see how it is. She has heard about — about *that affair*, and has got a bad fright. She is in deep affliction. She looked sad enough, by heaven! and had enough sorrow in her face to suffice for a dozen Frenchmen; she's mourning over her vanished coronet. This great calamity has spoiled her game. She finds that her comedy has become a tragedy. It's the town talk; she has fled from people's tongues. Aha! what a fright she must have had when she saw me! Perhaps she will inform on me; I should like that; I should have *her* hauled up as chief witness; but there's no danger of that; she would n't dare to do it. O no, she'll pray for my escape from a trial, out of consideration for her precious self! By heaven! she'll begin by this time to learn that she made a slight mistake when she first undertook to make a decoy duck of *me*!"

"See here, my son," said Grimes, "listen to me for a moment. I don't like this. I acknowledge that you've had a hard row to hoe, but at the same time I swear I won't set here and hear you abuse a young woman in that infernal fashion. What's the use of bein' a live man if one's goin' to talk like a darned jackass? Now I dare say she's not acted altogether on the square; but at the same time that does n't give you any right to use such language as you do. I don't believe anythin' of the sort. I judge her by her face, and I say that a woman with a face like hers can't be the infernal fiend that you make out. She can't do it, nohow. Besides, even if she was, she's a woman, and for that very reason she had ought to be sacred from abuse and slander and defamation. My idee is that women as a general thing have a precious hard time of it on this planet, and if one of them doos n't happen to turn out just as we like, we had n't ought to pitch into her in that red-hot style. And finally, let me impress upon you the fact, which has been made

known to me by a long and profound study of human nature, that no human bein' that has given himself up to iniquity and meanness and baseness can ever have such a face as the face that belongs to that young woman. It can't be done, nohow."

During these remarks Carrol stared gloomily at Grimes, but the latter took no notice of him. Grimes himself had on his broad honest face a gloom but little inferior to that of Carrol. There was once more visible in his expression that bewilderment and perplexity which had shown itself before on listening to Carrol's story. The encounter with the ladies had evidently created a new puzzle which had joined itself to the former one, and complicated it. So he sat in silence, involved in his own thoughts, and struggling to emerge from his bewilderment.

Carrol meanwhile sat with his head buried in his hands. At last he raised it, and said as if to himself, "What are they doing here? How did they happen to come on this boat?"

Grimes started up.

"Wal," said he, "that's easy answered. In the first place, they have as much right here as you or me. In the second place, I beg leave to call your attention to the fact that this is a free country. Women have a hard time of it as a general thing, but after all they have certain inalienable rights, among which may be mentioned as self-evident truths their natural right to life, liberty, the pursuit of happiness, and the privilege of travellin' wherever they darn please, so long as they're able to pay their way."

"It's hard to have them here. It's damned hard," said Carrol.

"O, you need n't blame her. 'Tain't likely she did it on purpose."

"I should hope not."

"Depend upon it, she would n't have come by this boat if she'd 'a' known you were on board."

"No, I don't see how she could wish to be so close to me."

"She came because this boat was the first and directest, and because her

sister brought her. As for you, my son, don't be alarmed. The boat's large enough for you two. You can avoid her. Go forward when you are on deck, and let her stay astern. And at the same time, let me advise you to try and get out of that infernal habit of vilifying her. For my part, I think there's a mistake somewhere or somehow, and so I never believe half of what you say on that subject. Your suspicions are false somehow, I do believe. Why, man, that face of hers is enough for me; I believe in faces, I do; and I tell you what, if ever there was nobility of nature stamped upon any face, it's on hers. How is it possible that any one with such a face can be what you say?"

"O, damn it, man!" burst forth Carrol, "don't talk to me about her face. Don't I know it better than you do? Don't I know every feature by heart? Won't I always have to remember it? Haven't I thought all the time of the horrible contrast between her face and her nature? I tell you, it was her face that lured me to destruction. Destruction? Yes; and mind you, when I say that word I mean it. Look at me. Have you forgotten what I told you a short time ago? Let me tell you now, what I owe to that face of hers, which you think so noble. I'll speak of her for the last time, and promise never to mention her again."

Carrol drew a long breath. His agitation was excessive. He spoke quick and short. His face was white, and his lips bloodless, while his gestures, which were formerly few and far between, were now vehement and frequent.

"First of all," he continued, "she encouraged me, and led me on, — she led me on," he repeated savagely, "till I was too far gone to haul off easily, and then picked up that Frenchman. She encouraged him too, and secretly. She fought *me* off judiciously, so as not to lose me, and at the same time she stealthily cultivated *him*. She used *me* as her infernal decoy to work upon *him*. She played with my

most sacred feelings and trifled with my life for no other reason than her own insatiable but silly vanity. At last I proposed. She rejected me, but accepted the other. You know the result. I need n't go over that again."

Carrol paused, in terrible excitement; his breathing was quick and spasmodic; and his set brows and clenched hands showed the intensity of his feeling.

"Here am I," he exclaimed. "Look at me now. Look at me. What am I?" Think of my position a few days ago, and then think of me now. What am I? What?" he repeated. "Why this, — I'm an outlaw, — a fugitive, — hunted down, — forced to fly, — an exile forevermore, — my life forfeited. Life is for me only a curse. Death is welcome. What am I?" he continued. "I'm a murderer!" he answered, in a low, thrilling voice. "That's what I am. I bear on my brow the mark of Cain. A murderer! A murderer! Abhorred of man, and accursed of God!"

He stopped, overwhelmed by his agitated feelings, and again buried his face in his hands.

To all this Grimes had no answer to make. In fact, as he sat there, erect and rigid, with his eyes fixed upon the bowed form of his friend, there seemed in him some portion of that emotion which convulsed the other. His old look of bewilderment came over his face, and with it there came an expression of trouble, and grief, and deep concern, and self-reproach. He did not utter one single word.

At last Carrol started up.

"I can't stand this," he exclaimed, "I feel half suffocated. I must go on deck."

With these words he opened the door and went out. Grimes did not follow him, but sat there, motionless and thoughtful. He only moved once to shut the door, and then, resuming his former position, he gave himself up to his perplexed thoughts.

When the steamer left the wharf it was midday, but hours had passed

since then. It was now twilight. All around extended the broad surface of the ocean, over which the steamer forced her way, urged on by the mighty engines whose dull rumble sounded from below. Carrol reached the deck, and stood for some minutes looking around. Overhead was the clear sky; all around was the dark water. The sun had set, and the shadows of night were descending, but objects were still discernible.

Carrol looked around, and then strolled slowly forward about half the length of the vessel. There he stopped and sat down, and gave himself up to his gloomy thoughts.

His sudden meeting with Grimes had been a relief to the strain of his feelings, and even the excitement of seeing Miss Heathcote had only served to distract his mind from the one dark subject on which it incessantly brooded. But now the relief and the distraction had passed, and the old inevitable remorse returned, and with the remorse came the harrowing fear of retribution; such feelings as these now filled his soul as he sat here, and withdrew his attention from the scene around. The darkness which was descending over that scene was analogous to the darkness that was overshadowing his mind.

Bitter indeed were his thoughts, and dark and sad and despairing. This, then, was the possibility of life, that the folly of a moment could blight it all, a short instant of self-forgetfulness, and then came inexorable Fate, dragging him down to crime and remorse and ruin and despair. For him there was absolutely no remedy. No sorrow, no repentance, could now avail. The deed was done. The inevitable consequences must be his. The wages of sin are death, and so, it seemed, are the consequences even of folly.

From these meditations he sought refuge in that which was now his chief resort from the gloom of his soul,—his brandy-flask. As he unscrewed the stopper he thought grimly of a saying which he had once heard from Grimes.

"A murderer," said he, "always turns out bad. You see most people after murder take to drink; and they do, as a general thing, drink *hard*, and turn out poor cusses. Therefore I would n't advise anybody to commit murder if he can help it."

The flask was slowly uncorked. Holding the stopper in his right hand, Carrol raised the flask in his left. At the same moment he raised his head, and his mouth was already parted to receive the approaching liquor, when suddenly in the very crisis of this act his attention was arrested by a figure that stood on the opposite side of the ship, directly facing him.

He was sitting about a half-dozen yards aft the funnel. Behind the funnel a lamp was suspended, whose light shone down through the gloom. It shone upon Carrol, and it shone also upon the figure which had arrested his attention at that critical moment.

Human experience has taught us that there is many a slip between the cup and the lip; and human experience also teaches us that when a slip takes place under such circumstances, it is the result of something serious. Now, when the cup is such a nature as this of Carrol's, and when the lip belongs to a man who is filled with a desperate craving for this cup, as the only solace to his despair, why, then, it stands to reason that the union of the two can only be prevented by something of the most astonishing kind.

It was evident that Carrol saw in this figure something that was sufficiently astonishing to arrest the progress of his hand.

The figure stood there, indistinct in the gloom; but the light from the lantern shone upon its face, leaving the rest of it less visible. On its head was a very commonplace felt hat; but the face that was revealed beneath it was not at all commonplace. It was a very pale face; it had a short beard and a mustache; and the eyes were wide and staring, and fixed on Carrol. To Carrol there seemed a horrible meaning in

those wide-staring eyes, with their fixed gaze ; something not of this earth, something that was the natural result of his crime. In an instant there flashed through his mind the memory of that Night of Horror, in the old house, face to face with his enemy ; again the agony was renewed, his senses again were maddened by

that dread scene ; once more there resounded the thunder of the exploding pistol, followed by that abhorrent noise of the fall of the victim. The renewal of that horror unnerved him. The flask fell from his hand. He started to his feet, and staggered forward toward the figure, under the influence of a terrible fascination.

James DeMille.

DIVERSIONS OF THE ECHO CLUB.

NIGHT THE FOURTH.

ALL the members of the Club were assembled, but the Ancient had not yet made his appearance. He was dining that evening, as it happened, with a wealthy banker, and there was no possibility of omitting one of the seventeen courses, or escaping before the coffee and *liqueurs*. As the oldest of the members, the duties of chairman were always conferred on him whenever a decision became necessary, and all assumed, as a matter of course, that the Diversions should be suspended until his arrival. But the conversation, meanwhile, settled upon him as its subject. Zoilus and one of the Chorus were not as old acquaintances as the Gannet and Galahad, which circumstance led, after his nature had been genially discussed, to the following digression : —

ZOILUS (*to THE GANNET*). I had not often met him familiarly, in this way, before. He is a good, mellow-natured companion, and not at all dogmatic, that is, in a direct way ; but I can see the influence of his Boston associations. There is a great deal of external tact and propriety in that city. Now, *our* impetuous, keen, incisive atmosphere —

THE GANNET (*interrupting*). Spare me the “incisive” ! It has been overdone, as an effect, and will be the ruin of you, yet. If I had as much faith as Galahad there, I should believe as the

Ancient does. But, since you will have the “incisive,” where can you find sentences more clearly cut — the very intaglio of style — than in Holmes ?

ZOILUS (*angrily*). And do you remember what he wrote of our New York authors, —

“ Whose fame, beyond their own abode,
Extends — for miles along the Harlem road ” ?

THE GANNET. Yes, and don't you know who they were ? Why, their fame does n't reach up to Twenty-third Street, now ! It was a deliberate attempt, by a small clique, to manufacture the Great American Literature. The materials were selected in advance, the style and manner settled, and then the great authors went to work. Like the Chinese mechanics who copied a steamboat, the external imitation was perfect ; but there were no inside works, and it would n't move a paddle ! When you speak of our legitimate authors, here in New York, what name first comes to your lips ? Bryant, of course ; and have you forgotten how Holmes celebrated him ? and how his was the only garland of verse thrown upon Halleck's grave ?

ZOILUS. Nevertheless, they systematically depreciate what we do ; they are only kind and considerate towards one another. You remember Poe's experience ?

THE ANCIENT (*entering the room*). Which one, pray ?

ZOÏLUS. Of Boston. But they did not and have not put *him* down!

THE ANCIENT. Why, no; he put himself down, that time: I happened to be there, and I saw the performance. I guess that you and the Gannet have been repeating your usual tilt; why not say, as Goethe did of the comparisons made between himself and Schiller, "Instead of quarrelling about which of us is the greater, people ought simply to be thankful for having us both"? Thirty or forty years ago, when Lowell and Whipple were boys, Longfellow and Holmes young authors, Emerson considered little better than daft, and Whittier almost outlaid on account of his antislavery opinions, the literary society here included Irving, Cooper, Bryant, Willis, and Halleck, then the foremost American authors. The chief literary periodicals were here and in Philadelphia; and Boston, although the average of intellectual culture was always higher there than elsewhere, occupied quite a secondary place. But I don't remember that there was ever any jealousy or rivalry; and I confess I can't understand the spirit which fosters such a feeling now.

ZOÏLUS. You have passed the age when you care for recognition.

THE ANCIENT. Have I, indeed? Pray, when does that age cease? If I had a more general recognition, at present,—by which I mean the ascription to me of exactly the literary qualities which I think I possess,—I should be stimulated to do more and possibly better work. I began authorship at a time when there was not much discrimination between varieties of literary talent, when such fearful stuff as "Agathé, a Necromant: in Three Chimæras," by a man named Tasistro, was published in "Graham's Magazine," and when a dentist in Rhode Island wrote a poem in heroic verse, called "The Dentiad."

THE GANNET. What was his name?

THE ANCIENT. Solyman Brown. I must quote to you an exquisite passage:—

"Whene'er along the ivory disks are seen
The rapid traces of the dark gangrene,
When caries come, with stealthy pace, to throw
Corrosive ink-spots on those banks of snow,
Brook no delay, ye trembling, suffering Fair,
But fly for refuge to the dentist's care.
His practised hand, obedient to his will,
Employs the slender file with nicest skill;
Just sweeps the germin of disease away,
And stops the fearful progress of decay."

ZOÏLUS. The latest nursling of Darwin's "Botanic Garden"! It is not antithetical enough for Pope. Surely, that was not a popular poem?

THE ANCIENT. I was too young to know. I only mention it as one of the chaotic elements out of which has grown what little permanent literature we now have. Probably three fourths of the writers then commencing their career might have developed some sound practical ability, with a little intelligent guidance; they were not strong enough to beat their own way out of the wilderness. When I look back upon it, I can see the bones of immortal works bleaching on all sides.

THE GANNET. As ours will bleach for the young fellows who sit here in 1900! While you were speaking, the thought occurred to me that no young poet in England can possibly be as green at his entrance into literature as the most of us must inevitably be. I begin to see that a conventional standard is better than none; for if it does not guide, it provokes resistance; either way, therefore, the neophyte acquires a definite form and style.

THE ANCIENT. To that extent, I agree with you. But we also have a standard, only those who accept it are fewer, and so scattered over the whole country that their authority is not immediately felt. They distinguish between what is temporary and what is permanent, in spite of the general public. And this ought to be our great comfort, if we are in earnest, that no power on earth can keep alive a sensational reputation.

ZOÏLUS. How do you account for the popularity of such single poems as "The River of Time," (is that the title of it?) and "Beautiful Snow," and "Rock me to sleep, Mother?" Why,

hardly a week passes, but I see a newspaper dispute about the authorship of one or the other of them! To me they are languishing sentiment, not poetry.

THE ANCIENT. "Sentiment" sufficiently accounts for their popularity. Put some tender, thoroughly obvious sentiment into rhyme which sounds like the melody of a popular song, and it will go through hides which are impervious to the keenest arrows of the imagination. But how much more unfortunate for us, if it were not so! This gives us just the fulcrum we need if our literature is ever to be an Archimedean lever. I find myself a great deal happier since I have set about discovering the reason of these manifestations of immature taste, instead of lamenting over them, or cursing them, as I once did.

ZOÏLUS (*ironically*). Then I have not attained your higher stand-point?

THE GANNET (*offering him the hat*). Here, pick out one of the caged birds, and make him sing! The prelude of chords and discords has lasted long enough; let the orchestra now fall into a lively melody.

ZOÏLUS. Ha! How shall I manage Bryant?

GALAHAD. Or I, Oliver Wendell Holmes?

THE GANNET. Or I, N. P. Willis?

GALAHAD. Let us either exchange, or deal again!

THE ANCIENT. No! As chairman, I declare such a proposition out of order. You must not pick out those authors with whose manner you are most familiar, or whom you could most easily imitate. That would be no fair and equal test; and there must be a little emulation, to keep your faculties in nimble playing condition. I am as oddly tasked as either of you, — see, I have drawn Tennyson! — yet, for the sake of good example, I'll work with you this time. Let us surrender ourselves, like spiritual mediums, to the control of the first stray idea that enters our brains: anything whatever will do for a point to start from. I am curious to know what will come of it.

ZOÏLUS. So am I. Here goes. (*Writes.*)

THE GANNET. We must first have our glasses filled; Galahad, ring for the waiter!

(*A silence of fifteen or twenty minutes follows. As the first one who has completed his task lifts his head with a sigh of relief, the others write with a nervous haste; but all wait for the last one.*)

THE GANNET. You were ready first, Zoilus.

ZOÏLUS. Then it was not because I had the least difficult task. Perhaps our Ancient can tell me why it is so difficult to make an echo for Bryant's verse. To parody any particular poem, such as "The Death of the Flowers," would be easy enough, I should think; but I was obliged to write something independent in Bryant's manner. Now, when I asked myself, "What is his manner?" I could only answer, "Gravity of subject and treatment, pure rhythm, choice diction, and a mixture more or less strong of the moral element."

THE ANCIENT. You have fairly stated his prominent characteristics, and your difficulty came from the fact that they are all so evenly and exquisitely blended in his verse, that no single one seems salient enough to take hold of. Bryant's range of subjects is not wide, but within that range he is a most admirable artist. He is of the same blood with Wordsworth, — a brother, not a follower, — and often-times seems cold, because his intellectual pitch is high. I confess I find the powers of control, temperance, self-repression, abnegation of sentiment for a purpose which aims beyond it, in his poems, rather than a negative coldness. His literary position, it is true, is very isolated. He has both kept aloof from the temporary excitements in our poetic atmosphere, and he has rarely given any direct expression of an aspiration for the general literary development of our people, or of sympathy with those who felt and fostered it. Neverthe-

less, we cannot fairly go beyond an author's works, in our judgments ; and I suspect we shall all agree, as Americans, in estimating the amount of our debt to Bryant.

GALAHAD. You have so put down my natural reverence that I don't dare to protest. But when I see Bryant in Broadway, with his magnificent Homeric beard, I wonder the people don't take off their hats as he passes. Why, seventy years ago, the stolid Berliners almost carried Schiller on their shoulders as he came out of the theatre ; the raging mob of '48 did homage to Humboldt ; and every other people, it seems to me, in every other civilized land, has rendered some sort of honor to its minstrels. But I cannot recollect that we have ever done anything.

THE GANNET. Yes, we have done a little, but not much, — after death. A few men have given Halleck a monument, and two men have put up busts of Irving and Bryant in our parks. There was a public commemoration of Cooper, at which Webster (who knew nothing and cared nothing about our literature) officiated ; but that was the end of it. The Bryant Festival was almost a private matter ; the public was not represented, and one author belonging to the same club refused to take any part in it, on account of the political views of the poet !

THE ANCIENT. We are forgetting our business. Zoilus has the floor.

ZOILUS. I told you I had a hard task ; therefore I shall not be vexed if you tell me I have failed. (*Reads.*)

THE DESERTED BARN.

Against the gray November sky,
Beside the weedy lane, it stands ;
To newer fields they all pass by,
The farmers and their harvest hands.

There is no hay within the mow ;
The racks and mangers fall to dust ;
The roof is crumbling in, but thou,
My soul, inspect it and be just.

Once from the green and winding vale
The sheaves were borne to deck its floor ;
The blue-eyed milkmaid filled her pail,
Then gently closed the stable-door.

Once on the frosty winter air
The sound of flails afar was borne,

And from his natural pulpit there
The preacher cock called up the morn.

But all are gone : the harvest men
Work elsewhere now for higher pay ;
The blue-eyed milkmaid married Ben,
The hand, and went to Ioway.

The flails are banished by machines,
Which thresh the grain with equine power ;
The senile cock no longer weans
The folk from sleep at dawning hour.

They slumber late beyond the hill,
In that new house which spurns the old ;
In gorgeous stalls the kine are still,
The horse is blanketed from cold.

But I from ostentatious pride
And hollow pomp of riches turn,
To muse that ancient barn beside :
Pause, pilgrim, and its lesson learn ;

So live, that thou shalt never make
A mill-pond of the mountain-tarn,
Nor for a gaudy stable take
The timbers of thy ruined barn !

GALAHAD. I vow I don't know whether that is serious, or a burlesque imitation !

THE ANCIENT. Then Zoilus has fairly succeeded. The grave, autumnal tone was indispensable, for it stamps itself on the minds of nine out of ten who read Bryant ; just as we always associate Wordsworth with mountain walks and solitary musings. Did you ever see Kuntze's statuette of Bryant ? He is sitting, and beside him, on the ground, there is only a buffalo-skull. Of course, you at once imagine a prairie mound, with nothing in sight, — which is carrying the impression altogether too far ; for his poems on the apple-tree and the bobolink are entirely human.

GALAHAD (*earnestly*). There is much more than that in his poetry ! There is the evidence of a high imaginative quality, which, for some reason or other, he seems to hold in check ! Read "The Land of Dreams" and his poem on "Earth," where there is something about the

"Hollows of the great invisible hills
Where darkness dwells all day —"

I can't remember all the passage, but it is exceedingly fine ! Generally, he reins himself up so tightly that you cannot feel the fretting of the bit ; but rarely, when he lets himself go, for a

few lines, you get a glimpse of another nature.

THE ANCIENT. Just therein, I think, lies his greatest service to American literature. There have always been, and always will be, enough of wild mustangs, unbridled foals, who dash off at a gallop and can't stop themselves at the proper goal, but pant and stagger a mile beyond it. With Bryant's genius, he might have undertaken much more; but he has hoarded his power, and how freshly it serves him still!

"No waning of fire, no quenching of ray,
But rising, still rising, then passing away."

Who wrote those lines?

THE GANNET. He who speaks through me to-night, — Willis. But Galahad comes next in order.

GALAHAD. I have really a better right to complain of the severity of my task than Zoilus. One can't imitate humor without possessing it, — which I'm not sure that I do. Between "Old Ironsides" and the "One-Hoss Shay," Holmes has played in a great many keys, and I was forced to echo that one which seemed easiest to follow. (*Reads.*)

THE PSYCHO-PHYSICAL MUSE.

O Muse, descend, or, stay! — evolve thy presence
from within,
For all conditions now combine, and so I must begin:
The wind is fresh from west-nor'west, the sky is
deepest blue,
Thermometer at seventy, and pulse at seventy-two.

At breakfast fish-balls I consumed; the phosphates
are supplied!
The peccant acid in my blood by Selters alkali'd;
As far as I can see the works, my old machine of
thought
Runs with its cogs and pivots oiled, as if in Waltham
bought.

The main-spring is elastic yet, the balance-wheel is
trim,
And if "full-jewelled" one should think, let no one
scoff at him!

Odi profanum vulgus, — well! the truth is t' other
way;
But one eupeptic as myself can always have his say.

Suppose I let the wheels run on, till fancy's index-
hand
Points to a verse-inspiring theme and there inclines
to stand?

Between the thought and rhythmic speech there
often yawns a chasm;
To bridge it o'er we only need a vigorous protoplasm.

With an unconscious sinciput, a cerebellum free,
I don't see why the loftiest lays should not be sung
by me:

The fitful flushes of the Muse my diagnosis own:
I test her symptoms in the air as surely as ozone.

There's just one thing that fails me yet; the fancies
dart around

Like skittish swallows in the air, but none will touch
the ground.

With such conditions 't were a sin to lay the pen
aside,

But, with the mind close-girt to run, direction is
denied.

I've waited, now, an hour or more: I'd take a glass
of wine,
Save that I fear 't would send the pulse to seventy-
eight or nine;

'T is that capricious jade, the Muse! — I know her
tricks of old:

Just when my house is warm for her, she *will* prefer
the cold!

THE GANNET. Ah, you've only caught some general characteristics, not the glitter and flash of Holmes's lines! His humor is like a Toledo blade; it may be sheathed in a circular scabbard, but it always springs out straight and keen, and fit for a direct lunge. He is the only poet in the country who can write good "occasionals," without losing faith in the finer inspiration, or ceasing to obey it.

GALAHAD. You very well know we have no time for selection. I have been reading lately his "Mechanism in Thought and Morals," so that my imitation was really suggested by his prose.

THE ANCIENT. That is permitted. For my part, though I like Holmes's songs in all keys, I have always wished that he had written more such poems as "La Grisette," wherein we have, first of all, ease and grace, then just enough of sentiment, of humor, and of a light, sportive fancy to make a mixture wholly delightful, — a beverage that cheers, but not inebriates, in which there is neither headache nor morbid tears. Hood had the same quality, though he does n't often reveal it; so had Præd; so, I feel sure, had Willis, but in his case it was a neglected talent. When I say that we most sorely need this naïve, playful element in our literature, you may not agree with me; but, O, how tired I am of hearing that every

poem should "convey a lesson," should "inculcate a truth," should "appeal to the moral sense." Why, half our self-elected critics seem to be blind to the purely æsthetic character of our art! No man — not even the greatest — can breathe a particular atmosphere all his life, without taking some of its ingredients into his blood; and just those which seem best may be most fatal to the imaginative faculty. I suspect there has been more of battle in the intellectual life of Holmes than any of us knows.

ZOILUS. Now let us hear the Gannet.

THE GANNET. If it had been a leader for the "Home Journal," I should have found he task light enough; but Willis's poetic style is — as he would have said — rather un-come-at-able. (*Reads.*)

KEREN-HAPPUCH.

The comforters of Job had come and gone.
They were anhungered; for the eventide
Sank over Babylon, and smokes arose
From pottage cooked in palace and in tent.
Then Keren-happuch, from her lordly bower
Of gem-like jasper, and the porphyry floors
Swept by the satins of her trailing robe,
Came forth, and sat beside her father Job,
And gave him comfort, 'mid his painful boils,
And scraped him with a potsherd; and her soul
Rebelled at his unlovely misery,
And from her lips, that parted like a cleft
Of ripe pomegranates o'er their ruby teeth,
Broke forth a wail:

"Alas for thee, my sire!
And for the men and maidens of thy train,
And for thy countless camels on the plain,
More than thou didst require;
Thou mightst have sold them at the morning dawn
For heavy gold: at even they were gone!

"And they who dressed my hair
With agate braids and pearls from Samarcand
Have died; there is no handmaid in the land,
To make my visage fair:
Unpainted and unpowdered, lo! I come,
Gray with the ashes of my gorgeous home!

"Yea, thou and I are lone:
The prince who wooed me fled in haste away
From thine infection: hungered here I stray,
And find not any bone;
For famished cats have ravaged shelf and plate,
The larder, like my heart, is desolate!

"And it is very drear,
My sire, whose wealth and beauty were my pride,
To see thee so disfigured at my side,
Nor leech nor poultice near,
To save thy regal skin from later scars:
Yea, thou art loathsome by the light of stars!

"Go, hie thee to thy room,
And I will gather marjoram and nard,
And mix their fragrance with the cooling lard,
And thus avert thy doom.
A daughter's sacrifice no tongue can tell:
The prince will stay away till thou art well!"

GALAHAD. Now I must say, although I have enjoyed the travesty with you, that this gives me a pang. I can't forget Willis's sunny, kindly, and sympathetic nature, and the dreary clouding of his mind at the last. There was something very tragic in the way in which he clung to the fragments that remained, as one faculty after another failed him, and strove to be still the cheerful, sparkling author of old. I was hardly more than a boy when I first went to him, a few years ago, and no brother could have been kinder to me.

THE ANCIENT. There never was a poet more free from jealousy or petty rivalry, none more ready to help or encourage. As an author, he was damaged by too early popularity, and he made the mistake of trying to retain it through exaggerating the features of his style which made him popular; but neither homage nor defamation — and he received both in full measure — ever affected the man's heart in his breast. There was often an affectation of aristocratic elegance in his writings; yet, in his life, he was as natural a democrat as Walt Whitman, gentle, considerate, and familiar with the lowest whom he met, and only haughty towards ignorant or vulgar pretension. Poe said that he narrowly missed placing himself at the head of American literature, which was true of his career from 1830 to about 1845. By the by, I wish some one would undertake to write our literary history, beginning, say, about 1800.

ZOILUS. Set about it yourself! But, come, we are not to be cheated out of your contribution to-night; where is your Tennyson?

THE ANCIENT. I have added another to his brief modern idyls. (*Reads.*)

EUSTACE GREEN;

OR, THE MEDICINE-BOTTLE.

Here's the right place for lunch; and if, ah me!
The hollies prick, and burr-weed grows too near,

We'll air our eyesight o'er the swelling downs,
And so not mind them. While the Medoc chills
In ice, and yon champagne-flask in the sun
Takes mellow warmth, I'll tell you what I did
To Eustace Green — last Cambridge-term it was,
Just when the snowball by the farmer's gate
Made jokes of winter at the garden rose.

No marvel of much wisdom Eustace was, —
You know him, Hal, — no high-browed intellect,
Such as with easy grab the wrangler's place
Plucks from the clutching hands of college youth,
But home-bred, as it were; and all the stock,
His stalwart dad, and mother Marigold
(We called her), Kate, Cornelia, Joseph, Jane,
A country posy of great boys and girls.
But she, the mother, when the brown ash took
A livelier green beside the meadow-stile,
And celandines, the milky kine of flowers,
Were yellow in the lanes, hung o'er the fire
A caldron huge — oh me, it was a sight
To see her stir the many herbs therein!
Of yarrow, tansy, thyme, and camomile —
What know I all? — she boiled and slowly brewed
The strange concoction: 't was an heirloom old,
The recipe, a sovran cure, and famed
From Hants to Yorkshire: this must Eustace take.
Not that the lubber lad was ill — O, no!
You did but need to punch him in the ribs,
To feel how muscle overlaid the bone;
And as for trencher-practice, — trust me, Hal,
A donkey-load of lunch were none too much,
Were he here with us. Where was I? — Ah, yes,
The medicine! She gave it me with words
Many, and thrice repeated; he should take,
Eustace, the dose at morn, and noon, and night,
For these were feverous times: she did not know,
Not she, what airs blew o'er the meads of Cam:
Preventive ounces weighed a pound of cure.
At last, I thrust the bottle in my sack,
And left her.

Now, returning Cambridge-wards,
Some devil tickled me to turn the thing
To joke, or was it humors in the blood,
Stirring, perchance, when, oysters out of date
And game prohibited, the stomach pines?
Think as you will; but to myself my mind
Thus reasoned: need to him of medicine
Is none: the green cicala in the grass
Chirps not more wholesome; wherefore swiftly I
Will cast this useless brewage to the winds,
Yea, to the thistled downs; and substitute —
Haply some ancient hostel glimmering near —
Laborious Boreal brandy, equal bulk.
And this, the thing accomplished, then did I
Proffer to Eustace Green, all eager he
For news of home and mother Marigold,
His dad and Kate, Cornelia, Joseph, Jane,
And Bloss, the ox, and Bounce, the plough-horse old,
One-eyed, and spavined. But the medicine
He took with: "Pshaw! that beastly stuff again?
Am I a rat that she should send the dose?"
Then I: "Dear Eustace, times are feverous:
Malarial breezes blow across the Cam:
Preventive ounces weigh a pound of cure."
"O, damn your ounces!" he profanely cried:
"But if I must, I must; so summon Giles,
The undertaker, when I take this dose,
And gently coffin me when now I die."
So drank; and then, with great eyes all astare,
Cried: "Taste it, you! Fourth-proof, O. P. and
S. T. X.!" —

We'll have a punch!" And that teetotal dame,
His mother, did we pledge in steaming punch,
She knowing not: and tears of laughter ran
Down both our cheeks, and trickled in the bowl,
Weakening the punch.

But now the Medoc's chill,
And warm the sweet champagne; so, while the copse
Clangs round us like the clang of many shields,
Down the long hollows to the dusky sea,
Let us, with sandwich and the hard-boiled egg,
Enjoy both nature's beauty and our own!

OMNES. Well done!

ZOÏLUS. Why, you have caught the
very trick of Tennyson's blank-verse!
If you had only warmed the Medoc and
chilled the champagne, I should hardly
know the difference. But how did you
ever happen to invent a motive, or plot,
all complete, on the spur of the moment?

THE ANCIENT. Ah, you force me to
confess: I did n't invent it. It was a
trick I played myself, on a friend, in
our young days; and, by good luck, it
came to my memory just at the right
time. Therefore, having the subject,
the imitation of Tennyson's manner
was easy enough. I'm glad, however,
that you think it successful; for it
justifies me in holding fast to the principle
we accepted, and which I was
obliged to enforce to-night. You know
that my own scattering poems are quite
unlike — however long the interval between —
anything of Tennyson's; but
I have made it a point, for years past,
to study the individual characteristics
of the poets, and this proves how easily
those which are superficial and obvious
may be copied.

ZOÏLUS. May I ask what your private
estimate of Tennyson, as a poet, is?

THE ANCIENT. Of course! While
I might, possibly, agree with his keenest
critics in regard to many details of
style or expression, especially in his
earlier poems, I yield to no one in the
profoundest respect for his noble loyalty
to his art. Tennyson is a poet, who,
recognizing the exact quality of his gift,
has given all the forces of his mind, all
the energies of his life, to perfect it. I
can see that he has allowed no form of
knowledge, which this age has developed,
to arise without assimilating,

at least, its substance ; but all is employed in the sole service of his poetic art. He began with something of the rank, " lush " luxuriance of style which Keats was just leaving behind him when he died : he now rises, often to a majestic simplicity and dignity which nearly remind me of Milton. Not that the two are similar, in any particular ; but Tennyson, like scarcely any other except Schiller, has achieved high success as a poet by comprehending clearly both his powers and their limitations. How easily, by mistaking his true work, he might have scattered his rays, in-

stead of gathering them into a clear focus of light ! All honor to him, I say, in this age, when so many writers degrade their gift by making it subservient to worldly ends !

GALAHAD (*with enthusiasm*). You make me happy !

THE GANNET. I should say, nevertheless, that he was well paid in ringing guineas. For instance —

ZOÏLUS. " The continuation in next week's New York Ledger ! " Do you know that it is one o'clock ?

OMNES (*starting up*). We go — but we return ! *[Exeunt.]*

THE BROOK'S MESSAGE.

LITTLE brook, that glideth through the meadows,
Rustling past the clumps of tufted reeds ;
Deep and quiet 'neath the alder shadows,
Swirling round the tangled water-weeds ;
Little brook, to me a happy presage
In thy steadfast pressing toward the sea,
On thy constant waves a little message,
Bear my love from me.

Seek him where those waves, grown slow and weary,
Languish through the dull streets of the town ;
Where, instead of flowers, faces dreary,
Peer into thy mirror stained and brown.
Tell him that beside thy crystal fountains,
Where the shy bird dips, and flies away,
In the purple shadows of the mountains,
Waiting him, I stay.

Tell him, little brook, — but whisper lowly,
Lest the gossip breezes hear thee tell, —
That amid this mountain silence holy,
Quiet hearts may learn love's lesson well.
Tell him I am patient, though so lonely,
For the heavens reflect hope's sunny hue ;
Tell him, brook, how some one loves him, — only
Do not tell him who !

Kate Hillard.

IMMIGRATION.

THERE is a belief held by a few in both Europe and America, that the climate of the United States is unfavorable to the Caucasian constitution. This is put forth distinctly by Mr. Clibborne, in a paper which he read before the British Association for the Advancement of Science at Cheltenham, in 1856, entitled "The Tendency of the European Races to become extinct in the United States." This was published in the volume of Transactions of the society for that year.

The sum of Mr. Clibborne's idea is embraced in the following sentence: "From the general unfitness of the climate to the European constitution, coupled with the occasional pestilential visitations which occur in the healthier localities, on the whole, on an average of three or four generations, extinction of the European races in North America would be almost certain, if the communication with Europe were entirely cut off." Knox repeats this opinion in his English lectures on the races of men.*

The existence and rapid increase of the large population in the United States are held not to conflict with this theory, for these facts are explained by the supposition that our people are composed mostly of strangers from abroad and their children, whose families are extraordinarily fertile in the first generation in America, although they soon become sterile, and in course of a century or less, yield their places to new arrivals, as their predecessors had done for ages before them, and as their successors will do forever after them.

Mr. Louis Schade, in his work published at Washington, in 1856, affirms this principle of American deterioration of human life, and says that the power of natural increase of those who were here eighty-two years ago is reduced to the annual rate of 1.38 per cent,

while all the rest of the growth of population within that period is due to new immigrants and their very fruitful families.

Mr. Frederic Kapp, in an address read before the American Social Science Association and printed in their Journal for 1870, warmly supports this doctrine, and says that "it is the great merit of Mr. Schade to have first applied the true principle of computing the gain of population."*

M. A. Carlier, a French traveller in this country, and writer, in his *Mémoire sur l'Acclimatement des Races en Amérique*, read before the Société d'Anthropologie, of Paris, and printed in their Transactions, endeavors to sustain the same doctrine of the decadence of population in America, and quotes Mr. Schade in proof of his opinion.

In harmony with these views, are some seemingly wild opinions as to the number of people of foreign birth living now in the United States. The Bishop of Cassel said in the House of Lords, of Great Britain, "There are seven million natives of Ireland in the United States." A speaker in a public meeting of Germans in New York said, "We have four millions of our countrymen here." Disraeli, in "Lothair," makes Monsignore Berwick, who is represented as a man of rare intelligence, say, "We have twelve million Catholics in the United States."

To meet these opinions and to determine, as far as the attainable records will permit, exactly or approximately, the numbers of these foreigners and their descendants living in the United States, in the several decennial years of this century, 1800 to 1870, is the purpose of this article.

Immigration into the United States.

No organized system of ascertaining and recording the number and charac-

* Page 57.

* Page 16.

ter of the persons who came here from abroad existed previous to October 1, 1819. From that time the law of Congress required that all who come to the sea and lake ports should be registered at the custom-houses. Their names, ages, sex, nativity, occupation, and destination are ascertained and reported to the national government.

Since the law went into operation, in 1819, the State Department at first, and the Treasury Department latterly, have published annual reports of the number and character of the immigrants. So far as these documents go, they may be received with confidence. But there were manifest omissions at some ports in the earlier years, and they could give no account of foreigners who entered this country through other channels than the sea and lake ports.

No official account has been given of the arrivals, before October 1, 1819. Some statistical writers, however, made careful inquiries and estimated the extent of immigration. Mr. Blodgett thought the arrivals did not exceed four thousand a year, from 1789 to 1794. Dr. Seybert supposed there were six thousand a year, from 1790 to 1810.* Professor Tucker fixed the number at fifty thousand in the period 1790 to 1800, seventy thousand from 1800 to 1810, one hundred and fourteen thousand from 1810 to 1820, and two hundred thousand from 1820 to 1830.† The Professor's estimates are now admitted as correct by the best authorities.

European Immigration through the British Provinces.

There is no difficulty in determining the number who landed at our sea-ports and the lake-ports since October 1, 1819. But the doubtful problem is the number who came across the border, from and through Canada and New Brunswick, and escaped the notice of our national officers.

The censuses of Canada for 1842, 1851, and 1861, and those of Nova

Scotia and New Brunswick for 1851 and 1861, show the numbers of foreigners that were then living in the British North American Provinces. The British emigration reports show the numbers that left the United Kingdom for these colonies in the intervals of those enumerations. Calculating the mortality of these emigrants at the usual annual rate, we have the numbers of their probable survivors in the several years of the census. Comparing these surviving immigrants with the Europeans living in the Provinces, in 1842, 1851, and 1861, the last were found insufficient to account for the first.

The survivors of those who left the United Kingdom for the British North American colonies exceeded the numbers of Europeans living there

Previous to 1842 by	110,518
Interval between 1842 and 1851 by	75,245
Interval between 1851 and 1861 by	9,053
	194,816

All others had either died or were absorbed into the provincial populations.

No account is given of these 194,816. Some of them may have returned to Europe. Probably most of them came across our border, and thus swelled our foreign population.

Immigration of British Provincials.

The number of natives of British Provinces, recorded in our immigration reports, do not account for all that appear in our censuses of 1850 and 1860. The custom-houses do not reach those who come directly by land. In the census of 1850 there are 100,692 British Provincials more than could be accounted for by the previous immigrant records. Besides the survivors of these in 1860, there were found by the enumerators of that year 72,286 more than had been officially reported. The last came between 1850 and 1860. The other 100,692 came previous to 1850, and probably arrived in periods similar to those in which other Provincials came by sea and by lake, and were registered in the custom-houses.

Those found living in 1850 and 1860

* Statistical Annals, p. 29.

† Progress of Population, Chap. X.

are the survivors of larger numbers, who had arrived in previous years. The actual arrivals include not only those living in 1850 and 1860, but also those who died after their passing the border, and before these dates.

Then the 100,692 British Provincials living in the United States in 1850 were the survivors of

5,325	who arrived between	1820 and 1830
26,623	" " "	1830 " 1840
85,576	" " "	1840 " 1850

A total of 117,524 " " " 1820 " 1850

And the 72,286 who were living here in 1860, in excess of those who survived from 1850, represent 82,487 Provincial immigrants by land across the border between 1850 and 1860.

Thus those natives of Europe and the British Provinces who came from and through Canada and New Brunswick unnoticed by the American officers and not included in the immigration reports were :—

In Periods.	Provincials.	Europeans.	Totals.
1815 to 1820		12,157	12,157
1820 to 1830	5,325	26,524	31,849
1830 to 1840	26,623	56,364	82,987
1840 to 1850	85,576	90,718	176,294
1850 to 1860	82,787	9,053	91,840
1815 to 1860	200,311	194,816	395,127

These should be added, in their respective periods, to the numbers of immigrants given in government reports.

For the rest, in this paper, the national records are assumed, except that, when not deducted and when stated, those passengers who were

natives of the United States, and also those who expressed an intention to reside elsewhere, are omitted, and 16,327 are added to the arrivals of 1820 to 1830, to compensate for the apparent deficiencies in some of the custom-house returns. These, with the 31,987 presumed to have come across the border, added to the sea-port and lake-port arrivals, make 200,000, the estimate of Professor Tucker.

By these means and from these sources, the following probable and certain numbers of foreign immigrants, from 1790 to 1860, are found :—

Period.	Immigrants.
Dec. 31, 1790 to Dec. 31, 1800, . . .	50,000
Jan. 1, 1801 " " " 1810, . . .	70,000
" " 1811 " " " 1820, . . .	114,000
" " 1821 " " " 1830, . . .	200,000
" " 1831 " " " 1840, . . .	682,112
" " 1841 to May 31, 1850, . . .	1,711,161
June 1, 1850 " " " 1860, . . .	2,766,495
" " 1860 " " " 1870, . . .	2,424,390
	8,018,156

Number of Foreigners living in each decennial Year.

It was desirable to determine the number of foreigners who were living in the United States, at each of the census or decennial years. In order to reach this, the numbers of the survivors of those who arrived in each decade are calculated at the annual rate of 2.4 per cent mortality and .976 per cent surviving, for the periods 1790 to 1850, and 2.625 per cent mortality for the period 1850 to 1860, and 2.2 per cent mortality for the last decade, 1860 to 1870, with the following results :—

Immigrants arriving in Periods and surviving in Years.

Arrive.		Surviving in Years.							
Period.	Number.	1800.	1810.	1820.	1830.	1840.	1850.	1860.	1870.
1790 - 1800	50,000				21,364	16,755	13,135	10,272	8,179
1800 - 1810	70,000	44,282	34,732	27,241	38,137	29,912	23,796	18,237	14,600
1810 - 1820	114,000		61,993	48,623	79,187	62,109	49,409	37,868	30,315
1820 - 1830	200,000			100,961	177,141	138,940	110,518	84,704	67,810
1830 - 1840	682,112					611,486	486,450	372,829	298,499
1840 - 1850	1,711,161						1,552,709	1,190,036	952,685
1850 - 1860	2,766,495							2,427,944	1,938,742
1860 - 1870	2,424,390								2,253,548
1790 - 1870 Census,	8,018,158	44,282	96,725	176,825	315,830	859,202	2,236,217	4,135,890	5,564,378
Error,							2,240,535	4,136,175	5,566,546
							— 4,218	— 285	— 2,168

The results of the logarithmic calculations show the approximate numbers of foreigners who were living in the United States in the several decennial years since 1790. They agree very nearly with the census returns of foreigners in the years 1850, 1860, and 1870, when they were separately reported. They fall short, less than one in 500 in 1850, less than one in 14,000 in 1860, and less than one in 2,500 in 1870. The actual rates of mortality were a very slight fraction less than the rates herein assumed. These correspond very nearly with the rates determined and reported in the mortality volume of the eighth census, pages lix and 277.

The numbers of foreigners stated in the censuses of 1850, 1860, and 1870 are fixed points, beyond which we cannot pass. If we assume that the immigration was greater, in any of the periods, than is here given, it will be necessary to increase the rate of mortality in order to reduce their numbers to those then determined by enumeration.

Rate of Mortality among Immigrants.

The rates of death, 2.4 per cent previous to 1850, and 2.625 per cent 1850 to 1860, and 2.2 per cent 1860 to 1870, are very large. It must be considered that the immigrants include but a small proportion of those in the perilous periods of life, the very young and the aged, but they are mostly in the healthy ages, when the rate of mortality is very low. Among all the immigrants, from 1819 to 1860, there were only 7.9 per cent under five, and 10.2 per cent over forty years old. In a fixed population, as in England, there were 13.3 per cent under five and 24.6 per cent over forty.

The rate of mortality for thirty years in England, for all classes and ages, was 2.333 for males and 2.151 for females. But reducing the proportions of infants, children, and old people to those of the immigrants, and increasing the proportions of those who are between ten and forty to those of the immigrants, and allowing

these, in their respective ages, the same rates of mortality that they now have in England, the general rate would be only 1.329 for males, and 1.338 for females. The rates thus assumed for the foreigners here (2.4, 2.625, and 2.2) are very high, almost double that of England, for persons in the same ages.

In these calculations, it is assumed that the immigrants of the first forty years were distributed in equal numbers over the years of the respective decades of their arrival, and that those who arrived in each year had a chance or hope of living through the remaining years of that, their first decade. Thus those who came in 1791 had a chance of living nine and a half years in that decade, to 1800; and the arrivals of 1795 a chance of four and a half years' life, and the average of the whole, in that decade, was five years. But in the subsequent decades, with the aid of the custom-house records, this average was determined precisely, by multiplying the arrivals of each year by the remaining years of the decade, and dividing the sum of the products by the whole number of arrivals. This gave five years for the arrivals, 1820-1830 and 1850-1860, four and a half years for those who came 1830-1840, and four years for those of 1840-1850, and four and one third years for the arrivals of the last decade.

The decades are assumed to end on the 31st of December, in 1800, 1810, 1820, 1830, and 1840. But afterward, in order to correspond with the census, they are assumed to end on the 31st of May. The period 1840 to 1850 is therefore only nine years and five months, all the others are ten years, and all the immigrants that enter on any decade, after that in which they arrived, are assumed to have a chance of living to its end.

Natural Increase of the American and Foreign Element of Population since 1790.

On this question there is probably a wider difference than in regard to the

numbers of the arrivals from abroad. And public opinion is singularly unsettled as to the extent of the foreign element, — the numbers of the natives of other countries who have come here since 1790, and of their children and grandchildren born in the United States.

Mr. Schade's Theory.

Mr. Schade supposed that the natural increase or excess of births over deaths in the American population was only 1.38 per cent a year; and all the surplus growth of the white population was due to the immigrants who came since 1790. Mr. Kapp and M. Carlier indorse Mr. Schade in this opinion.

This theory is founded on Table XVIII. in the Report of the seventh census, "Statistics of the United States, 1850," page xli. The table is entitled "Births, Marriages, and Deaths, Dwellings and Families." This table is repeated in the compendium of the seventh census, page III. Comparing the numbers of births and deaths, Mr. Schade found the excess of the births over the deaths to be equal to 1.38 per cent of the total white and free colored population in 1850, and thence inferred that this was their annual rate of increase.

If Mr. Schade had examined this volume a little further, he would have seen that the column headed "births" did not give these facts, but merely the number of children under one year old living on the first day of June. Moreover, he would have seen a star at the head of the column referring to a note under the table, which says, "The figures include only those who were surviving at the end of the year, and therefore are but approximate." If he had looked further through this volume, he would have seen that Mr. De Bow, fearing the world would put confidence in this statement of the table which is repeated in regard to each State, also repeats this caveat on every page where this table or any part of it appears, — forty-four times in all,

— and as often tells the reader that he must not believe his table, column, heading, or figures. And as if this were not sufficient, and there were still danger of misleading the people, he, on page xxxix, paragraph second, says, "The table of births, as is stated in the notes to each State, includes only those who were born in the year and were surviving at the end of it; in other words, it comprises the figures of the column of population under one year of age."

If Mr. Schade had looked at the law regulating the census of 1850, page xix, or the schedules, page xi, or the explanation of the schedules, page xxii, or the instructions to the marshals in the same volume, he would have seen that the facts of birth were not required by Congress, nor sought by the census department, nor asked by the marshals. Hence there is no ground for the statement or inference as to the number of births in the year 1849–50.

Numbers of Births and Children under one Year not identical.

Even supposing that this matter had been required by the law and reported by the marshals, the identity of the number of children under one and of the births would have thrown distrust over the statement. No allowance is made for the deaths in this the most dangerous period of life. All of them had passed through their most perilous months, except those born in May, 1850, and these had passed through the most perilous weeks and days of life.

The records of the experience of several nations show the number of children that were born in each month and year, and the number that died in each month of their first year. From these it is easy to determine the number and proportion of those born in any definite year who will die before the year ends, and the number and proportion that will then be alive. The clearest of these are the Dutch tables, in the *Statistisch Jaarboek*, X.

and XI., page 82, for the ten years 1850 - 1859, showing all the births 1,075,979, and the deaths in each month after birth. Another authority equally valuable is the monthly statement, in the large volume "English Life Table," No. 3, page 91.

According to the experience of the Netherlands, if 100,000 are born in any year, 13,139 of these will die before the 1st of the next January, and 86,871 will be alive on that day. The English statement is more favorable, and shows that of the 100,000 born in the year, only 9,910 will die before its end, and 90,090 will live to enter the next year.

The Dutch is the actual experience of a progressive population, where the births exceed the deaths. The English calculation excludes this excess, and is carefully reduced to the case of a strictly stationary population, in which the births and deaths are equal.

The American population is even more progressive than the Dutch; and, including the South, it has probably a higher rate of infant mortality. It will not then go beyond the truth to assume the experience of the Netherlands as the rate in this country, and that 100,000 children born here, within a year, were represented by only 86,871 survivors at its end, and, conversely, 100,000 children under one year old, living on any day, represent and are the survivors of 115,113 births within the year next preceding.

Applying these proportions to the numbers of children under one year of age, in the United States, quoted by Mr. Schade, from the census of 1850, we find that the

537,661 whites were the survivors of 618,917 births,	
11,176 free colored	12,862 "
80,607 slaves	92,791 "
629,444 white and colored	724,570 "

within the year. At least it was necessary, according to the law of mortality, that so many should have been born in the year next preceding June 1, 1850, to leave this reported number alive at that date.

Incomplete Enumeration of Children.

There is another element of error in this matter, which is equally if not more important. In the preparation of the mortality report of the eighth census, an attempt was made to obtain some light on the rate of mortality in this country, by comparing the numbers living at each age in 1850 with the numbers of the same persons who, ten years older, were living in 1860; as, for example, those under five in 1850 with those between ten and fifteen in 1860, those between ten and twenty at the first date with those between twenty and thirty at the second, and so on through all ages.*

The first step was to ascertain all the immigrants who had arrived in this interval, 1850 to 1860, and their numbers at each age; then, by the Life Table, to calculate the number of survivors of the arrivals of each year in their respective ages in 1860, and deduct these from the numbers of the whites of the same ages, as they appeared in the eighth census. The remainders were the survivors, in the several ages, of those who, ten years younger, were living here, in 1850, and the difference showed the probable loss by death in this period.

If the enumerations had been complete at both censuses, 1850 and 1860, and none had gone out except by death, and none had come in except by birth, the differences would show the exact mortality, and the rate at each age would be easily determined for that decade of years. But at the early ages of all classes there was no apparent loss; on the contrary, there were some gains. The 2,896,458 whites living, under five years old, in 1850, instead of losing any of their numbers by death, in course of the next ten years, according to the natural and necessary law of mortality, are represented by the eighth census as being 2,939,510 at the ages ten to fifteen, in 1860, and thus as having gained 43,052. There were similar discrepancies in the statements of the colored population of these ages. In

* See Eighth Census Mortality volume, p. 285.

the next period, passing from the ages between five and ten, in 1850, to those between fifteen and twenty, in 1860, there were also apparent errors, and the case was the same with the ages next beyond. But in the after ages, the representations of the numbers of the living were apparently more correct.

In seeking an explanation of these inconsistencies, it is necessary to assume, either that the numbers in the earlier ages, in 1850, were too small, or that those in the later ages, in 1860, were too large.

As the census was taken by name, and each person was described and recorded, it is hardly supposable that any names could have got into the record, unless they were those of persons really existing. But it is not difficult to suppose that some, especially infants and children, may have been unknown to, or forgotten by, the informants, or overlooked by the enumerators.

As the census of 1850 failed to give trustworthy information as to the numbers of children at that time, an attempt was made to determine, from the accepted statements of the eighth census, the number of children under five years old in 1850, in accordance with the known number between ten and fifteen years old in 1860.

For this purpose the censuses of other nations, which are taken decennially and represent their populations in quinquennial or decennial periods, were examined, and similar comparisons made of the numbers at the successive enumerations. Most of these are affected by emigration, and therefore they do not give sufficiently adequate data for a comparison of their populations at different periods.

The life tables of different countries were also examined for this end. These tables are exact representations of the progress of population through several periods of life. Of these, the English Life Table most nearly represents our people and their movements of life. According to this, 1,000,000 males, at the ages of 10 to 15, are the survivors of 1,204,197, at

the ages of 0 to 5; 1,000,000 females, at the ages of 10 to 15, are the survivors of 1,193,398, at the ages of 0 to 5; 1,000,000 of both sexes, at the ages of 10 to 15, are the survivors of 1,198,769, at the ages of 0 to 5.

In Mr. Meech's American Life Table* for males only, 1,000,000 at 10 to 15 are the survivors of 1,201,728 under 5.

Taking the English rate, which nearly coincides with our own, the 2,939,510 whites, aged 10 to 15, living in the United States in 1860, were the survivors and representatives of 3,523,793 children under 5, living in 1850. The 601,647 colored children aged 10 to 15, living in 1860, were the survivors and representatives of 721,235, under 5, living in 1850.

By the same Life Table it appears that 1,000,000 children, between the ages of 10 and 15, are the survivors of an annual average of 287,877 births, ten to fifteen years previous; then the 2,939,510 whites, aged 10 to 15, who were living June 1, 1860, represent an average of 846,217, and the 601,647 colored children of the same age living June 1, 1860, represent an average of 173,200, and the 3,541,157 of both colors, aged 10 to 15 in 1860, represent 1,019,417 annual births through the five years next preceding June 1, 1850.

Since, in accordance with the law of population and the law of mortality, there could not be any given number of boys and girls of the ages 10 to 15, unless a proportionately larger number had lived ten years previously at the ages 0 to 5, and unless these had been preceded by a still larger and due number of births; 5,097,085 children — an average of 1,019,417 a year — must have been born within the period, June 1, 1845, to May 31, 1850, and 4,245,028 of these must have been alive and under five years old on the first day of June, 1850, in order to meet the usual chances of death and leave the 3,541,157 survivors at the ages 10 to 15 on the 1st of June, 1860.

* Thirteenth Report of Life-Insurance Commissioners of Massachusetts, 1867, page cvi.

Number of Children omitted in the Census.

Comparing, then, the calculated with the reported numbers of children under 5, in 1850, we have,

	White.	Colored.	All Colors.
Calculated,	3,523,793	721,235	4,245,028
Reported,	2,896,458	601,647	3,498,105
Difference,	627,335	119,588	746,923

All these numbers in the last line, 627,335 white, 119,588 colored, in all 746,923 children under five years old, must have been overlooked and omitted in the census of 1850.

Children under one Year.

By the same law, the number of infants under one must have been 922,297, June 1, 1850, instead of 629,446 as stated in the census, showing a probable omission of 292,851.

Births.

The births, in the year June 1, 1849 to May 31, 1850, probably were 1,019,417, instead of 629,446,* as supposed by Mr. Schade; showing a difference of 389,971, or an excess of 61 per cent of his theory.

Deaths in 1850.

The deaths in 1849-50 were imperfectly returned. Some whole counties reported none; others made their reports so incompletely as to offer no indication of the numbers who died either in any State or in the whole country. Still less do these returns offer any sound basis for the determination of the rate of mortality in that year.

Having then no reports of births, but only a conjecture, — widely removed from the fact, — of their numbers, and no full return of deaths, the estimate or calculation of the annual natural increase, based upon these two classes of events, falls to the ground.

* Mr. Schade quotes only the whites and free colored. In this paper the whole are taken to show more completely the deficiencies of the seventh census. These are in the same proportion as Mr. Schade's statement.

Application of Mr. Schade's Theory.

After having formed this baseless theory of 1.38 per cent natural increase of population, Mr. Schade proceeds to apply it in a manner equally remarkable and equally groundless.

The statements in Mr. De Bow's volume (of the numbers of deaths and of children under one year wrongly assumed to represent the births) were made with reference to the whole population, both native and foreign. No distinctions were made as to origin; these events are given in their totality, of all the people of each State and of the nation. The only distinction relates to color and to civil freedom or bondage. If the births were few and the deaths many, these statements apply to the foreign as well as to the native families.

But Mr. Schade, finding the inferential rate of 1.38 per cent growth insufficient to account for all the actual increase, applied the rule to the American population exclusively, those who were here in 1790 and their descendants, and claimed all the surplus growth for the foreigners that came after 1790 and their posterity, — and for reasons entirely fallacious.

He says that the foreign population has a much larger proportion in the productive age than the American. This is true; but he overlooks one important fact. While in the American, as in all fixed populations, the sexes are nearly equal, allowing opportunity of marriage for nearly all; on the other hand, among the immigrants, from October 1, 1819, to December 31, 1850, whose ages were given, there were 3,264,781 males and 2,099,982 females, or for every 1,000 females 1,554 males, giving opportunity for only two thirds of the males to marry. This fact is somewhat qualified by their large preponderance in the middle and productive periods of life. Comparatively few women become mothers before they complete their twentieth or after their fortieth year. It is therefore safe to assume the period from twenty to forty as the productive age, and as the ground

of comparison between different peoples as to their productiveness.

The ratio of women twenty to forty years old was :—

	To all Persons.	To all Females.
Whites in United States, 1860, excluding immigrants, 1850 to 1860, . . .	13.4 per ct.	27.8 per ct.
Immigrants arriving 1819 to 1860, . . .	18.4 "	47.0 "
Population of England and Wales, 1861, . . .	15.6 "	30.7 "

Then the proportionate productive power to the whole population of each class is 13.4 per cent of the American, and 18.4 per cent of the immigrant, or as 100 of the former to 137 of the latter, so that the alien race, in this respect, exceeds the native by 37 per cent.

This excess of productive power among the foreigners in this country ceases with the first generation; for their children and remoter descendants are nearly equally divided as to sexes, and are distributed, like others, through the several ages, as they pass through life.

Mr. Schade's Calculations of Foreign Increase.

Mr. Schade shows the result of his calculation of the increase of the foreign element, and says, "According to the above calculation, the immigrants and their descendants number in 1850,

" Since 1790	12,432,150
" 1800	11,032,109
" 1810	9,277,230
" 1820	8,669,089
" 1830	5,656,847
" 1840	3,215,899" *

The difference between the numbers of the increase, from any two successive decennial years, to 1850 is the amount of increase during the intervening decade. By subtracting the gain, since each year, from the next preceding, we have the following numbers, supposed by Mr. Schade to have been gained in the intervals, by immigrants and their descendants :—

In period 1790 to 1800 this increase was	1,400,041
" " 1800 " 1810 " " "	1,754,879
" " 1810 " 1820 " " "	608,141
" " 1820 " 1830 " " "	3,012,242
" " 1830 " 1840 " " "	2,440,948
" " 1840 " 1850 " " "	3,215,899

Mr. Schade does not tell us what proportion of his supposed foreign element consists of immigrants born in other countries, and what proportion consists of their children and grandchildren born in the United States. He seems to believe that both numbers are very large. As evidence of a much greater immigration than is usually supposed, he refers on page 11 to Dr. Chickering's estimate that fifty per cent should be added to the number of recorded and officially reported immigrants, for those who come unnoticed by public authorities, from and through the British Provinces.

In support of his theory of large natural increase by births in foreign families Mr. Schade says: "The births were in Massachusetts in the three years 1849, 1850, and 1851, of American parents, 47,982, or 578 in 10,000 of their own race; foreign, 24,523, or 1,491 in 10,000 of their own race." *

In this statement of American and foreign births the figures are correct, but not so the numbers of the respective races that are assumed as the bases of comparison. The foreign race includes all of its own blood, parents and children, whether born abroad or born here. The American race includes only its own children. But Mr. Schade includes in the foreign race only those born in other lands; and in the American he includes not only its own children, but also those children of foreigners who, having been born in the United States since their parents' arrival, are legally but not ethnologically Americans. By transferring these children of the aliens from the American to the foreign class, we materially diminish the former and increase its birth-rate, while we increase the latter class and diminish its proportionate fertility; thus lessening the apparent preponderance of

* Page 14.

* Page 10.

growth of the foreign element in our population.

Irish Population.

Whatever may be the fertility of the foreign families in Massachusetts, the fact applies almost exclusively to the Irish, who constitute about 70 per cent of the foreign population in Massachusetts, but less than 40 per cent of the foreigners in the whole country. These Celts are very prone to marry, and their marriages are very productive. But it is yet doubtful whether their high birth-rate adds to the permanent population. Certainly their mortality, especially in infancy, is higher than that of American families. Most of them belong to the class whose straitened circumstances and improvident habits are most unfavorable to the development of sound constitutions and the maintenance of health and power in their children.

The British, the Germans, the Scandinavians and others, who constitute more than 60 per cent of the foreigners in this country, are generally of more cautious temperament and are more provident managers; they are less hasty in marrying, and probably less prolific, and they have a lower rate of mortality.

Increase of Population not in Ratio of Births.

In determining the rate of increase of any population, the birth-rate is but one of the elements to be considered. An equally important matter is the number of years during which the new-born shall remain in the community. In this respect, the numbers of people in a state are like those in a college in which a definite number enter yearly and as many leave at the end of the prescribed course. If a hundred enter and the course be three years, there will be three classes and three hundred students constantly present. But if the course be four years, there will be four classes and four hundred members of the college. A living octogenarian has been annually counted eighty times in the census, and a dead infant only once; and each of these and persons of all intermediate ages have added to the numbers of the people in proportion to the years they have lived.

With an equal number of births, the long-lived race adds most to the constant population. This is in ratio of the years they may enjoy. The life tables of various countries show the difference. Of 1,000,000, born in each country, the survivors will be:—

At Ages	Sweden.	England.	France.	Holland.	Belgium.	Austria.	Ireland.
20	663,800	662,756	629,901	609,020	534,500	521,300	501,500
40	567,000	538,584	464,869	489,840	408,890		396,200
60	384,900	367,827	205,006	311,730	272,420		189,500

One million births, in each year, through several generations, will support a constant population in England, 40,858,204; in France, 34,938,543; in Ireland, 22,505,101.

Deductions drawn from the bills of mortality are not so accurate as those drawn from the life tables; nevertheless they offer an approximation to the truth. The table, No. XXXV. in the mortality volume of the eighth census, page 275, contains the results of the analysis of the death records of thirty States and countries, showing the pro-

portion of the deaths that happened to youth before maturity at twenty. In Massachusetts, from 1841 to 1850 inclusive, this proportion was 4,687 in 10,000 of all ages. Until 1850, the population of that State was almost entirely American. But then the families of the immigrants began to multiply, their numerous children formed a larger proportion of the people, and they were of the perishable class; consequently, from 1851 to 1863 the proportion of youth who died grew to 5,733 in 10,000 of all.

Analysis of Mr. Schade's supposed Increase of the Foreign Element of the Population.

Mr. Schade does not state the parts which immigrants and their children have respectively contributed to the growth of the foreign element in the several decades of years, from 1790 to 1850. Yet his assertions that the Americans have increased at the annual rate of 1.38 per cent only, while all the rest of the growth of population has been due to the multiplication of foreigners and their children, and that the birth-rate is 5.78 per cent in American and 14.91 per cent, or 2.579 times greater, in foreign families, furnish means of approximately determining his rate of natural increase among the aliens. Assuming the excess of births over deaths in the two races to be in the same proportion as their birth-rates, his natural increase of the foreign element is 3.5597 per cent a year. This seems to be a fixed factor in Mr. Schade's theory of its growth, while immigration is a variable factor, changing according to the numbers required to complete the increase in the successive decades.

In the first decade, 1790 to 1800, Mr. Schade supposes the foreign increase to have been 1,400,041. This consisted exclusively of new immigrants and their children born after their arrival. The foreigners are presumed to have come in equal yearly numbers, and to have had a chance or hope of an average life of five years, before 1800, as well as an annual natural increase of 3.5597 per cent for the same period. On these data, an algebraic equation shows that the foreign element of our population, living at the end of 1800, consisted of 1,188,420 immigrants, who had arrived since 1790, with their 211,620 children who were born here. To these immigrants living in 1800 must be added those that died after landing here, at an annual rate of 2.4 per cent; these would make, with the survivors, 1,350,472 arrivals in the ten years 1790-1800.

In the period, 1800 to 1810, Mr. Schade's supposed increase of the foreign element was 1,754,879. They began with an assumed capital of 1,400,041, whose natural increase was 498,372 in these ten years; and 1,256,507 were to be gained by new immigrants and their children who should survive to 1810. By calculation, these were 1,066,667 natives of other lands and 189,840 born here; and the arrivals were 1,212,117.

The period 1810 to 1820 began with an acquired capital of 3,154,920 foreigners and their children. Mr. Schade's assumed gain was 608,141. The natural increase of only 1.9 per cent annually on those already here added all that was necessary to complete the theory, and no immigrants were required for that purpose in this decade.

The next period, 1820 to 1830, was supposed to open with 3,763,061 in the foreign element, and there were 3,012,242 to be added to these. Beside the natural increase of those already here, it was necessary that 1,613,981 new immigrants should arrive, whose survivors and children, in 1830, would complete the supposed gain in these ten years.

From this time forth there was little need of further immigration to fulfil Mr. Schade's idea of foreign increase. He had created so large a supply of foreigners in the early stages of this history, that their natural increase, at his assumed rate, made it necessary that only 11,055 new aliens should come in the period 1830 to 1840, and none in the period 1840 to 1850, to give all the enormous gain which his theory requires. Moreover, in the last period the natural increase at the presumed rate gave 64,805 more than was needed for his gain of 3,215,899.

In three of the decennial periods, Mr. Schade's increase of the foreign element is greater than the whole actual increase of white population as shown by the successive censuses, leaving no increase, but, on the contrary, a decrease, of the American element.

Period.	Increase of whites according to the censuses.	Increase of the foreign element by Mr. Schade's theory.
1790 - 1800	1,148,941	1,400,041
1800 - 1810	1,559,132	1,754,879
1820 - 1830	2,493,663	3,012,252

Mr. Kapp's Estimate of Foreign Increase.

Mr. Kapp's estimate of the increase of the foreign element of population differs in details from that of Mr. Schade, although he starts with the same theory, that the American increase is only 1.38 per cent, and that all the surplus has been derived from foreign sources since 1790. He sim-

ply calculates the American growth at this rate, subtracts the result from the total white and free colored population at each census, and assumes that the several remainders are immigrants since 1790 with their children, grandchildren, etc.* He says,† "The whole white and free colored population, in 1790, having been 3,231,930, it would have amounted, if increased only by the excess of births over deaths," to the numbers in the second column in the table below, "while, in fact, it was, exclusive of slaves," as in the third column, both of which are quoted from his address. The numbers in the fourth and sixth columns are deduced from his figures in the second and third.

Mr. Kapp's statement. †			Deductions from Mr. Kapp's statements.		
Year.	American population increasing at rate of 1.38 per cent a year.	Total population, exclusive of slaves.	Increase of the foreign element.		
			Total since 1790.	In periods of ten years each.	
				Period.	Number.
1800	3,706,674	4,412,896	706,222	1790 - 1800	706,222
1810	4,251,143	6,048,450	1,797,397	1800 - 1810	1,091,085
1820	4,875,600	8,100,056	3,224,456	1810 - 1820	1,429,149
1830	5,591,775	10,796,077	5,204,302	1820 - 1830	1,979,846
1840	6,413,161	14,582,008	8,168,847	1830 - 1840	2,964,545
1850	7,355,423	19,987,563	12,632,140	1840 - 1850	4,463,293
1860	8,435,882	27,489,662	19,053,780	1850 - 1860	6,421,640
1865	9,034,249	about 30,000,000 §	20,965,755	five years.	1,911,975
				1860 - 1865	

Mr. Kapp says, "Samuel Blodgett, a very accurate statistician, wrote, in 1806, that from the best records and estimates then attainable, the immigrants arriving, between 1784 and 1794, did not average more than 4,000 per annum. Seybert assumes that 6,000 persons arrived in the United States, from foreign countries, between 1790 and 1810. Both averages seem too large: 3,000 for the first, 4,000 for the second, period named is a very liberal estimate."* Mr. Kapp makes no objection to Professor Tucker's estimate of 114,000 arrivals, between 1810 and 1820. He quotes, with seeming approval, the government reports of the numbers that came, in subsequent years, except for the ten years 1844 to 1854, when he appears to think that the German

immigrants were 30 per cent, and the Irish 28 per cent, more than those given by national documents. For the rest there is no apparent difference between his estimates and the returns of the custom-house officers.

It is safe, then, to assume that the numbers estimated by Messrs. Seybert and Tucker and those reported by the government officials, with the exception of the ten years 1845 to 1855, include, at least, all the increase of the foreign element which Mr. Kapp credits to actual immigration from other countries; and that all the rest of this increase has been due, in his opinion, to births of foreigners' children and grand-

* Address, p. 16.

† Page 17.

‡ Page 17.

§ Estimated in round numbers.

children in the United States since 1790. With these assumptions and on the basis of Mr. Kapp's figures, the following calculations of the number and rate of births in foreign families in the several decennial periods are made:—

Period 1790 – 1800.

Mr. Kapp's assumed foreign gain was	706,222
Foreign Immigrants	50,000
Surviving to 1800	44,282
Leaving	661,940

to be supplied by children born in this period and living to 1800. Beside these 661,940 who survived to 1800, there were naturally others born, who died in the course of the period. These must be added to the survivors to complete the totality of births. The due proportion of these deaths was 26.976 per cent of the survivors, 178,564; add these to the survivors, 661,940, and there were 840,504 births necessary, in foreign families, to complete Mr. Kapp's supposed increase in this decade.

Sources of Natural Increase.

Mr. Kapp's theory of foreign increase includes, in its sources of births, only the immigrants who arrived after 1790, and their descendants, when they had reached the productive age. Hence all the children that enter into his estimate of the increase of this period were born of the 50,000, who came between 1790 and 1800. These strangers are presumed to have arrived in equal yearly numbers. They had a chance or hope of living an average of five years each before 1800, and the sum of all their lives is presumed to be 250,000 years in this decade.

Of the 50,000 immigrants, the females were 19,577; 47 per cent of these females, or 9,301, were twenty to forty years old, and therefore of the marriageable age.

If all these females were married at twenty, and lived in uninterrupted wedlock until they had completed their fortieth year, the whole enjoyed a productive life equal to 46,505 years in this decade, between 1790 and 1800.

The number of births necessary to complete Mr. Kapp's supposed increase in this decade was 840,504. The number of productive years of females between twenty and forty was 46,505. Dividing the number of births by the productive years shows that every female must have borne 18.07 children in each year in order to satisfy the theory.

Period 1800 – 1810.

Mr. Kapp's assumed foreign gain in this period was	1,091,085
The increase of foreigners was, by immigration	61,993
To be accounted for, by births of children living to 1810	1,029,092
Add the number who died, in course of the period	278,953
And we have	1,308,045

the number of births in this decade necessary to produce the increase assumed by Mr. Kapp.

There is another contingency to be provided for. According to the theory of Messrs. Schade and Kapp, the gains that accrued in each decade were permanent. That is, whatever losses happened by death, these were compensated by an equal increase of births.

In 1800, the beginning of this period, there were presumed to be 641,940 children surviving from the births in foreign families since 1790. These constituted the greater part of the gain at that time. They were subject to 2.4 per cent annual mortality, and thereby lost 138,446, in course of these ten years, and so many were needed to be born and survive to the end to fill their places. As the last were only the survivors of the compensating births, the number 37,347 who died among them must also be added to those born in this period, making 175,793 births necessary to supply the loss on the previous increase. Add these to those needed for the increase of this period, 1,308,103, and there was a total of 1,483,896 births necessary in this period to sustain and complete Mr. Kapp's supposed increase.

The sources of this increase or the productive power were, — 1. The 44,282

survivors of the immigrants of the previous period; 2. The 70,000 who arrived in this decade. Of the former, 17,338 were females, and 8,148 of these were of the productive age, twenty to forty, who had a chance or a hope of living ten years each, or a total of 81,480 years within this period.

Of those who arrived in this decade, 27,881 were females, and 12,881 were of the productive age. They had a chance or hope of an average of five years of life, and the whole of 64,405 years, within this period.

The productive years were, then, of the first class	81,480
Of the second class	64,405
Total	145,885

Dividing the total births required, 1,483,896, among the productive years, gives 10.13 births a year for each female between twenty and forty years old. This also presupposes that every woman was married at twenty, and lived in uninterrupted wedlock until she was past forty.

Period 1810 - 1820.

Mr. Kapp's assumed foreign gain, in this period, was	1,427,149
The increase of immigrants living in 1810 was	80,100
Leaving	1,347,049

to be supplied by births of children who would be alive in 1820.

For this addition to the living in 1820, and for the losses by death in the period, it was necessary that 1,710,428 should be born. To compensate for the losses among the children born in the two previous decades and surviving to 1810, 442,786 births were needed; making, in all, 2,153,214 births requisite in this period to provide for the assumed increase and to keep the former increase full.

The sources of these births were the foreigners who arrived previous to 1820 and their children born here and reaching the marriageable age in this period. The sum of their presumed productive years was 1,130,303; and in order that they should add the number of children living in 1820, needful to sustain Mr. Kapp's theory of the increase of the for-

eign element in this decade, every female between the ages of twenty and forty must have borne, on an average, 1.9 children a year.

In the next period, 1820 to 1830, Mr. Kapp's theory implies the necessity of 3,376,936 births for the new increase, and to compensate for losses by death among the immigrants and their children. There were 4,290,180 productive years among the females, consequently there must have been an average of one birth in every sixteen and a half months.

In the following period, 1830 to 1840, there was a need of 4,374,330 births. There were 7,742,897 productive years, and an average of one birth in one and a quarter years of female life, between the ages of twenty and forty.

With so large an accumulation of foreigners and their descendants assumed to be living in the United States in 1840, the proportions of births needed for Mr. Kapp's supposed increase, in the subsequent periods, do not exceed the bounds of possibility; and if his data thus far are correct, his deductions may also be admitted.

Rate of Natural Increase diminished with Increase of Foreigners.

It is a noteworthy fact, that the rate of natural increase has diminished with the increase of foreigners. By comparing the numbers of foreigners in our population with those of the total whites, at the several decennial years, or the average numbers of the foreigners with the average numbers of total whites during the decennial periods, we obtain the proportions between these classes at each period.

The difference between the total numbers of whites at each decennial year and the total whites, minus the arriving foreigners at the next following decennial year, shows the natural increase or excess of births over deaths in the intervening period. And hence the rate of natural increase is easily calculated.

By these means the following table is made: —

Proportion of Foreigners to total Whites and Natural Increase of Whites.

Decennial Years.				Decennial Periods.				
Year.	Total Whites.	Foreigners.	Whites to one Foreigner.	Period.	Average Whites.	Average Foreigners.	Whites to one Foreigner.	Rate of natural Increase.
1790	3,162,020							per cent.
1800	4,305,961	44,282	113	1790-1800	3,733,990	25,000	149	34.77
1810	5,862,093	96,725	60	1800-1810	5,084,027	69,506	73	34.72
1820	8,043,915	176,825	45	1810-1820	6,953,004	136,775	51	35.50
1830	10,537,378	315,830	33	1820-1830	9,290,646	246,327	37	28.92
1840	14,189,108	859,202	15	1830-1840	12,363,243	587,516	22	28.66
1850	19,553,068	2,249,535	8	1840-1850	16,891,088	1,549,866	10.7	26.77
1860	26,957,471	4,136,175	6	1850-1860	23,255,299	3,188,353	7	26.31
1870	33,586,989	5,566,546	6	1860-1870	30,273,664	4,801,360	6.5	15.97

In the twenty years 1790-1810, when the average foreign population was one ninety-third of the total whites, the rate of natural increase was 30.9 per cent greater than it was in the twenty years, 1840-1860, when they constituted two seventeenths of our people.

The theories of Messrs. Schade and Kapp, in respect to the increase of the foreign element of the population of the United States, being built without foundation, and being sustained by explanations at war with the recorded facts of the censuses, lead to deductions inconsistent with each other and at variance with the recognized laws of population and mortality. They imply an incredible immigration in the early periods, or an impossible birth-rate, to produce a sufficiency of the foreign element to complete their supposed increase in the several decades of years. Or if neither of these is admitted to the fullest extent herein calculated for Mr. Schade and Mr. Kapp, — if Mr. Schade is supposed to mean a larger birth-rate than he seems to indicate, and Mr. Kapp a larger immigration than he states, and consequently a smaller immigration is necessary for the former, and a lower birth-rate is needful for the latter, to establish their theories of foreign increase, — in whatever proportion they divide their supposed gains of the foreign element between these, the only

sources of population, they assume a fruitfulness of one or the other, or of both, beyond all human experience.

There is not only no ground for the theory of the limited growth of the American, and of the unlimited growth of the foreign, element in the population of the United States, but, on the contrary, the natural increase is at a lower rate in the foreign than in the American families.

The whole number of foreigners living in this country, January 1, 1870, was 5,566,546; and their families, parents and children, amounted to 9,734,843 persons. Add to these the grandchildren of the immigrants of the forty years 1790-1830, who came early enough for their children to be born here, grow to maturity, marry and become heads of families, and the whole will not much exceed 10,500,000; whereas if the rates of natural increase were equal for both races from 1790, the American element would have been 21,479,595, and the foreign 11,607,394, in 1870; and these classes severally would have been 19,110,078 and 7,847,373 in 1860, and 15,644,448 and 3,908,620 in 1850, and the numbers in native families would have been 80 per cent in 1850 and 71 per cent in 1860, instead of 36 and 29 per cent as supposed by Mr. Kapp. But the proportion of the whole white population is even more largely American than this.

Edward Farvis.

TAINÉ'S ENGLISH LITERATURE.

WE hesitate to express perfect satisfaction at the appearance of an English version of M. Taine's massive essay.* On the one hand, the performance is no more than a proper compliment to a highly complimentary work; but, on the other, it involves so effective a violation of the spirit of that work and so rude a displacement of its stand-point, as to interfere with a just comprehension of it. M. Taine himself, however, stands sponsor in a short Preface, and the liberal reception of the two volumes seems to indicate that English readers are not sensible of having unduly lost by the transfer. The English version may fairly demand success on its own merits, being careful, exact, and spirited. It errs, we think, on the side of a too literal exactness, through which it frequently ceases to be idiomatic. "He tore from his vitals, . . ." for instance, "the idea which he had conceived," would render M. Taine's figure better than "he tore from his *entrails*." And it is surely in strong contradiction to the author's portrait of Lord Macaulay to translate his allusion to the great historian's *physionomie animée et pensante* by "an animated and pensive face." No one, we fancy, not even M. Taine, ever accused Lord Macaulay of being pensive.

M. Taine's work is a history of our literature only in a partial sense of the term. "Just as astronomy," he says, "is at bottom a problem in mechanics, and physiology a problem in chemistry, so history at bottom is a problem in psychology." His aim has been "to establish the psychology of a people." A happier title for his work, therefore, save for its amplitude, would be, "A Comparative Survey of the English Mind in the leading Works of its Literature." It is a picture of the English

intellect, with literary examples and allusions in evidence, and not a record of works nor an accumulation of facts. To philological or biographical research it makes no claim. In this direction it is altogether incomplete. Various important works are unmentioned, common tradition as to facts is implicitly accepted, and dates, references, and minor detail conspicuous by their absence. The work is wholly critical and pictorial, and involves no larger information than the perusal of a vast body of common documents. Its purpose is to discover in the strongest features of the strongest works the temper of the race and time; which involves a considerable neglect not only of works, but of features. But what is mainly to the point with the English reader (as it is of course excessively obvious in the English version) is that M. Taine writes from an avowedly foreign stand-point. The unit of comparison is throughout assumed to be the French mind. The author's undertaking strikes us, therefore, constantly as an *excursion*. It is not as if he and our English tongue were old friends, as if through a taste early formed and long indulged he had gradually been won to the pious project of paying his debt and embodying his impressions; but as if rather, on reaching his intellectual majority and coming into a handsome property of doctrine and dogma, he had cast about him for a field to conquer, a likely subject for experiment, and, measuring the vast capacity of our English record of expression, he had made a deliberate and immediate choice. We may fancy him declaring, too, that he would do the thing handsomely; devote five or six years to it, and spend five or six months in the country. He has performed his task with a vigor proportionate to this sturdy resolve; but in the nature of the case his treatment of the subject lacks that indefinable quality of spiritual ini-

* History of English Literature. By H. A. Taine. Translated by H. Van Laun. New York: Holt and Williams. 1871.

tiation which is the tardy consummate fruit of a wasteful, purposeless, passionate sympathy. His opinions are prompted, not by a sentiment, but by a design. He remains an interpreter of the English mind to the mind of another race; and only remotely, therefore, — only by allowance and assistance, — an interpreter of the English mind to itself. A greater fault than any of his special errors of judgment is a certain reduced, contracted, and limited air in the whole field. He has made his subject as definite as his method.

M. Taine is fairly well known by this time as a man with a method, the apostle of a theory, — the theory that "vice and virtue are products, like vitriol and sugar," and that art, literature, and conduct are the result of forces which differ from those of the physical world only in being less easily ascertainable. His three main factors — they have lately been reiterated to satiety — are the race, the medium, and the time. Between them they shape the phenomena of history. We have not the purpose of discussing this doctrine; it opens up a dispute as ancient as history itself, — the quarrel between the minds which cling to the supernatural and the minds which dismiss it. M. Taine's originality is not in his holding of these principles, but in his lively disposition to apply them, or, rather, in the very temper and terms in which he applies them. No real observer but perceives that a group of works is more or less the product of a "situation," and that as he himself is forever conscious of the attrition of infinite waves of circumstance, so the cause to which, by genius as by "fate," he contributes, is a larger deposit in a more general current. Observers differ, first, as to whether there are elements in the deposit which cannot be found in the current; second, as to the variety and complexity of the elements: maintaining, on the one side, that fairly to enumerate them and establish their mutual relations the vision of science is as yet too dim; and, on the

other, that a complete analysis is at last decently possible, and with it a complete explanation. M. Taine is an observer of the latter class; in his own sole person indeed he almost includes it. He pays in his Preface a handsome tribute to the great service rendered by Sainte-Beuve to the new criticism. Now Sainte-Beuve is, to our sense, the better apostle of the two. In purpose the least doctrinal of critics, it was by his very horror of dogmas, moulds, and formulas, that he so effectively contributed to the science of literary interpretation. The truly devout patience with which he kept his final conclusion in abeyance until after an exhaustive survey of the facts, after perpetual returns and ever-deferred farewells to them, is his living testimony to the importance of the facts. Just as he could never reconcile himself to saying his last word on book or author, so he never pretended to have devised a method which should be a key to truth. The truth for M. Taine lies stored up, as one may say, in great lumps and blocks, to be released and detached by a few lively hammer-blows; while for Sainte-Beuve it was a diffused and imponderable essence, as vague as the carbon in the air which nourishes vegetation, and, like it, to be disengaged by patient chemistry. His only method was fairly to dissolve his attention in the sea of circumstance surrounding the object of his study, and we cannot but think his frank provisional empiricism more truly scientific than M. Taine's premature philosophy. In fact, M. Taine plays fast and loose with his theory, and is mainly successful in so far as he is inconsequent to it. There is a constantly visible hiatus between his formula and his application of it. It serves as his badge and motto, but his best strokes are prompted by the independent personal impression. The larger conditions of his subject loom vaguely in the background, like a richly figured tapestry of good regulation pattern, gleaming here and there in the author's fitful glance, and serving a picturesque purpose decidedly more

than a scientific one. This is especially noticeable in the early chapters of the present work, where the changes are rung to excess upon a note of rather slender strain,—the common “Gothic” properties of history and fiction,—Norse blood, gloomy climate, ferocious manners, considered as shaping forces. The same remark applies, we imagine, to the author's volumes on Italy, where a thin soil of historical evidence is often made to produce some most luxuriant flowers of deduction. The historical position is vague, light, and often insecure, and the author's passage from the general conditions to the particular case is apt to be a flying leap of fancy, which, though admirable writing, is rather imperfect science.

We of course lack space to discuss his work in its parts. His portrayal of authors and works is always an attempt to fix the leading or motive faculty, and through his neglect of familiar details and his amplification of the intellectual essence which is the object of his search, his figures often seem out of drawing to English eyes. He distorts the outline, confounds the light and shade, and alters the coloring. His judgments are sometimes very happy and sometimes very erroneous. He proposes some very wise amendments to critical tradition; in other cases he enforces the common verdict with admirable point and vigor. For Spenser, for instance, we doubt whether the case has ever been stated with a more sympathetic and penetrating eloquence. His errors and misjudgments arise partly from his being so thoroughly a stranger to what we may call the intellectual climate of our literature, and partly from his passionate desire to simplify his conception and reduce it to the limits, not merely of the distinctly knowable, but of the symmetrically and neatly presentable. The leading trait of his mind, and its great defect, is an inordinate haste to conclude, combined with a passion for a sort of largely pictorial and splendidly comprehensive expression. A glance at the list of his works will show how

actively he has kept terms with each of these tendencies. He is, to our sense, far from being a man of perceptions; the bent of his genius seems to be to generate ideas and images on two distinct lines. For ourselves, on the whole, we prefer his images. These are immensely rich and vivid, and on this side the author is a great artist. His constant effort is to reconcile and harmonize these two groups, and make them illumine and vivify each other. Where he succeeds his success is admirable, and the reader feels that he has rarely seen a truth so completely presented. Where he fails the violence of his diction only serves to emphasize the inadequacy of his conception. M. Taine's great strength is to be found close to his eminent fallibility as a critic,—in his magnificent power of eloquent and vivid statement and presentation. His style is admirable; we know of none that is at once more splendid and more definite, that has at once more structure and more color. Just as his natural preference is evidently for energy and vehemence in talent, his own movement is toward a sort of monstrous cumulative violence of expression; to clinch, to strike, to hit hard, to hit again, till the idea rings and resounds, to force color *à l'outrance* and make proportion massive, is his notion of complete utterance. This is productive of many effects splendid in themselves, but it is fatal to truth in so far as truth resides in fine shades and degrees.

In this intense constructive glow, M. Taine quite forgets his subject and his starting-point; the impetus of his rhetoric, the effort to complete his picture and reach forward to the strongest word and the largest phrase, altogether absorbs him. For ourselves, we confess that, as we read, we cease to hold him at all rigidly to his premises, and content ourselves with simply enjoying the superb movement of his imagination, thankful when it lights his topic at all truly, and mainly conscious of its radiance as color, heat, and force. Thus, while as a gallery of portraits

the work demands constant revision and correction, as a sort of enormous *tableau vivant*, ingeniously and artificially combined, it is extremely rich and various. A phrase of very frequent occurrence with M. Taine, and very wholesome in its frequency, is *la grande invention*; his own tendency is to practise it. In effort and inclination, however, he is nothing if not impartial; and there is something almost touching in the sympathetic breadth of his admiration for a tone of genius so foreign to French tradition as the great Scriptural inspiration of Bunyan and of Milton. To passionate vigor he always does justice. On the other hand, when he deals with a subject simply because it stands in his path, he is far less satisfactory. His estimate of Swift is a striking example of his tendency to overcharge his portrait and make a picture at all hazards. Swift was a bitter and incisive genius, but he had neither the volume nor the force implied in M. Taine's report of him. We might add a hundred instances of the fatally defective perception of "values," as the painters say, produced by the author's foreign standpoint. M. Taine expresses altogether the "Continental" view of Byron, between which and the English view there is much the same difference as between the estimate Byron courted and the estimate he feared. A hundred special points may be conceded; but few modern Englishmen are prepared to accept him, as a whole, as the consistently massive phenomenon described by M. Taine. Touching the later poets, the author is extremely incomplete and fallacious; he pretends, indeed, merely to sketch general tendencies. On Wordsworth, however, he has some pertinent remarks from that protesting man-of-the-world point of view to which the great frugal bard drives most Englishmen for desperate refuge, let alone an epigrammatic Frenchman. We are tempted to say that a Frenchman who should have twisted himself into a relish for Wordsworth would almost have forfeited our

respect. On Thackeray and Dickens he has two chapters of great suggestiveness to those who know the authors, but on the whole of excessively contracted outline. Of course, one cannot pronounce upon important literary figures, of whatever dimensions, without a certain work of elimination; but a valid charge against M. Taine is that, whereas your distinctly sensitive critic finds this process to be an effort, M. Taine has the air of finding it a relief. A compromise is perfectly legitimate so long as it is not offered as a synthesis.

With all abatements, and especially in spite of one most important abatement, M. Taine's work remains a very admirable performance. As a philosophical effort it is decidedly a failure; as the application of a theory it is ineffective; but it is a great literary achievement. The fruit of an extremely powerful, vivacious, and observant mind, it is rich in suggestive sidelights and forcible aids to opinion. With a great many errors of detail, as a broad expression of the general essence of the English genius it seems to us equally eloquent and just. M. Taine has felt this genius with an intensity and conceived it with a lucidity which, in themselves, form a great intellectual feat. Even under this head the work is not conclusive in the sense in which the author tenders it, but it is largely and vividly contributive, and we shall wait till we have done better ourselves before we judge it too harshly. It is, in other words, very entertaining provisional criticism and very perfect final art. It is, indeed, a more significant testimony to the French genius than to the English, and bears more directly upon the author's native literature than on our own. In its powerful, though arbitrary, unity of composition, in its sustained æsthetic temper, its brilliancy, variety, and symmetry, it is a really monumental accession to a literature which, whatever its limitations in the reach of its ideas, is a splendid series of masterly compositions.

H. James Jr.

THE BREWING OF SOMA.

THE fagots blazed, the caldron's smoke
Up through the green wood curled ;
"Bring honey from the hollow oak,
Bring milky sap," the brewers spoke,
In the childhood of the world.

And brewed they well or brewed they ill,
The priests thrust in their rods,
First tasted, and then drank their fill,
And shouted, with one voice and will,
"Behold the drink of gods !"

They drank, and lo ! in heart and brain
A new, glad life began ;
The gray of hair grew young again,
The sick man laughed away his pain,
The cripple leaped and ran.

"Drink, mortals, what the gods have sent,
Forget your long annoy."
So sang the priests. From tent to tent
The Soma's sacred madness went,
A storm of drunken joy.

Then knew each rapt inebriate
A winged and glorious birth,
Soared upward, with strange joy elate,
Beat, with dazed head, Varuna's gate,
And, sobered, sank to earth.

The land with Soma's praises rang ;
On Gibon's banks of shade
Its hymns the dusky maidens sang ;
In joy of life or mortal pang
All men to Soma prayed.

The morning twilight of the race
Sends down these matin psalms ;
And still with wondering eyes we trace
The simple prayers to Soma's grace,
That Vedic verse embalms.

As in that child-world's early year,
Each after age has striven
By music, incense, vigils drear,
And trance, to bring the skies more near,
Or lift men up to heaven ! —

Some fever of the blood and brain,
Some self-exalting spell,
The scourger's keen delight of pain,
The Dervish dance, the Orphic strain,
The wild-haired Bacchant's yell,—

The desert's hair-grown hermit sunk
The saner brute below ;
The naked Santon, hashish-drunk,
The cloister madness of the monk,
The fakir's torture-show !

And yet the past comes round again,
And new doth old fulfil ;
In sensual transports wild as vain
We brew in many a Christian fane
The heathen Soma still !

Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our foolish ways !
Reclothe us in our rightful mind,
In purer lives thy service find,
In deeper reverence, praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard
Beside the Syrian sea
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word,
Rise up and follow thee.

O Sabbath rest by Galilee !
O calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with thee
The silence of eternity
Interpreted by love !

With that deep hush subduing all
Our words and works that drown
The tender whisper of thy call,
As noiseless let thy blessing fall
As fell thy manna down.

Drop thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease ;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of thy peace.

Breathe through the heats of our desire
Thy coolness and thy balm ;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire ;
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
O still, small voice of calm !

John G. Whittier.

SEPTIMIUS FELTON; OR, THE ELIXIR OF LIFE.

IV.

A FAINT smile seemed to pass over her face as she said this, vanishing, however, immediately into the melancholy of her usual expression. She went along Septimius's path, while he stood gazing at her till she reached the brow where it sloped towards Robert Hagburn's house; then she turned, and seemed to wave a slight farewell towards the young man, and began to descend. When her figure had entirely sunk behind the brow of the hill, Septimius slowly followed along the ridge, meaning to watch from that elevated station the course she would take; although, indeed, he would not have been surprised if he had seen nothing, no trace of her in the whole nearness or distance; in short, if she had been a freak, an illusion, of a hard-working mind that had put itself ajar by deeply brooding on abstruse matters, an illusion of eyes that he had tried too much by poring over the inscrutable manuscript, and of intellect that was mystified and bewildered by trying to grasp things that could not be grasped. A thing of witchcraft, a sort of fungus-growth out of the grave, an unsubstantiality altogether; although, certainly, she had weeded the grave with bodily fingers, at all events. Still he had so much of the hereditary mysticism of his race in him, that he might have held her supernatural, only that on reaching the brow of the hill he saw her feet approach the dwelling of Robert Hagburn's mother, who, moreover, appeared at the threshold beckoning her to come, with a motherly, hospitable air, that denoted she knew the strange girl, and recognized her as human.

It did not lessen Septimius's surprise, however, to think that such a singular being was established in the neighborhood without his knowledge; considered as a real occurrence of this world, it seemed even more unaccount-

able than if it had been a thing of ghostology and witchcraft. Continually through the day the incident kept introducing its recollection among his thoughts and studies; continually, as he paced along his path, this form seemed to hurry along by his side on the track that she had claimed for her own, and he thought of her singular threat or promise, whichever it were to be held, that he should have a companion there in future. In the decline of the day, when he met the school-mistress coming home from her little seminary, he snatched the first opportunity to mention the apparition of the morning, and ask Rose if she knew anything of her.

"Very little," said Rose, "but she is flesh and blood, of that you may be quite sure. She is a girl who has been shut up in Boston by the siege; perhaps a daughter of one of the British officers, and her health being frail, she requires better air than they have there, and so permission was got for her, from General Washington, to come and live in the country; as any one may see, our liberties have nothing to fear from this poor brain-stricken girl. And Robert Hagburn, having to bring a message from camp to the selectmen here, had it in charge to bring the girl, whom his mother has taken to board."

"Then the poor thing is crazy?" asked Septimius.

"A little brain-touched, that is all," replied Rose, "owing to some grief that she has had; but she is quite harmless, Robert was told to say, and needs little or no watching, and will get a kind of fantastic happiness for herself, if only she is allowed to ramble about at her pleasure. If thwarted, she might be very wild and miserable."

"Have you spoken with her?" asked Septimius.

"A word or two this morning, as I

was going to my school," said Rose. "She took me by the hand, and smiled, and said we would be friends, and that I should show her where the flowers grew; for that she had a little spot of her own that she wanted to plant with them. And she asked me if the *Sanguinea sanguinissima* grew hereabout. I should not have taken her to be ailing in her wits, only for a kind of free-spokenness and familiarity, as if we had been acquainted a long while; or as if she had lived in some country where there are no forms and impediments in people's getting acquainted."

"Did you like her?" inquired Septimius.

"Yes; almost loved her at first sight," answered Rose, "and I hope may do her some little good, poor thing, being of her own age, and the only companion, hereabouts, whom she is likely to find. But she has been well educated, and is a lady, that is easy to see."

"It is very strange," said Septimius, "but I fear I shall be a good deal interrupted in my thoughts and studies, if she insists on haunting my hill-top as much as she tells me. My meditations are perhaps of a little too much importance to be shoved aside for the sake of gratifying a crazy girl's fantasies."

"Ah, that is a hard thing to say!" exclaimed Rose, shocked at her lover's cold egotism, though not giving it that title. "Let the poor thing glide quietly along in the path, though it be yours. Perhaps, after a while, she will help your thoughts."

"My thoughts," said Septimius, "are of a kind that can have no help from any one; if from any, it would only be from some wise, long-studied, and experienced scientific man, who could enlighten me as to the bases and foundation of things, as to mystic writings, as to chemical elements, as to the mysteries of language, as to the principles and system on which we were created. Methinks these are not to be taught me by a girl touched in the wits."

"I fear," replied Rose Garfield with

gravity, and drawing imperceptibly apart from him, "that no woman can help you much. You despise woman's thought, and have no need of her affection."

Septimius said something soft and sweet, and in a measure true, in regard to the necessity he felt for the affection and sympathy of one woman at least—the one now by his side—to keep his life warm and to make the empty chambers of his heart comfortable. But even while he spoke there was something that dragged upon his tongue; for he felt that the solitary pursuit in which he was engaged carried him apart from the sympathy of which he spoke, and that he was concentrating his efforts and interest entirely upon himself, and that the more he succeeded the more remotely he should be carried away, and that his final triumph would be the complete seclusion of himself from all that breathed,—the converting him, from an interested actor, into a cold and disconnected spectator of all mankind's warm and sympathetic life. So, as it turned out, this interview with Rose was one of those in which, coming no one knows from whence, a nameless cloud springs up between two lovers, and keeps them apart from one another by a cold, sullen spell. Usually, however, it requires only one word, spoken out of the heart, to break that spell, and compel the invisible, unsympathetic medium which the enemy of love has stretched cunningly between them, to vanish, and let them come closer together than ever; but, in this case, it might be that the love was the illusive state, and the estrangement the real truth, the disenchanting verity. At all events, when the feeling passed away, in Rose's heart there was no reaction, no warmer love, as is generally the case. As for Septimius, he had other things to think about, and when he next met Rose Garfield, had forgotten that he had been sensible of a little wounded feeling, on her part, at parting.

By dint of continued poring over the manuscript, Septimius now began to

comprehend that it was written in a singular mixture of Latin and ancient English, with constantly recurring paragraphs of what he was convinced was a mystic writing; and these recurring passages of complete unintelligibility seemed to be necessary to the proper understanding of any part of the document. What was discoverable was quaint, curious, but thwarting and perplexing, because it seemed to imply some very great purpose, only to be brought out by what was hidden.

Septimius had read, in the old college library during his pupilage, a work on ciphers and cryptic writing, but being drawn to it only by his curiosity respecting whatever was hidden, and not expecting ever to use his knowledge, he had obtained only the barest idea of what was necessary to the deciphering a secret passage. Judging by what he could pick out, he would have thought the whole essay was upon the moral conduct; all parts of that he could make out seeming to refer to a certain ascetic rule of life; to denial of pleasures; these topics being repeated and insisted on everywhere, although without any discoverable reference to religious or moral motives; and always when the author seemed verging towards a definite purpose, he took refuge in his cipher. Yet withal, imperfectly (or not at all, rather) as Septimius could comprehend its purport, this strange writing had a mystic influence, that wrought upon his imagination, and with the late singular incidents of his life, his continual thought on this one subject, his walk on the hill-top, lonely, or only interrupted by the pale shadow of a girl, combined to set him outside of the living world. Rose Garfield perceived it, knew and felt that he was gliding away from her, and met him with a reserve which she could not overcome.

It was a pity that his early friend, Robert Hagburn, could not at present have any influence over him, having now regularly joined the Continental Army, and being engaged in the expedition of Arnold against Quebec. Indeed, this war, in which the country

was so earnestly and enthusiastically engaged, had perhaps an influence on Septimius's state of mind, for it put everybody into an exaggerated and unnatural state, united enthusiasms of all sorts, heightened everybody either into its own heroism or into the peculiar madness to which each person was inclined; and Septimius walked so much the more wildly on his lonely course, because the people were going enthusiastically on another. In times of revolution and public disturbance all absurdities are more unrestrained; the measure of calm sense, the habits, the orderly decency, are partially lost. More people become insane, I should suppose; offences against public morality, female license, are more numerous; suicides, murders, all ungovernable outbreaks of men's thoughts, embodying themselves in wild acts, take place more frequently, and with less horror to the lookers-on. So with Septimius; there was not, as there would have been at an ordinary time, the same calmness and truth in the public observation, scrutinizing everything with its keen criticism, in that time of seething opinions and overturned principles; a new time was coming, and Septimius's phase of novelty attracted less attention so far as it was known.

So he continued to brood over the manuscript in his study, and to hide it under lock and key in a recess of the wall, as if it were a secret of murder; to walk, too, on his hill-top, where at sunset always came the pale, crazy maiden, who still seemed to watch the little hillock with a pertinacious care that was strange to Septimius. By and by came the winter and the deep snows; and even then, unwilling to give up his habitual place of exercise, the monotonousness of which promoted his wish to keep before his mind one subject of thought, Septimius wore a path through the snow, and still walked there. Here, however, he lost for a time the companionship of the girl; for when the first snow came, she shivered, and looked at its white heap over

the hillock, and said to Septimius, "I will look for it again in spring."

[*Septimius is at the point of despair for want of a guide in his studies.*]

The winter swept over, and spring was just beginning to spread its green flush over the more favored exposures of the landscape, although on the north side of stone walls, and the northern nooks of hills, there were still the remnants of snow-drifts. Septimius's hill-top, which was of a soil which quickly rid itself of moisture, now began to be a genial place of resort to him, and he was one morning taking his walk there, meditating upon the still insurmountable difficulties which interposed themselves against the interpretation of the manuscript, yet feeling the new gush of spring bring hope to him, and the energy and elasticity for new effort. Thus pacing to and fro, he was surprised, as he turned at the extremity of his walk, to see a figure advancing towards him; not that of the pale maiden whom he was accustomed to see there, but a figure as widely different as possible. [*He sees a spider dangling from his web, and examines him minutely.*] It was that of a short, broad, somewhat elderly man, dressed in a surtout that had a half-military air, the cocked hat of the period, well worn, and having a fresher spot in it, whence, perhaps, a cockade had been recently taken off; and this personage carried a well-blackened German pipe in his hand, which, as he walked, he applied to his lips, and puffed out volumes of smoke, filling the pleasant western breeze with the fragrance of some excellent Virginia. He came slowly along, and Septimius, slackening his pace a little, came as slowly to meet him, feeling somewhat indignant, to be sure, that anybody should intrude on his sacred hill; until at last they met, as it happened, close by the memorable little hillock, on which the grass and flower-leaves also had begun to sprout. The stranger looked keenly at Septimius, made a careless salute by putting his hand up, and took the pipe from his mouth.

"Mr. Septimius Felton, I suppose?" said he.

"That is my name," replied Septimius.

"I am Doctor Jabez Portsoaken," said the stranger, "late surgeon of his Majesty's sixteenth regiment, which I quitted when his Majesty's army quitted Boston, being desirous of trying my fortunes in your country, and giving the people the benefit of my scientific knowledge; also to practise some new modes of medical science, which I could not so well do in the army."

"I think you are quite right, Doctor Jabez Portsoaken," said Septimius, a little confused and bewildered, so unused had he become to the society of strangers.

"And as to you, sir," said the doctor, who had a very rough, abrupt way of speaking, "I have to thank you for a favor done me."

"Have you, sir?" said Septimius, who was quite sure that he had never seen the doctor's uncouth figure before.

"O, ay, me," said the doctor, puffing coolly, — "me, in the person of my niece, a sickly, poor, nervous little thing, who is very fond of walking on your hill-top, and whom you do not send away."

"You are the uncle of Sibyl Dacy?" said Septimius.

"Even so, her mother's brother," said the doctor, with a grotesque bow. "So, being on a visit, the first that the siege allowed me to pay, to see how the girl was getting on, I take the opportunity to pay my respects to you; the more that I understand you to be a young man of some learning, and it is not often that one meets with such in this country."

"No," said Septimius, abruptly, for indeed he had half a suspicion that this queer Doctor Portsoaken was not altogether sincere, — that, in short, he was making game of him. "You have been misinformed. I know nothing whatever that is worth knowing."

"Oho!" said the doctor, with a long puff of smoke out of his pipe. "If you

are convinced of that, you are one of the wisest men I have met with, young as you are. I must have been twice your age before I got so far; and even now, I am sometimes fool enough to doubt the only thing I was ever sure of knowing. But come, you make me only the more earnest to colloque with you. If we put both our shortcomings together, they may make up an item of positive knowledge."

"What use can one make of abortive thoughts?" said Septimius.

"Do your speculations take a scientific turn?" said Doctor Portsoaken. "There I can meet you with as much false knowledge and empiricism as you can bring for the life of you. Have you ever tried to study spiders? — there is my strong point now! I have hung my whole interest in life on a spider's web."

"I know nothing of them, sir," said Septimius, "except to crush them when I see them running across the floor, or to brush away the festoons of their webs, when they have chanced to escape my Aunt Keziah's broom."

"Crush them! Brush away their webs!" cried the doctor, apparently in a rage, and shaking his pipe at Septimius. "Sir, it is sacrilege! Yes, it is worse than murder. Every thread of a spider's web is worth more than a thread of gold; and before twenty years are passed, a housemaid will be beaten to death with her own broom-stick if she disturbs one of these sacred animals. But, come again. Shall we talk of botany, the virtues of herbs?"

"My Aunt Keziah should meet you there, doctor," said Septimius. "She has a native and original acquaintance with their virtues, and can save and kill with any of the faculty. As for myself, my studies have not turned that way."

"They ought! they ought!" said the doctor, looking meaningly at him. "The whole thing lies in the blossom of an herb. Now, you ought to begin with what lies about you; on this little hillock, for instance"; and looking at the grave beside which they were standing, he gave it a kick which went to

Septimius's heart, there seemed to be such a spite and scorn in it. "On this hillock I see some specimens of plants which would be worth your looking at."

Bending down towards the grave as he spoke, he seemed to give closer attention to what he saw there; keeping in his stooping position till his face began to get a purple aspect, for the erudite doctor was of that make of man who has to be kept right side uppermost with care. At length he raised himself, muttering, "Very curious! very curious!"

"Do you see anything remarkable there?" asked Septimius, with some interest.

"Yes," said the doctor, bluntly. "No matter what! The time will come when you may like to know it."

"Will you come with me to my residence at the foot of the hill, Doctor Portsoaken?" asked Septimius. "I am not a learned man, and have little or no title to converse with one, except a sincere desire to be wiser than I am. If you can be moved on such terms to give me your companionship, I shall be thankful."

"Sir, I am with you," said Doctor Portsoaken. "I will tell you what I know, in the sure belief (for I will be frank with you) that it will add to the amount of dangerous folly now in your mind, and help you on the way to ruin. Take your choice, therefore, whether to know me further or not."

"I neither shrink nor fear, — neither hope much," said Septimius, quietly. "Anything that you can communicate — if anything you can — I shall fearlessly receive, and return you such thanks as it may be found to deserve."

So saying, he led the way down the hill, by the steep path that descended abruptly upon the rear of his bare and unadorned little dwelling; the doctor following with much foul language (for he had a terrible habit of swearing) at the difficulties of the way, to which his short legs were ill adapted. Aunt Keziah met them at the door, and looked sharply at the doctor, who re-

turned the gaze with at least as much keenness, muttering between his teeth as he did so; and to say the truth, Aunt Keziah was as worthy of being sworn at as any woman could well be, for whatever she might have been in her younger days, she was at this time as strange a mixture of an Indian squaw and herb doctress, with the crabbed old maid, and a mingling of the witch-aspect running through all, as could well be imagined; and she had a handkerchief over her head, and she was of hue a dusky yellow, and she looked very cross. As Septimius ushered the doctor into his study, and was about to follow him, Aunt Keziah drew him back.

"Septimius, who is this you have brought here?" asked she.

"A man I have met on the hill," answered her nephew; "a Doctor Portsoaken he calls himself, from the old country. He says he has knowledge of herbs and other mysteries; in your own line, it may be. If you want to talk with him, give the man his dinner, and find out what there is in him."

"And what do you want of him yourself, Septimius?" asked she.

"I? Nothing!—that is to say, I expect nothing," said Septimius. "But I am astray, seeking everywhere, and so I reject no hint, no promise, no faintest possibility of aid that I may find anywhere. I judge this man to be a quack, but I judge the same of the most learned man of his profession, or any other; and there is a roughness about this man that may indicate a little more knowledge than if he were smoother. So, as he threw himself in my way, I take him in."

"A grim, ugly-looking old wretch as ever I saw," muttered Aunt Keziah. "Well, he shall have his dinner; and if he likes to talk about yarb-dishes, I'm with him."

So Septimius followed the doctor into his study, where he found him with the sword in his hand which he had taken from over the mantel-piece, and was holding it drawn, examining the hilt and blade with great minute-

ness; the hilt being wrought in open-work, with certain heraldic devices, doubtless belonging to the family of its former wearer.

"I have seen this weapon before," said the doctor.

"It may well be," said Septimius. "It was once worn by a person who served in the army of your king."

"And you took it from him?" said the doctor.

"If I did, it was in no way that I need be ashamed of, or afraid to tell, though I choose rather not to speak of it," answered Septimius.

"Have you, then, no desire nor interest to know the family, the personal history, the prospects, of him who once wore this sword, and who will never draw sword again?" inquired Doctor Portsoaken. "Poor Cyril Norton! There was a singular story attached to that young man, sir, and a singular mystery he carried about with him, the end of which, perhaps, is not yet."

Septimius would have been, indeed, well enough pleased to learn the mystery which he himself had seen that there was about the man whom he slew; but he was afraid that some question might be thereby started about the secret document that he had kept possession of; and he therefore would have wished to avoid the whole subject.

"I cannot be supposed to take much interest in English family history. It is a hundred and fifty years, at least, since my own family ceased to be English," he answered. "I care more for the present and future than for the past."

"It is all one," said the doctor, sitting down, taking out a pinch of tobacco, and refilling his pipe.

It is unnecessary to follow up the description of the visit of the eccentric doctor through the day. Suffice it to say that there was a sort of charm, or rather fascination, about the uncouth old fellow, in spite of his strange ways; in spite of his constant puffing of tobacco; and in spite, too, of a constant imbibing of strong liquor, which he made inquiries for, and of which the

best that could be produced was a certain decoction, infusion, or distillation, pertaining to Aunt Keziah, and of which the basis was rum, be it said, done up with certain bitter herbs of the old lady's own gathering, at proper times of the moon, and which was a well-known drink to all who were favored with Aunt Keziah's friendship; though there was a story that it was the very drink which used to be passed round at witch-meetings, being brewed from the Devil's own recipe. And in truth, judging from the taste (for I once took a sip of a draught prepared from the same ingredients, and in the same way), I should think this hellish origin might be the veritable one.

[*"I thought," quoth the doctor, "I could drink anything, but —"*]

But the valiant doctor sipped, and sipped again, and said with great blasphemy that it was the real stuff, and only needed henbane to make it perfect. Then, taking from his pocket a good-sized leathern-covered flask, with a silver lip fastened on the muzzle, he offered it to Septimius, who declined, and to Aunt Keziah, who preferred her own decoction, and then drank it off himself, with a loud smack of satisfaction, declaring it to be infernally good brandy.

Well, after this Septimius and he talked; and I know not how it was, but there was a great deal of imagination in this queer man, whether a bodily or spiritual influence it might be hard to say. On the other hand, Septimius had for a long while held little intercourse with men; none whatever with men who could comprehend him; the doctor, too, seemed to bring the discourse singularly in apposition with what his host was continually thinking about, for he conversed on occult matters, on people who had had the art of living long, and had only died at last by accident, on the powers and qualities of common herbs, which he believed to be so great, that all around our feet — growing in the wild forest, afar from man, or following the footsteps of man wherever he fixes his

residence, across seas, from the old homesteads whence he migrated, following him everywhere, and offering themselves sedulously and continually to his notice, while he only plucks them away from the comparatively worthless things which he cultivates, and flings them aside, blaspheming at them because Providence has sown them so thickly — grow what we call weeds, only because all the generations, from the beginning of time till now, have failed to discover their wondrous virtues, potent for the curing of all diseases, potent for procuring length of days.

"Everything good," said the doctor, drinking another dram of brandy, "lies right at our feet, and all we need is to gather it up."

"That's true," quoth Keziah, taking just a little sup of her hellish preparation; "these herbs were all gathered within a hundred yards of this very spot, though it took a wise woman to find out their virtues."

The old woman went off about her household duties, and then it was that Septimius submitted to the doctor the list of herbs which he had picked out of the old document, asking him, as something apposite to the subject of their discourse, whether he was acquainted with them, for most of them had very queer names, some in Latin, some in English.

The bluff doctor put on his spectacles, and looked over the slip of yellow and worn paper scrutinizingly, puffing tobacco-smoke upon it in great volumes, as if thereby to make its hidden purport come out; he mumbled to himself, he took another sip from his flask; and then, putting it down on the table, appeared to meditate.

"This infernal old document," said he, at length, "is one that I have never seen before, yet heard of, nevertheless; for it was my folly in youth (and whether I am any wiser now is more than I take upon me to say, but it was my folly then) to be in quest of certain kinds of secret knowledge, which the fathers of science thought

attainable. Now, in several quarters, amongst people with whom my pursuits brought me in contact, I heard of a certain recipe which had been lost for a generation or two, but which, if it could be recovered, would prove to have the true life-giving potency in it. It is said that the ancestor of a great old family in England was in possession of this secret, being a man of science, and the friend of Friar Bacon, who was said to have concocted it himself, partly from the precepts of his master, partly from his own experiments, and it is thought he might have been living to this day, if he had not unluckily been killed in the wars of the Roses; for you know no recipe for long life would be proof against an old English arrow, or a leaden bullet from one of our own firelocks."

"And what has been the history of the thing after his death?" asked Septimius.

"It was supposed to be preserved in the family," said the doctor, "and it has always been said that the head and eldest son of that family had it at his option to live forever, if he could only make up his mind to it. But seemingly there were difficulties in the way. There was probably a certain diet and regimen to be observed, certain strict rules of life to be kept, a certain asceticism to be imposed on the person, which was not quite agreeable to young men; and after the period of youth was passed, the human frame became incapable of being regenerated from the seeds of decay and death which by that time had become strongly developed in it. In short, while young the possessor of the secret found the terms of immortal life too hard to be accepted, since it implied the giving up of most of the things that made life desirable, in his view; and when he came to a more reasonable mind, it was too late. And so, in all the generations since Friar Bacon's time, the Nortons have been born, and enjoyed their young days, and worried through their manhood, and tottered through their old age (un-

less taken off sooner by sword, arrow, ball, fever, or what not), and died in their beds, like men that had no such option; and so this old yellow paper has done not the least good to any mortal. Neither do I see how it can do any good to you, since you know not the rules, moral or dietetic, that are essential to its effect. But how did you come by it?"

"It matters not how," said Septimius, gloomily. "Enough that I am its rightful possessor and inheritor. Can you read these old characters?"

"Most of them," said the doctor; "but let me tell you, my young friend, I have no faith whatever in this secret; and, having meddled with such things myself, I ought to know. The old physicians and chemists had strange ideas of the virtues of plants, drugs, and minerals, and equally strange fancies as to the way of getting those virtues into action. They would throw a hundred different potencies into a caldron together, and put them on the fire, and expect to brew a potency containing all their potencies, and having a different virtue of its own. Whereas, the most likely result would be that they would counteract one another, and the concoction be of no virtue at all; or else some more powerful ingredient would tincture the whole."

He read the paper again, and continued:—

"I see nothing else so remarkable in this recipe, as that it is chiefly made up of some of the commonest things that grow; plants that you set your foot upon at your very threshold, in your garden, in your wood-walks, wherever you go. I doubt not old Aunt Keziah knows them, and very likely she has brewed them up in that hell-drink, the remembrance of which is still rankling in my stomach. I thought I had swallowed the Devil himself, whom the old woman had been boiling down. It would be curious enough if the hideous decoction was the same as old Friar Bacon and his acolyte discovered by their sci-

ence! One ingredient, however, one of those plants, I scarcely think the old lady can have put into her pot of Devil's elixir; for it is a rare plant, that does not grow in these parts."

"And what is that?" asked Septimius.

"*Sanguinea sanguinissima*," said the doctor; "it has no vulgar name; but it produces a very beautiful flower, which I have never seen, though some seeds of it were sent me by a learned friend in Siberia. The others, divested of their Latin names, are as common as plantain, pig-weed, and burdock; and it stands to reason that, if vegetable Nature has any such wonderfully efficacious medicine in store for men, and means them to use it, she would have strewn it everywhere plentifully within their reach."

"But, after all, it would be a mockery on the old dame's part," said the young man, somewhat bitterly, "since she would thus hold the desired thing seemingly within our reach; but because she never tells us how to prepare and obtain its efficacy, we miss it just as much as if all the ingredients were hidden from sight and knowledge in the centre of the earth. We are the playthings and fools of Nature, which she amuses herself with during our little lifetime, and then breaks for mere sport, and laughs in our faces as she does so."

"Take care, my good fellow," said the doctor, with his great coarse laugh. "I rather suspect that you have already got beyond the age when the great medicine could do you good; that speech indicates a great toughness and hardness and bitterness about the heart that does not accumulate in our tender years."

Septimius took little or no notice of the raillery of the grim old doctor, but employed the rest of the time in getting as much information as he could out of his guest; and though he could not bring himself to show him the precious and sacred manuscript, yet he questioned him as closely as possible without betraying his secret, into the

modes of finding out cryptic writings. The doctor was not without the perception that his dark-browed, keen-eyed acquaintance had some purpose not openly avowed in all these pertinacious, distinct questions; he discovered a central reference in them all, and perhaps knew that Septimius must have in his possession some writing in hieroglyphics, cipher, or other secret mode, that conveyed instructions how to operate with the strange recipe that he had shown him.

"You had better trust me fully, my good sir," said he. "Not but what I will give you all the aid I can without it; for you have done me a greater benefit than you are aware of, beforehand. No — you will not? Well, if you can change your mind, seek me out in Boston, where I have seen fit to settle in the practice of my profession, and I will serve you according to your folly; for folly it is, I warn you."

Nothing else worthy of record is known to have passed during the doctor's visit; and in due time he disappeared, as it were, in a whiff of tobacco-smoke, leaving an odor of brandy and tobacco behind him, and a traditionary memory of a wizard that had been there. Septimius went to work with what items of knowledge he had gathered from him; but the interview had at least made him aware of one thing, which was, that he must provide himself with all possible quantity of scientific knowledge of botany, and perhaps more extensive knowledge, in order to be able to concoct the recipe. It was the fruit of all the scientific attainment of the age that produced it (so said the legend, which seemed reasonable enough), a great philosopher had wrought his learning into it; and this had been attempered, regulated, improved, by the quick, bright intellect of his scholar. Perhaps, thought Septimius, another deep and earnest intelligence added to these two may bring the precious recipe to still greater perfection. At least it shall be tried. So thinking, he gathered together all the books that he could find relating to

such studies; he spent one day, moreover, in a walk to Cambridge, where he searched the alcoves of the college library for such works as it contained; and borrowing them from the war-disturbed institution of learning, he betook himself homewards, and applied himself to the study with an earnestness of zealous application that perhaps has been seldom equalled in a study of so quiet a character. A month or two of study, with practice upon such plants as he found upon his hill-top, and along the brook and in other neighboring localities, sufficed to do a great deal for him. In this pursuit he was assisted by Sibyl, who proved to have great knowledge in some botanical departments, especially among flowers; and in her cold and quiet way, she met him on this subject and glided by his side, as she had done so long, a companion, a daily observer and observed of him, mixing herself up with his pursuits as if she were an attendant sprite upon him.

But this pale girl was not the only associate of his studies, the only instructress, whom Septimius found. The observation which Doctor Portsoaken made about the fantastic possibility that Aunt Keziah might have inherited the same receipt from her Indian ancestry which had been struck out by the science of Friar Bacon and his pupil had not failed to impress Septimius, and to remain on his memory. So, not long after the doctor's departure, the young man took occasion one evening to say to his aunt that he thought his stomach was a little out of order with too much application, and that perhaps she could give him some herb-drink or other that would be good for him.

"That I can, Seppy, my darling," said the old woman, "and I'm glad you have the sense to ask for it at last. Here it is in this bottle; and though

that foolish, blaspheming doctor turned up his old brandy nose at it, I'll drink with him any day and come off better than he."

So saying, she took out of the closet her brown jug, stopped with a cork that had a rag twisted round it to make it tighter, filled a mug half full of the concoction, and set it on the table before Septimius.

"There, child, smell of that; the smell merely will do you good; but drink it down, and you'll live the longer for it."

"Indeed, Aunt Keziah, is that so?" asked Septimius, a little startled by a recommendation which in some measure tallied with what he wanted in a medicine. "That's a good quality."

He looked into the mug, and saw a turbid, yellow concoction, not at all attractive to the eye; he smelt of it, and was partly of opinion that Aunt Keziah had mixed a certain unfragrant vegetable, called skunk cabbage, with the other ingredients of her witch-drink. He tasted it; not a mere sip, but a good, genuine gulp, being determined to have real proof of what the stuff was in all respects. The draught seemed at first to burn in his mouth, unaccustomed to any drink but water, and to go scorching all the way down into his stomach, making him sensible of the depth of his inwards by a track of fire, far, far down; and then, worse than the fire, came a taste of hideous bitterness and nauseousness, which he had not previously conceived to exist, and which threatened to stir up his bowels into utter revolt; but knowing Aunt Keziah's touchiness with regard to this concoction, and how sacred she held it, he made an effort of real heroism, squelched down his agony, and kept his face quiet, with the exception of one strong convulsion, which he allowed to twist across it for the sake of saving his life.

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

THE POET AT THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.

IV.

THE Old Master has developed one quality of late for which I am afraid I hardly gave him credit. He has turned out to be an excellent listener.

— I love to talk, — he said, — as a goose loves to swim. Sometimes I think it is because I *am* a goose. For I never talked much at any one time in my life without saying something or other I was sorry for.

— You too ! — said I. — Now that is very odd, for it is an experience I have habitually. I thought you were rather too much of a philosopher to trouble yourself about such small matters as to whether you had said just what you meant to or not ; especially as you know that the person you talk to does not remember a word of what you said the next morning, but is thinking, it is much more likely, of what she said, or how her new dress looked, or some other body's new dress which made hers look as if it had been patched together from the leaves of last November. That 's what she 's probably thinking about.

— *She !* — said the Master, with a look which it would take half a column of this periodical to explain to the entire satisfaction of thoughtful readers of both sexes.

— I paid the respect due to that most significant monosyllable, which, as the old Rabbi spoke it, with its *targum* of tone and expression, was not to be answered flippantly, but soberly, advisedly, and after a pause long enough for it to unfold its meaning in the listener's mind. For there are short single words (all the world remembers Rachel's *Helas !*) which are like those Japanese toys that look like nothing of any significance as you throw them on the water, but which after a little time open out into various strange and unexpected figures, and then you find

that each little shred had a complicated story to tell of itself.

— Yes, — said I, at the close of this silent interval, during which the monosyllable had been opening out its meanings, — *She*. When I think of talking, it is of course with a woman. For talking at its best being an inspiration, it wants a corresponding divine quality of receptiveness ; and where will you find this but in woman ?

The Master laughed a pleasant little laugh, — not a harsh, sarcastic one, but playful, and tempered by so kind a look that it seemed as if every wrinkled line about his old eyes repeated, "God bless you," as the tracings on the walls of the Alhambra repeat a sentence of the Koran.

I said nothing, but *looked* the question, What are you laughing at ?

— Why, I laughed because I could n't help saying to myself that a woman whose mind was taken up with thinking how she looked, and how her pretty neighbor looked, would n't have a great deal of thought to spare for all your fine discourse.

— Come, now, — said I, — a man who contradicts himself in the course of two minutes must have a screw loose in his mental machinery. I never feel afraid that such a thing can happen to me, though it happens often enough when I turn a thought over suddenly, as you did that five-cent piece the other day, that it reads differently on its two sides. What I meant to say is something like this. A woman, notwithstanding she is the best of listeners, knows her business, and it is a woman's business to please. I don't say that it is *not* her business to vote, but I do say that the woman who does not please is a false note in the harmonies of nature. She may not have youth or beauty or even manner ; but she must have something in her voice or expres-

sion, or both, which it makes you feel better disposed towards your race to look at or listen to. She knows that as well as we do; and her first question after you have been talking your soul into her consciousness is, Did *I* please? A woman never forgets her sex. She would rather talk with a man than an angel, any day.

— This frightful speech of mine reached the ear of our Scheherazade, who said that it was perfectly shocking and that I deserved to be shown up as the outlaw in one of her bandit stories.

Hush, my dear, — said the Lady, — you will have to bring John Milton into your story with our friend there, if you punish everybody who says naughty things like that. Send the little boy up to my chamber for *Paradise Lost*, if you please. He will find it lying on my table. The little old volume, — he can't mistake it.

So the girl called That Boy round and gave him the message; I don't know why *she* should give it, but she did, and the Lady helped her out with a word or two.

The little volume — its cover protected with soft white leather from a long kid glove, evidently suggesting the brilliant assemblies of the days when friends and fortune smiled — came presently and the Lady opened it. — You may read that, if you like, — she said, — it may show you that our friend is to be pilloried in good company.

The young girl ran her eye along the passage the Lady pointed out, blushed, laughed, and slapped the book down as though she would have liked to box the ears of Mr. John Milton, if he had been a contemporary and fellow-contributor to the *Weekly Bucket*. — I won't touch the thing, — she said. — He was a horrid man to talk so; and he had as many wives as Blue-Beard.

— Fair play, — said the Master. — Bring me the book, my little fractional superfluity, — I mean you, my nursling, — my boy, if that suits your small Highness better.

The Boy brought the book.

The old Master, not unfamiliar with

the great epic, opened pretty nearly to the place, and very soon found the passage. He read aloud with grand scholastic intonation and in a deep voice that silenced the table as if a prophet had just spoken, Thus saith the Lord: —

“ So spake our sire, and by his countenance seemed
Entering on studious thoughts abstruse; which Eve
Perceiving — ”

went to water her geraniums, to make a short story of it, and left the two “ conversationists,” to wit, the angel Raphael and the gentleman, — there was but one gentleman in society then, you know, — to talk it out.

“ Yet went she not, as not with such discourse
Delighted, or not capable her ear
Of what was high; such pleasure she reserved,
Adam relating, she sole auditress;
Her husband the relater she preferred
Before the angel, and of him to ask
Chose rather; he she knew would intermix
Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute
With conjugal caresses: from his lips
Not words alone pleased her.”

Everybody laughed, except the Capitalist, who was a little hard of hearing, and the Scarabee, whose life was too earnest for demonstrations of that kind. He had his eyes fixed on the volume, however, with eager interest.

— The p'int's carried, — said the Member of the Haouse.

Will you let me look at that book a single minute? — said the Scarabee. I passed it to him, wondering what in the world he wanted of *Paradise Lost*.

Dermestes lardarius, — he said, pointing to a place where the edge of one side of the outer cover had been slightly tasted by some insect. — Very fond of leather while they're in the larva state.

— Damage the goods as bad as mice, — said the Salesman.

— Eat half the binding off Folio 67, — said the Register of Deeds. Something did, anyhow, and it was n't mice. Found the shelf covered with little hairy cases belonging to something or other that had no business there.

Skins of the *Dermestes lardarius*, — said the Scarabee, — you can always tell them by those brown hairy coats. That's the name to give them.

— What good does it do to give 'em

a name after they've eat the binding off my folios? — asked the Register of Deeds.

The Scarabee had too much respect for science to answer such a question as that; and the book, having served its purposes, was passed back to the Lady.

I return to the previous question, — said I, — if our friend the Member of the House of Representatives will allow me to borrow the phrase. Womanly women are very kindly critics, except to themselves and now and then to their own sex. The less there is of sex about a woman, the more she is to be dreaded. But take a real woman at her best moment, — well dressed enough to be pleased with herself, not so resplendent as to be a show and a sensation, with the varied outside influences that set vibrating the harmonic notes of her nature stirring in the air about her, — and what has social life to compare with one of those vital interchanges of thought and feeling with her that make an hour memorable? What can equal her tact, her delicacy, her subtlety of apprehension, her quickness to feel the changes of temperature as the warm and cool currents of talk blow by turns? At one moment she is microscopically intellectual, critical, scrupulous in judgment as an analyst's balance, and the next as sympathetic as the open rose that sweetens the wind from whatever quarter it finds its way to her bosom. It is in the hospitable soul of a woman that a man forgets he is a stranger, and so becomes natural and truthful, at the same time that he is mesmerized by all those divine differences which make her a mystery and a bewilderment to —

If you fire your popgun at me, you little chimpanzee, I will stick a pin right through the middle of you and put you into one of this gentleman's beetle-cases!

I caught the imp that time, but what started him was more than I could guess. It is rather hard that this spoiled child should spoil such a sentence as that was going to be; but the wind shifted all at once, and the talk had to come

round on another tack, or at least fall off a point or two from its course.

— I'll tell you who I think are the best talkers in all probability, — said I to the Master, who, as I mentioned was developing interesting talent as a listener, — poets who never write verses. And there are a good many more of these than it would seem at first sight. I think you may say every young lover is a poet, to begin with. I don't mean either that *all* young lovers are good talkers, — they have an eloquence all their own when they are with the beloved object, no doubt, emphasized after the fashion the solemn bard of Paradise refers to with such delicious humor in the passage we just heard, — but a little talk goes a good way in most of these cooing matches, and it would n't do to report them too literally. What I mean is, that a man with the gift of musical and impassioned phrase (and love often *lends* that to a young person for a while), who "wreaks" it, to borrow Byron's word, on conversation as the natural outlet of his sensibilities and spiritual activities, is likely to talk better than the poet, who plays on the instrument of verse. A great pianist or violinist is rarely a great singer. To write a poem is to expend the vital force which would have made one brilliant for an hour or two, and to expend it on an instrument with more pipes, reeds, keys, stops, and pedals than the Great Organ that shakes New England every time it is played in full blast.

Do you mean that it is hard work to write a poem? — said the old Master. — I had an idea that a poem wrote itself, as it were, very often; that it came by influx, without voluntary effort; indeed, you have spoken of it as an inspiration rather than a result of volition.

— Did you ever see a great ballet-dancer? — I asked him.

— I have seen Taglioni, — he answered. — She used to take her steps rather prettily. I have seen the woman that danced the cap-stone on to Bunker Hill Monument, as Orpheus moved the rocks by music, — the Elssler woman, —

Fanny Elssler. She would dance you a rigadon or cut a pigeon's wing for you very respectably.

(Confound this old college book-worm, — he has seen everything!)

Well, did these two ladies dance as if it was hard work to them?

— Why no, I should say they danced as if they liked it and could n't help dancing; they looked as if they felt so "corky" it was hard to keep them down.

— And yet they had been through such work to get their limbs strong and flexible and obedient, that a cart-horse lives an easy life compared to theirs while they were in training.

— The Master cut in just here — I had sprung the trap of a reminiscence.

— When I was a boy, — he said, — some of the mothers in our small town, who meant that their children should know what was what as well as other people's children, laid their heads together and got a dancing-master to come out from the city and give instruction at a few dollars a quarter to the young folks of condition in the village. Some of their husbands were ministers and some were deacons, but the mothers knew what they were about, and they did n't see any reason why ministers' and deacons' wives' children should n't have as easy manners as the sons and daughters of Belial. So, as I tell you, they got a dancing-master to come out to our place, — a man of good repute, a most respectable man, — madam (to the Landlady), you must remember the worthy old citizen, in his advanced age, going about the streets, a most gentlemanly bundle of infirmities, — only he always cocked his hat a little too much on one side, as they do here and there along the Connecticut River, and sometimes on our city sidewalks, when they've got a new beaver; they got him, I say, to give us boys and girls lessons in dancing and deportment. He was as gray and as lively as a squirrel, as I remember him, and used to spring up in the air and "cross his feet," as we called it, three times before he came down. Well, at the

end of each term there was what they called an "exhibition ball," in which the scholars danced cotillons and country-dances; also something called a "gavotte," and I think one or more walked a minuet. But all this is not what I wanted to say. At this exhibition ball he used to bring out a number of hoops wreathed with roses, of the perennial kind, by the aid of which a number of amazingly complicated and startling evolutions were exhibited; and also his two daughters, who figured largely in these evolutions, and whose wonderful performances to us, who had not seen Miss Taglioni or Miss Elssler, were something quite wonderful, in fact, surpassing the natural possibilities of human beings. Their extraordinary powers were, however, accounted for by the following explanation, which was accepted in the school as entirely satisfactory. A certain little bone in the ankles of each of these young girls had been broken intentionally, *secundum artem*, at a very early age, and thus they had been fitted to accomplish these surprising feats which threw the achievements of the children who were left in the condition of the natural man into ignominious shadow.

— Thank you, — said I, — you have helped out my illustration so as to make it better than I expected. Let me begin again. Every poem that is worthy of the name, no matter how easily it seems to be written, represents a great amount of vital force expended at some time or other. When you find a beach strewn with the shells and other spoils that belonged once to the deep sea, you know the tide has been there, and that the winds and waves have wrestled over its naked sands. And so if I find a poem stranded in my soul and have nothing to do but seize it as a wrecker carries off the treasure he finds cast ashore, I know I have paid at some time for that poem with some inward commotion, were it only an excess of enjoyment, which has used up just so much of my vital capital. But besides all the impressions that furnished the stuff of the

poem, there has been hard work to get the management of that wonderful instrument I spoke of, — the great organ, language. An artist that works in marble or colors has them all to himself and his tribe, but the man who moulds his thought in verse has to use the materials vulgarized by everybody's use, and glorify them by his handling. I don't know that you must break any bones in a poet's mechanism before his thought can dance in rhythm, but read your Milton and see what training, what patient labor, it took before he could shape our common speech into his majestic harmonies.

It is rather singular, but the same kind of thing has happened to me not very rarely before, as I suppose it has to most persons, that just when I happened to be thinking about poets and their conditions, this very morning, I saw a paragraph or two from a foreign paper which is apt to be sharp, if not cynical, relating to the same matter. I can't help it; I want to have my talk about it, and if I say the same things that writer did, somebody can have the satisfaction of saying I stole them all.

(I thought the person whom I have called hypothetically the *Man of Letters* changed color a little and betrayed a certain awkward consciousness that somebody was looking at him or thinking of him; but I am a little suspicious about him and may do him wrong.)

That poets are treated as privileged persons by their admirers and the educated public can hardly be disputed. That they consider themselves so there is no doubt whatever. On the whole, I do not know so easy a way of shirking all the civic and social and domestic duties, as to settle it in one's mind that one is a poet. I have, therefore, taken great pains to advise other persons laboring under the impression that they were gifted beings destined to soar in the atmosphere of song above the vulgar realities of earth, not to neglect any homely duty under the influence of that impression. The number of these persons is so great that if they

were suffered to indulge their prejudice against every-day duties and labors, it would be a serious loss to the productive industry of the country. My skirts are clear (so far as other people are concerned) of countenancing that form of intellectual opium-eating in which rhyme takes the place of the narcotic. But what are you going to do when you find John Keats an apprentice to a surgeon or apothecary? Isn't it rather better to get another boy to sweep out the shop and shake out the powders and stir up the mixtures, and leave him undisturbed to write his Ode on a Grecian Urn or to a Nightingale? O yes, the critic I have referred to would say, if he is John Keats; but not if he is of a much lower grade, even though he be genuine, what there is of him. But the trouble is, the sensitive persons who belong to the lower grades of the poetical hierarchy do not know their own poetical limitations, while they do feel a natural unfitness and disinclination for many pursuits which young persons of the average balance of faculties take to pleasantly enough. What is forgotten is this, that every real poet, even of the humblest grade, is an *artist*. Now I venture to say that any painter or sculptor of real genius, though he may do nothing more than paint flowers and fruit, or carve cameos, is considered a privileged person. It is recognized perfectly that to get his best work he must be insured the freedom from disturbances which the creative power absolutely demands, more absolutely perhaps in these slighter artists than in the great masters. His nerves must be steady for him to finish a rose-leaf or the fold of a nymph's drapery in his best manner; and they will be unsteadied if he has to perform the honest drudgery which another can do for him quite as well. And it is just so with the poet, though he were only finishing an epigram; you must no more meddle roughly with him than you would shake a bottle of Chamberlain and expect the "sunset glow" to redden your glass unclouded. On the other hand, it may be said that poetry

is not an article of prime necessity, and potatoes are. There is a disposition in many persons just now to deny the poet his benefit of clergy, and to hold him no better than other people. Perhaps he is not, perhaps he is not so good, half the time; but he is a luxury, and if you want him you must pay for him, by not trying to make a drudge of him while he is all his lifetime struggling with the chills and heats of his artistic intermittent.

There may have been some lesser interruptions during the talk I have reported as if it was a set speech, but this was the drift of what I said and should have said if the other man, in the Review I referred to, had not seen fit to meddle with the subject, as some fellow always does, just about the time when I am going to say something about it. The Old Master listened beautifully, except for cutting in once, as I told you he did. But now he had held in as long as it was in his nature to contain himself, and must have his say or go off in an apoplexy, or explode in some way.

—I think you're right about the poets,—he said.—They are to common folks what repeaters are to ordinary watches. They carry music in their inside arrangements, but they want to be handled carefully or you put them out of order. And perhaps you mustn't expect them to be quite as good timekeepers as the professional chronometer watches that make a specialty of being exact within a few seconds a month. But they think too much of themselves. So does everybody that considers himself as having a right to fall back on what he calls his idiosyncrasy. Yet a man *has* such a right, and it is no easy thing to adjust the private claim to the fair public demand on him. Suppose you are subject to *tic douloureux*, for instance. Every now and then a tiger that nobody can see catches one side of your face between his jaws and holds on till he is tired and lets go. Some concession must be made to you on that score,

as everybody can see. It is fair to give you a seat that is not in the draught, and your friends ought not to find fault with you if you do not care to join a party that is going on a sleigh-ride. Now take a poet like Cowper. He had a mental neuralgia, a great deal worse in many respects than *tic douloureux* confined to the face. It was well that he was sheltered and relieved, by the cares of kind friends, especially those good women, from as many of the burdens of life as they could lift off from him. I am fair to the poets,—don't you agree that I am?

Why, yes,—I said,—you have stated the case fairly enough, a good deal as I should have put it myself.

—Now, then,—the Master continued,—I'll tell you what is necessary to all these artistic idiosyncrasies to bring them into good square human relations outside of the special province where their ways differ from those of other people. I am going to illustrate what I mean by a comparison. I don't know, by the way, but you would be disposed to think and perhaps call me a wine-bibber by the way in which I deal with that fluid for the purposes of illustration. But I make mighty little use of it, except as it furnishes me an image now and then, as it did, for that matter, to the Disciples and their Master. In my younger days they used to bring up the famous old wines, the White-top, the Juno, the Eclipse, the Essex Junior, and the rest, in their old cobwebbed, dusty bottles. The resurrection of one of these old sepulchred dignitaries had something of solemnity about it; it was like the disinterment of a king; the bringing to light of the Royal Martyr King Charles I., for instance, that Sir Henry Halford gave such an interesting account of. And the bottle seemed to inspire a personal respect; it was wrapped in a napkin and borne tenderly and reverently round to the guests, and sometimes a dead silence went before the first gush of its amber flood, and

"The boldest held his breath
For a time."

But nowadays the precious juice of a long-dead vintage is transferred carefully into a cut-glass decanter, and stands side by side with the sherry from a corner grocery, which looks just as bright and apparently thinks just as well of itself. The old historic Madeiras, which have warmed the periods of our famous rhetoricians of the past and burned in the impassioned eloquence of our earlier political demigods, have nothing to mark them externally but a bit of thread it may be round the neck of the decanter, or a slip of ribbon, pink on one of them and blue on another.

Go to a London club, — perhaps I might find something nearer home that would serve my turn, — but go to a London club, and there you will see the celebrities all looking alike modern, all decanted off from their historic antecedents and their costume of circumstance into the every-day aspect of the gentleman of common cultivated society. That is Sir Cœur de Lion Plantagenet in the mutton-chop whiskers and the plain gray suit; there is the Laureate in a frock-coat like your own, and the leader of the House of Commons in a neck-tie you do not envy. That is the kind of thing you want to take the nonsense out of you. If you are not decanted off from yourself every few days or weeks, you will think it sacrilege to brush a cobweb from your cork by and by. O little fool that has published a little book full of little poems or other sputtering tokens of an uneasy condition, how I love you for the one soft nerve of special sensibility that runs through your exiguous organism, and the one phosphorescent particle in your unilluminated intelligence! But if you don't leave your spun-sugar confectionery business once in a while, and come out among lusty men, — the bristly, pachydermatous fellows that hew out the highways for the material progress of society, and the broad-shouldered, out-of-door men that fight for the great prizes of life, — you will come to think that the spun-sugar business is the

chief end of man, and begin to feel and look as if you felt as much above common people as that personage of whom Tourguéneff says that "he had the air of his own statue erected by national subscription."

— The Master paused and fell into a deep thinking fit, as he does sometimes. He had had his own say, it is true, but he had established his character as a listener to my own perfect satisfaction, for I, too, was conscious of having preached with a certain prolixity.

— I am always troubled when I think of my very limited mathematical capacities. It seems as if every well-organized mind should be able to handle numbers and quantities through their symbols to an indefinite extent; and yet, I am puzzled by what seems to a clever boy with a turn for calculation as plain as counting his fingers. I don't think any man feels well grounded in knowledge unless he has a good basis of mathematical certainties, and knows how to deal with them and apply them to every branch of knowledge where they can come in to advantage.

Our young Astronomer is known for his mathematical ability, and I asked him what he thought was the difficulty in the minds that are weak in that particular direction, while they may be of remarkable force in other provinces of thought, as is notoriously the case with some men of great distinction in science.

The young man smiled and wrote a few letters and symbols on a piece of paper. — Can you see through that at once? — he said.

I puzzled over it for some minutes and gave it up.

— He said as I returned it to him, You have heard military men say that such a person had *an eye for country*, have n't you? One man will note all the landmarks, keep the points of compass in his head, observe how the streams run, in short, carry a map in his brain of any region that he has marched or galloped through. Another

er man takes no note of any of these things ; always follows somebody else's lead when he can, and gets lost if he is left to himself ; a mere owl in daylight. Just so some men have an *eye for an equation*, and would read at sight the one that you puzzled over. It is told of Sir Isaac Newton that he required no demonstration of the propositions in Euclid's Geometry, but as soon as he had read the enunciation the solution or answer was plain at once. The power may be cultivated, but I think it is to a great degree a natural gift, as is the eye for color, as is the ear for music.

— I think I could read equations readily enough, — I said, — if I could only keep my attention fixed on them ; and I think I could keep my attention on them if I were imprisoned in a thinking-cell, such as the Creative Intelligence shapes for its studio when at its divinest work.

The young man's lustrous eyes opened very widely as he asked me to explain what I meant.

— What is the Creator's divinest work ? — I asked.

— Is there anything more divine than the sun ; than a sun with its planets revolving about it, warming them, lighting them, and giving conscious life to the beings that move on them ?

— You agree, then, that conscious life is the grand aim and end of all this vast mechanism. Without life that could feel and enjoy, the splendors and creative energy would all be thrown away. You know Harvey's saying, *omnia animalia ex ovo*, — all animals come from an egg. You ought to know it, for the great controversy going on about spontaneous generation has brought it into special prominence lately. Well, then, the *ovum*, the egg, is, to speak in human phrase, the Creator's more private and sacred studio, for his *magnum opus*. Now, look at a hen's egg, which is a convenient one to study, because it is large enough and built solidly enough to look at and handle easily. That would be the form I would choose for my

thinking-cell. Build me an oval with smooth, translucent walls, and put me in the centre of it with Newton's "Principia" or Kant's "Kritik," and I think I shall develop "an eye for an equation," as you call it, and a capacity for an abstraction.

But do tell me, — said the Astronomer, a little incredulously, — what there is in that particular form which is going to help you to be a mathematician or a metaphysician ?

It is n't help I want, it is removing hindrances. I don't want to see anything to draw off my attention. I don't want a cornice, or an angle, or anything but a containing curve. I want diffused light and no single luminous centre to fix my eye, and so distract my mind from its one object of contemplation. The metaphysics of *attention* have hardly been sounded to their depths. The mere fixing the look on any single object for a long time may produce very strange effects. Gibbon's well-known story of the monks of Mount Athos and their contemplative practice is often laughed over, but it has a meaning. They were to shut the door of the cell, recline the beard and chin on the breast, and contemplate the gastric centre. "At first all will be dark and comfortless ; but if you persevere day and night, you will feel an ineffable joy ; and no sooner has the soul discovered the place of the heart, than it is involved in a mystic and ethereal light." And Mr. Braid produces absolute anæsthesia, so that surgical operations can be performed without suffering to the patient, only by making him fix his eyes and his mind on a single object ; and Newton is said to have said, as you remember, "I keep the subject constantly before me, and wait till the first dawns open slowly by little and little into a full and clear light." These are different, but certainly very wonderful, instances of what can be done by attention. But now suppose that your mind is in its nature discursive, erratic, subject to electric attractions and repulsions, *volage* ; it may be impossible for

you to compel your attention except by taking away all external disturbances. I think the poets have an advantage and a disadvantage as compared with the steadier-going people. Life is so vivid to the poet, that he is too eager to seize and exhaust its multitudinous impressions. Like Sindbad in the valley of precious stones, he wants to fill his pockets with diamonds, but, lo ! there is a great ruby like a setting sun in its glory, and a sapphire that, like Bryant's blue gentian, seems to have dropped from the cerulean walls of heaven, and a nest of pearls that look as if they might be unhatched angel's eggs, and so he hardly knows what to seize, and tries for too many, and comes out of the enchanted valley with more gems than he can carry, and those that he lets fall by the wayside we call his poems. You may change the image a thousand ways to show you how hard it is to make a mathematician or a logician out of a poet. He carries the tropics with him wherever he goes, he is in the true sense *filius nature*, and Nature tempts him as she tempts a child walking through a garden where all the finest fruits are hanging over him and dropping round him, where

The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon (his) mouth do crush their wine,
The nectarine and curious peach
Into (his) hands themselves do reach :

and he takes a bite out of the sunny side of this and the other, and ever stimulated and never satisfied, is hurried through the garden, and, before he knows it, finds himself at an iron gate which opens outward and leaves the place he knows and loves —

— For one he will perhaps soon learn to love and know better, — said the Master. — But I can help you out with another comparison, not quite so poetical as yours. Why did not you think of a railway-station, where the cars stop five minutes for refreshments ? Is n't that a picture of the poet's hungry and hurried feast at the banquet of life ? The traveller flings himself on the bewildering miscellany of delicacies spread before him, the various tempting forms

of ambrosia and seducing draughts of nectar, with the same eager hurry and restless ardor that you describe in the poet. Dear me ! If it was n't for All aboard ! that summons of the deaf conductor which tears one away from his half-finished sponge-cake and coffee, how I, who do not call myself a poet, but only a questioner, should have enjoyed a good long stop — say a couple of thousand years — at this way-station on the great railroad leading to the unknown terminus !

— You say you are not a poet, — I said after a little pause, in which I suppose both of us were thinking where the great railroad would land us after carrying us into the dark tunnel, the farther end of which no man has seen and taken a return train to bring us news about it, — you say you are not a poet, and yet it seems to me you have some of the elements which go to make one.

— I don't think you mean to flatter me, — the Master answered, — and, what is more, for I am not afraid to be honest with you, I don't think you do flatter me. I have taken the inventory of my faculties as calmly as if I was an appraiser. I *have* some of the qualities, perhaps I may say many of the qualities, that make a man a poet, and yet I am not one. And in the course of a pretty wide experience of men — and women — (the Master sighed, I thought, but perhaps I was mistaken) — I have met a good many poets who were not rhymesters and a good many rhymesters who were not poets. So I am only one of the Voiceless, that I remember one of you singers had some verses about. I think there is a little music in me, but it has not found a voice, and it never will. If I should confess the truth, there is no mere earthly immortality that I envy so much as the poet's. If your name is to live at all, it is so much more to have it live in people's hearts than only in their brains ! I don't know that one's eyes fill with tears when he thinks of the famous inventor of logarithms, but a song of Burns's, or a hymn of Charles Wesley's goes straight to your heart, and you

can't help loving both of them, the sinner as well as the saint. The works of other men live, but their personality dies out of their labors; the poet, who reproduces himself in his creations as no other artist does or can, goes down to posterity with all his personality blended with whatever is imperishable in his song. We see nothing of the bees that built the honeycomb and stored it with its sweets, but we can trace the veining in the wings of insects that flitted through the forests which are now coal-beds, kept unchanging in the amber that holds them; and so the passion of Sappho, the tenderness of Simonides, the purity of holy George Herbert, the lofty contemplativeness of James Shirley, are before us to-day as if they were living, in a few tears of amber verse. It seems, when one reads,

"Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright,"

or,

"The glories of our birth and state,"

as if it were not a very difficult matter to gain immortality, — such an immortality at least as a perishable language can give. A single lyric is enough, if one can only find in his soul and finish in his intellect one of those jewels fit to sparkle "on the stretched forefinger of all time." A coin, a ring, a string of verses. These last, and hardly anything else does. Every century is an overloaded ship that must sink at last with most of its cargo. The small portion of its crew that get on board the new vessel which takes them off don't pretend to save a great many of the bulky articles. But they must not and will not leave behind the hereditary jewels of the race; and if you have found and cut a diamond, were it only a spark with a single polished facet, it will stand a better chance of being saved from the wreck than anything, no matter what, that wants much room for stowage.

The pyramids last, it is true, but most of them have forgotten their builders' names. But the ring of Thotmes III., who reigned some fourteen hun-

dred years before our era, before Homer sang, before the Argonauts sailed, before Troy was built, is in the possession of Lord Ashburnham, and proclaims the name of the monarch who wore it more than three thousand years ago. The gold coins with the head of Alexander the Great are some of them so fresh one might think they were newer than much of the silver currency we were lately handling. As we have been quoting from the poets this morning, I will follow the precedent and give some lines from an epistle of Pope to Addison after the latter had written, but not yet published, his Dialogue on Medals. Some of these lines have been lingering in my memory for a great many years, but I looked at the original the other day and was so pleased with them that I got them by heart. I think you will say they are singularly pointed and elegant.

"Ambition sighed: she found it vain to trust

The faithless column and the crumbling bust:

Huge moles, whose shadows stretched from shore to shore,

Their ruins perished, and their place no more!

Convinced, she now contracts her vast design,

And all her triumphs shrink into a coin.

A narrow orb each crowded conquest keeps,

Beneath her palm here sad Judæa weeps;

Now scantier limits the proud arch confine,

And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile or Rhine;

A small Euphrates through the piece is rolled,

And little eagles wave their wings in gold."

It is the same thing in literature. Write half a dozen folios full of other people's ideas (as all folios are pretty sure to be), and you serve as ballast to the lower shelves of a library, about as like to be disturbed as the kentledge in the hold of a ship. Write a story, or a dozen stories, and your book will be in demand like an oyster while it is freshly opened, and after that —. The highways of literature are spread over with the shells of dead novels, each of which has been swallowed at a mouthful by the public and is done with. But write a volume of poems. No matter if they are all bad but one, if that one is very good. It will carry your name down to posterity like the ring of Thotmes, like the coin of Alexander. I don't suppose one would care a great deal about it a

hundred or a thousand years after he is dead, but I don't feel quite sure. It seems as if, even in heaven, King David might remember "The Lord is my Shepherd" with a certain twinge of earthly pleasure. But we don't know, we don't know.

—What in the world can have become of That Boy and his popgun while all this somewhat extended sermonizing was going on? I don't wonder you ask, beloved Reader, and I suppose I must tell you how we got on so long without interruption. Well, the plain truth is, the youngster was contemplating his gastric centre, like the monks of Mount Athos, but in a less happy state of mind than those tranquil recluses, in consequence of indulgence in the heterogeneous assortment of luxuries procured with the five-cent piece given him by the kind-hearted old Master. But you need not think I am going to tell you every time his popgun goes off, making a *Selah* of him whenever I want to change the subject. Sometimes he was ill-timed in his artillery practice and ignominiously rebuked, sometimes he was harmlessly playful and nobody minded him, but every now and then he came in so *apropos* that I am morally certain he gets a hint from somebody who watches the course of the conversation and means through him to have a hand in it and stop any of us when we are getting prosy. But in consequence of That Boy's indiscretion we were without a check upon our expansiveness, and ran on in the way you have observed and may be disposed to find fault with.

One other thing the Master said before we left the table, after our long talk of that day.

—I have been tempted sometimes, —said he, —to envy the immediate triumphs of the singer. He enjoys all that praise can do for him and at the very moment of exerting his talent. And the singing women! Once in a while, in the course of my life, I have

found myself in the midst of a tulip-bed of full-dressed, handsome women in all their glory, and when some one among them has shaken her gauzy wings, and sat down before the piano, and then, only giving the keys a soft touch now and then to support her voice, has warbled some sweet, sad melody intertwined with the longings or regrets of some tender-hearted poet, it has seemed to me that so to hush the rustling of the silks and silence the babble of the buds, as they call the chicks of a new season, and light up the flame of romance in cold hearts, in desolate ones, in old burnt-out ones, —like mine, I was going to say, but I won't, for it is n't so, and you may laugh to hear me say it is n't so, if you like, —was perhaps better than to be remembered a few hundred years by a few perfect stanzas, when your gravestone is standing aslant, and your name is covered over with a lichen as big as a militia colonel's cockade, and nobody knows or cares enough about you to scrape it off and set the tipsy old slate-stone upright again.

—I said nothing in reply to this, for I was thinking of a sweet singer to whose voice I had listened in its first freshness, and which is now only an echo in my memory. If any reader of the periodical in which these conversations are recorded can remember so far back as the first year of its publication, he will find among the papers contributed by a friend not yet wholly forgotten a few verses, lively enough in their way, headed "The Boys." The sweet singer was one of this company of college classmates, the constancy of whose friendship deserves a better tribute than the annual offerings, kindly meant as they are, which for many years have not been wanting at their social gatherings. The small company counts many noted personages on its list, as is well known to those who are interested in such local matters, but it is not known that every fifth man of the whole number now living is more or less of a poet, —using that word with a generous breadth

of significance. But it should seem that the divine gift it implies is more freely dispensed than some others, for while there are (or were, for one has taken his Last Degree) eight musical quills, there was but one pair of lips which could claim any special consecration to vocal melody. Not that one should undervalue the half-recitative of doubtful barytones, or the brilliant escapades of slightly unmanageable *falsettos*, or the concentrated effort of the proprietors of two or three effective notes, who may be observed lying in wait for them, and coming down on them with all their might, and the look on their countenances of "I too am a singer." But the voice that led all, and that all loved to listen to, the voice that was at once full, rich, sweet, penetrating, expressive, whose ample overflow drowned all the imperfections and made up for all the shortcomings of the others, is silent henceforth forevermore for all earthly listeners.

And these were the lines that one of "The Boys," as they have always called themselves for ever so many years, read at the first meeting after the voice which had never failed them was hushed in the stillness of death.

J. A.
1871.

One memory trembles on our lips ;
It throbs in every breast ;
In tear-dimmed eyes, in mirth's eclipse,
The shadow stands confessed.
O silent voice, that cheered so long
Our manhood's marching day,
Without thy breath of heavenly song
How weary seems the way !
Vain every pictured phrase to tell
Our sorrowing hearts' desire ;

The shattered harp, the broken shell,
The silent unstrung lyre ;

For youth was round us while he sang ;
It glowed in every tone ;
With bridal chimes the echoes rang,
And made the past our own.

O blissful dream ! Our nursery joys
We know must have an end,
But love and friendship's broken toys
May God's good angels mend !

The cheering smile, the voice of mirth
And laughter's gay surprise
That please the children born of earth,
Why deem that Heaven denies ?

Methinks in that refulgent sphere
That knows not sun or moon,
An earth-born saint might long to hear
One verse of "Bonny Doon" ;

Or walking through the streets of gold
In Heaven's unclouded light,
His lips recall the song of old
And hum "The sky is bright."

* * * * *

And can we smile when thou art dead ?
Ah, brothers, even so !
The rose of summer will be red,
In spite of winter's snow.

Thou wouldst not leave us all in gloom
Because thy song is still,
Nor blight the banquet-garland's bloom
With grief's untimely chill.

The sighing wintry winds complain, —
The singing bird has flown, —
Hark ! heard I not that ringing strain,
That clear celestial tone ?

How poor these pallid phrases seem,
How weak this tinkling line,
As warbles through my waking dream
That angel voice of thine !

Thy requiem asks a sweeter lay ;
It falters on my tongue ;
For all we vainly strive to say,
Thou shouldst thyself have sung !
Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THE IDYL OF BATTLE HOLLOW.

(WAR OF THE REBELLION, 1864.)

NO, I won't—thar, now, so ! And it ain't nothin', — no !
And thar's nary to tell that you folks yer don't know ;
And it's "Belle, tell us, do !" and it's "Belle, is it true ?"
And "Wot's this yer yarn of the Major and you ?"

Till I 'm sick of it all, — so I am, but I s'pose
Thet is nothin' to you. . . . Well then, listen! yer goes:

It was after the fight, and around us all night
Thar was poppin' and shootin' a powerful sight;
And the niggers had fled, and Aunt Chlo' was abed,
And Pinky and Milly were hid in the shed;
And I ran out at daybreak and nothin' was nigh
But the growlin' of cannon low down in the sky.

And I saw not a thing as I ran to the spring,
But a splintered fence rail and a broken-down swing,
And a bird said "Kerchee!" as it sat on a tree,
As if it was lonesome and glad to see me;
And I filled up my pail and was risin' 'to go,
When up comes the Major a canterin' slow.

When he saw me he drew in his reins, and then threw
On the gate-post his bridle, and — what does he do
But come down where I sat; and he lifted his hat,
And he says — well, thar ain't any need to tell *that* —
'T was some foolishness, sure, but it 'mounted to this,
Thet he asked for a drink, and he wanted — a kiss.

Then I said (I was mad), "For the water, my lad,
You're too big and must stoop; for a kiss, it's as bad —
You ain't near big enough." And I turned in a huff,
When that Major he laid his white hand on my cuff,
And he says, "You're a trump! Take my pistol, don't fear!
But shoot the next man that insults you, my dear."

Then he stooped to the pool, very quiet and cool,
Leavin' me with that pistol stuck there like a fool,
When thar flashed on my sight, a quick glimmer of light
From the top of the little stone-fence on the right,
And I knew 't was a rifle, and back of it all
Rose the face of that bushwhacker, Cherokee Hall!

Then I felt in my dread that the moment the head
Of the Major was lifted, the Major was dead;
And I stood still and white, but Lord! gals, in spite
Of my care, that derved pistol went off in my fright!
Went off — true as Gospil! — and strangest of all
It actooally injured that Cherokee Hall.

Thet's all — now, go long. Yes, some folks thinks it's wrong.
And thar's some wants to know to what side I belong;
But I says, "Served him right!" and I go, all my might,
In love or in war, for a fair, stand-up fight;
And as for the Major — sho! gals, don't you know
Thet — Lord! — thar's his step in the garden below.

Bret Harte.

RECENT LITERATURE.*

THE great part of the new matter which Mr. Fields has added to "Our Whispering Gallery," in offering it to the public as "Yesterdays with Authors," is the very characteristic collection of Miss Mitford's letters with which the entertaining volume closes. They cover a period of five or six years, and they abound in gossip about all the political and literary affairs of that far-off time between 1848 and 1854. A good deal of the talk arises from the author's interest in American affairs, and to us moderns the praises of such greatness as Daniel Webster's have a very dreamy and remote effect. How will America get on without him? wonders Miss Mitford, who is much wiser in her admiration of our poets and romancers than of our politicians. She has all that good-will towards the former which would once have appeared so solely desirable, as coming from England, and which now is so like the good-will from anywhere else in value; and her letters sparkle and bubble over in affectionate compliments and cries of delight: whom she admires she loves, and all our unseen authors are her personal friends. In the same way she has a real tenderness for that tragic Fisk of the Tuileries, Louis Napoleon, whom she always calls "our Emperor." It is affecting, indeed, and enough to teach one a modest distrust of the opinions of good people, to consider this excellent woman's raptures about such a man; but happily (or unhappily) she is none the less amusing for this and other perversities, and her letters are exceedingly pleasant reading. A bright, lively wit and a kindly heart are in them all, if not the soundest judgment in political matters, or even literary matters; for example, such a book as the "Blithedale Romance," with all her love for Hawthorne, "she finds too long, too slow,

and its personages ill chosen." But she owns that she criticises the romance from a sick-bed, whence, in fact, most of these letters come, with pathetically serious provisions in the latest, of the approaching end of a beautiful and beneficent life.

As to the rest of the book, our readers must know what that is, for no material of more peculiar interest has been offered them in our pages. Mr. Fields had the best reasons for making such a book in the fact that no one else could make it; for no one else has had such opportunities of knowing contemporary authorship. These informal reminiscences of Thackeray, Dickens, Hawthorne, Wordsworth, Miss Mitford, are not merely records of the writer's acquaintance with them, but are contributions to literary history of unique value. This is especially true of what Mr. Fields tells of Hawthorne, with whom his intimate friendship continued from the beginning of his career as a romancer up to the time of his death, and whom he has been able to present to us in such completeness of figure as the most elaborate biographies commonly fail to give. It is by all odds the most interesting of the portraits which Mr. Fields sketches, being necessarily in a soberer tone than those of Dickens or Thackeray, and touched, as we fancy, with a more carefully affectionate hand. The end of it all is very simply, and so touchingly, because simply, narrated that Hawthorne's death comes upon the reader poignantly like a personal loss.

Dickens is a writer who, if he is to be thought of in a friendly way, must be thought of in his own spirit, and without reserves or critical drawbacks: you cannot give half your heart to him, and Mr. Fields has not tried to do so. His memories of the great romancer (he never was a novelist in the sense of a writer of realistic fiction) glow with the ardor of such a friendship

* *Yesterdays with Authors.* By JAMES T. FIELDS. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

History and General Description of New France. By the REV. P. F. X. DE CHARLEVOIX, S. J. Translated, with Notes, by JOHN GILMARY SHEA. In Six Volumes. Vol. V. New York: John Gilmary Shea. 1871.

Life of Robert Schumann. By VON WASIELSKI. Translated by A. L. ALGER. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co. 1871.

Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada. By CLARENCE KING. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

Legends and Lyrics. By PAUL H. HAYNE. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1872.

Poems. By WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1871.

Ollanta. An Ancient Ynca Drama. Translated from the original Quichua, by CLEMENTS L. MARKHAM. London: Trübner & Co.

The To-morrow of Death: or, The Future Life according to Science. By LOUIS FIGUIER. Translated from the French by S. R. CROCKER. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1872.

as Dickens alone seems to have been capable of inspiring and feeling; for, as Mr. Fields happily says, he had "qualities of insight and sympathy which rendered him capable of friendship above most men,—which enabled him to reinstate its ideal." We have all in our relation as readers caught at some time or other the warmth of this passion; and we should not do Mr. Fields's picture of Dickens justice if we looked at it in any colder light. There are no shadows in it: the portrait is that of Dickens's tenderness, sweetness, fun, quaintness, and doubtless it might have been painted with even greater enthusiasm without being extravagant. Of the substance of Mr. Fields's reminiscences and of the value of the letters which he has given to the public, we need not say anything, for our readers know them perfectly already. It is to be noted, however, that scarcely a scrap of uncharacteristic matter is introduced, and that in this way only are any of Mr. Fields's sketches analytical. We suppose that not even this is conscious, for Mr. Fields has that power, invaluable in the performance of such work as he has here done, of taking the color of his subject and for the time of being so deeply imbued with Thackeray, or Hawthorne, or Dickens, that nothing but the most uncritical fidelity is possible.

The whole book is most entertaining, as these pages, so lately under the author's control, may not indecorously pronounce. It is gossip of the highest, kindest, most captivating type. It gratifies that desire which all generous readers have to know personally friends so long dear to them; and is such a store of this charming acquaintance as cannot be fully realized by those who recall the serial appearance of the papers, and do not read them again as here assembled. To the many loving literature, but hopelessly distant from its sources, the book will come as an inestimable favor, and in their unspoiled sympathies the author will find the best, and, we hope, the most valued appreciation. The high regard for authorship which enabled Mr. Fields in times past to create an ideal publishing house, has left him a treasure of recollections from which we trust he will draw again and again for the great pleasure of all readers.

The fifth volume of Mr. Shea's remarkable work has at length appeared, and is soon, we understand, to be followed by the sixth and concluding volume. We call this translation a remarkable work, for the

reason that it is not simply a translation, but a work of very extensive, exact, and conscientious research. Two simple words on the title-page, "with notes," have often been found on the title-pages of very slovenly and careless translations. They often mean nothing, or the equivalent of nothing. In the present case they represent an extraordinary amount of untiring labor, inspired by a steady, persistent enthusiasm, and accomplished under great difficulties and discouragements.

The character of Charlevoix's history is well known to all who have studied American history at its sources. It has never before appeared in an English dress, and consequently has been a sealed book to the million. Of all the early histories of French America it is incomparably the best; and, indeed, it is the only one fairly entitled to be called a history. The writer was a scholar, a traveller, and a man of ability, whose study of his subject was aided by a personal knowledge of it, and who has produced a book which is not only readable, but which, tried by the standard of his time, is neither unphilosophic nor inaccurate. Unfortunately, he does not give his authorities, except in a very loose and general way. This want his translator supplies. Mr. Shea has imposed on himself, and admirably accomplished, the immense task of tracking his author back to the sources of his information, correcting his errors, and supplying his omissions. To write the whole history afresh would be, to say the least, as easy. Charlevoix in the original is a work of high value; in Mr. Shea's translation, "with notes," its value is doubled.

The English style of the translation does not equal its other merits, and sometimes displays anomalies not to have been expected in a writer so scholarlike in spirit and acquirements. Thus, the English word "quite" is often used as the equivalent of the French *assez*. "*Qui l'arrêteront assez longtemps*," is rendered, "Who detained him *quite a time*"; "*Une assez grande liberté*," "*Quite a degree of liberty*"; and so in many other instances. The following can only have been a slip of the pen in a drowsy moment: "They (the Ottawas) have *had no part scarcely* in the kingdom of God." Or the following: "He had been occupied with *nothing scarcely* but Canadian matters."

So completely has Mr. Shea identified himself with his subject, or perhaps we

ought to say Father Charlevoix's subject, that he cannot always avoid becoming a partisan in the quarrels of two centuries ago, as appears, not in his translation, but in the notes which accompany it. Thus he brings against Cavalier de la Salle the novel charge of a want of energy, a quality which friends and enemies alike have united in ascribing to that remarkable personage in an extraordinary degree. Hated as he was by many among his contemporaries, who spared no pains to blacken his reputation, it remained for Mr. Shea to bring against him a charge about as reasonable as an accusation of cowardice would be against the Chevalier Bayard. So much for the blemishes of this most valuable work. If we were to specify its merits, our tale would be a long one.

In the life of Robert Schumann by Von Wasielski, we have a charming biography excellently translated. Schumann's life was not a long one, for he was born in Zwickau in 1810 and died in 1856, but it was an active, industrious career, though saddened by disease and suffering. His biographer has given us a graphic sketch of his friend's life, character, and productions, a task for which he was qualified by his long friendship with Schumann, and his own knowledge and love of the art they both graced. Schumann's family strenuously opposed his cherished taste, and almost forced him to the study of law. He finally rebelled, and turned his attention entirely to the theoretical study of music; but from his want of early musical education, "he had to seek with unspeakable pains, and appropriate late in life, these things which are generally learned by children at play." In his earlier compositions he does not treat his subject in an enlarged and comprehensive manner, carrying it on gradually to a perfect and elaborated whole. "He picks up pieces his motives, which are often but melodious figures; builds them up again, creates new images from them, increases them; until at last the various combinations requisite to form a whole are obtained." His habit of composing at his piano he began to distrust as narrowing, and wrote, "I often feel tempted to crush my piano; it's too narrow for my thought." He learned that to compose with ease, he must master form and theory thoroughly first, and he resolutely set himself to remedy his defects of education and want of technical training. Expression and force he never wanted, it was simply study and

knowledge of detail. In 1854, after much illness, and suffering both mental and physical, he showed decided symptoms of insanity, and continued in that condition until his death in 1856. "In his death the modern world of music lost one of its most richly endowed and highly gifted creative spirits, one of its most devoted priests. His life is important and instructive for the history of music,—important for its moral and intellectual grandeur, its restless struggles for the noblest, loftiest objects, as well as its truly great results; instructive through the errors by which he, as all earth-born beings must, paid tribute to finite conditions. But a man who strives and errs thus may be considered fortunate."

We leave wholly to science the estimation of Mr. King's services to geology and geography; for our pleasure in him is chiefly, we own, a literary pleasure, and if we were to tell the whole truth, perhaps our readers would be shocked to know how much we value the extraordinary beauty and vigor of his descriptions above the facts described. We accept the information he gives with mute gratitude, but we must needs exclaim at the easy charm of his style, the readiness of his humor, the quickness of his feeling for character. His "Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada" is mainly the record of his ascent of different peaks of that chain, in language so vivid that it all seems an experience of the reader's; and interspersing these memories of Mount Tyndall and Shasta and Whitney and Yosemite and Merced are such sketches of life, Pike and Digger and Californian, as make us wish from him the fullest study of varieties of human nature which we as yet know only by glimpses. Few things lend themselves so kindly to quotation and by-word as the happier touches in the portrait of that painter of the Sierra, who aspired to be "the Pacific-slope Bonheur," and was such a fortunate mixture of slang, passion for his Sarah Jane, and what he would no doubt call art-enthusiasm. "An artist's wife ought to *sabe* the beautiful," "Venus de Copples," "get my little old Sarah Jane to peel the particular charm and just whack her in on the canvas," "you just bet she's on the reciprocate," "it's touch a little bell, and, Brooks the morning paper," "he has n't got what old Ruskin calls for," "*they* ain't assuming a pleasant expression and looking at spots, while their likeness is took,"—are phrases on the tongues of many who

must gravely doubt if the same H. G. really said, "I would take please in stating that my name is Hank G. Smith, artist: I would request yours." Here an excessive animation pushes admirable character into regrettable caricature; but there is no such fault to find with the picture of the Pike family with their "band o' pork," and who seem true to life in every word and movement. What adds to the satisfaction that one feels in these sketches is the sense and the sympathy with which the author's observation is philosophized, — a touch of pity and of poetry with which this rudeness and squalor is studied. With a like generosity the whole Californian problem is glanced at in the brief concluding chapter, — a chapter in which Mr. King reconciles all that their critics say against Californians with all that they hope of themselves, in such a way as to convince his reader that both are right.

"Kaweah's Run" is a story of personal adventure and of sympathetic horsemanship which might serve as a model for stories with equine heroes. It is very stirring, but not more thrilling than the narratives of those audacious climbs in the Sierra. In these you safely share all the author's peril, and, what is better, you enjoy with him the glory of scenery which seems never to have been printed before. The light, the color, the vastness of that sky and earth, which seem another sky and earth from ours, have transferred themselves to Mr. King's page with a freshness and force that give us a new sense of the value of descriptive writing.

To find Mr. Hayne, who has a distinct note of his own, emulating Mr. William Morris in music which the latter has identified with his name, is a little curious, for Mr. Hayne is a poet of no recent repute, and Mr. Morris is a passing poetical fashion who ought logically to have infected none but the youngest of the tuneful tribe. There is a loss in this kind of thing which ought not to be, and yet must be. The poet who takes another's intellectual attitude forbids recognition in himself of his own merits: the beauty which he actually creates goes for nothing when it is evoked with a borrowed spell. In the many Tennysonized poems of our time ever so much of grace and sweetness merely wearies, which might have pleased if it had found more original expression. Because "Daphnes" and "The Wife of Brittany" strongly suggest Mr. Morris's rhymed stories, we cannot praise

them, though they have fineness and excellences that belong to Mr. Hayne. They form nearly a third part of his volume, in which, however, there is enough of his own in manner as well as substance abundantly to redeem it. In fact, but for this cant Morrisward in the two poems named, it attests its author's right to be as vigorously as any book of verse that we have lately read. We fancy, or we find, new flavors, — flavors of the Southern air and soil, — not only in those poems which celebrate with uncommon temperance and dignity the Southern side in memories of the war, but those that express deeper, calmer, and more personal feeling; and we are certain of graces that belong to Mr. Hayne as a poet, if not as a Southern poet. Many of the pieces are in a pensive key, — thoughtfully sad; and one of the most pensive of these appears to us one of the best of all the poems: —

"A SUMMER MOOD.

"Now, by my faith, a *gruesome* MOOD, for summer!" —
THOMAS HEYWARD (1897).

"Ah! me, forevermore, forevermore

These human hearts of ours must yearn and sigh,
While down the dells and up the murmurous shore
Nature renews her immortality.

"The heavens of June stretch calm and bland above,
June roses blush with tints of Orient skies,
But we, by graves of joy, desire, and love,
Mourn in a world which breathes of Paradise!

"The sunshine mocks the tears it may not dry,
The breezes — tricky couriers of the air —
Child-roisterers winged, and lightly fluttering by —
Blow their gay trumpets in the face of care;

"And bolder winds, the deep sky's passionate speech,
Woven into rhythmic raptures of desire,
Or fugues of mystic victory, sadly reach
Our humbled souls, to rack, not raise them higher!

"The field-birds seem to twit us as they pass
With their small blisses, piped so clear and loud;
The cricket triumphs o'er us in the grass,
And the lark, glancing beamlike up the cloud,

"Sings us to scorn with his keen rhapsodies:
Small things and great unconscious tauntings
bring
To edge our cares, whilst we, the proud and wise,
Envy the insect's joy, the birdling's wing!

"And thus forevermore, till time shall cease,
Man's soul and Nature's — each a separate
sphere —
Revolves, the one in discord, one in peace;
And who shall make the solemn mystery clear?"

The "Story of Glaucus the Thessalian" is a delicate and tenderly sympathetic version of the beautiful legend to which we owe one of the loveliest and wisest of Mr. Low-

ell's poems, namely, his "Rhoecus," and the contrast of the two performances is a curious and instructive little study,—so different are the meanings of the fable evolved by the New England and the South Carolinian poets, and so diverse is the temperament in poems that flow to a common music from the same source. Another noticeable piece of Mr. Hayne's is "Cambyses and the Macrobian Bow," which is of yet another mood, and of which the reader will hardly fail to acknowledge the power, however he may shrink from its utter painfulness.

Mr. Hayne's prevailing attitude is that of meditative introspection, neither cheerful nor uncheerful, but certainly not wanting in a fine spiritual courage, and he touches many themes that lie nearest his own heart with tenderness and grace. He has given us a volume which ought to be cordially welcomed.

"Ollanta" is the title of a translation of what seems to be an indubitably genuine Peruvian play, and on that account is more interesting than for any purely literary merit. Our knowledge of the Quichua tongue is too slight to enable us to judge of the accuracy with which the work of translation has been done. Of the smoothness, however, we can say, that in general it resembles the ordinary versions of an Italian or German opera libretto. The action of the drama, too, reminds us of the conventional freedom of the modern opera, indeed, of the opera bouffe. For instance, the plot by which the rebellious army is captured is very nearly identical with Fritz's strategical success in *La Grande Duchesse*, under very similar circumstances. Some lines—for example,

"How often do we drink death from a vase of gold."
"Remember that all comes to us, and we are rash"—

are not of simply archæological interest. The same may be said of this song, in spite of its ruggedness:—

"Two loving turtle-doves
Are sad, mourn, sigh, and weep.
Both were buried in the snow,
And a tree without verdure was their hard resting-place.
One lost her companion,
And set out to seek her.
She found her in a stony place,
But she was dead.
And sadly she began to sing,
'My dove! where are thine eyes,
And where thy loving breast?
Where thy virtuous heart
That I loved so tenderly?

Where, my dove, are thy sweet lips that divined
my sorrows?
I shall suffer a thousand woes,
Now my joys are ended.'
And the unhappy dove
Wandered from sorrow to sorrow.
Nothing consoled her,
Or calmed her grief.
When the morning dawned
In the pure blue of heaven,
Her body reeled and fell,
And in dying she drew
A sigh all full of love."

Not so poetical is the wail over the heroine who has been imprisoned for some years. It runs as follows:—

"Thy face is withered,
Thy beauty is gone forever,
Thy chin is turned black,
Thy nose is like the cold potato."

There is nothing in the collected verse of Mr. Butler better than the poem of "Nothing to Wear," with which some fifteen years ago he won a sudden and costly distinction. It was costly because it evidently forbade him to do anything else in a direction for which he was peculiarly fitted. A less remarkable success would have left him free to write other and better poems of the same kind without fear of self-rivalry. As it was he was a man of too much sense not to make his next poem entirely different, and so we lost by the very triumph of his first effort the most brilliant social satirist, in a light, easy way, of whom we have yet had the promise. Nothing could console the bereaved public, which was doubtless waiting to cry down the next satire because it had cried up first; and it refused to honor the deeper feeling, which, hinted in "Nothing to Wear," is so explicit in "Two Millions," "At Richmond," and other pieces. We forget now how great a vogue the successful poem had; how it was printed in all the newspapers, and illustrated, and imitated, and parodied, and quoted, and stolen; how it added a type and a typical name to our scanty stock. Mr. Harte's "Ah Sin" is the only poetical creation which has eclipsed the splendor of Miss Flora McFlimsy's popularity,—if it indeed did so much; and taken upon its own level it is impossible to deny (its great, success to the contrary notwithstanding) that "Nothing to Wear" is a poem of singular merits,—simple in form, light in touch, with the stylish air of the fine world about it, and the heart of humanity in it. It stands alone in our literature. Now that time has passed, is it not possible for Mr.

Butler to do something else like it, and even better?

As the mind of man cannot well conceive of a joke four hundred pages long, one must suppose M. Figuiet in earnest in his book called "The To-morrow of Death," though otherwise there is little reason to think so. What he means to tell us of the life hereafter is that tolerably good men when they die enter the enveloping ether of their respective planets, and after an indefinite series of deaths are fitted for immortal bliss in the bosom of the sun. As for the souls of the bad and of infants, they at once return to earth in new-born beings, and continue to do so until they are good enough or wise enough for superhumanity. M. Figuiet goes at some length into a description of the solar system, and contends that all the planets are inhabited; but the point at which he unites his theories of future life to the facts of science does not reveal itself. However, there is no objection to his theories, — or not more than to other wholly unfounded vagaries. The book is curious and momentarily interesting.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.*

WE can hardly recommend too strongly to our readers M. Villetard's *Histoire de l'Internationale*. It is not necessary to raise the cry of alarm in this country, to represent the State House of Boston full of beardless generals who amuse themselves and advance humanity by shooting members of the General Court on the Beacon Street Mall; but it is worth every one's while to give some consideration to one of the most serious questions now calling for the attention of the civilized nations of the world. This may seem a strong statement, but we fancy that the facts will not belie it. A revolution is threatened, that boldly avows its determination to subvert all the institutions of society. A small part of its programme is to confiscate all mines, quarries, railroads, lands, forests, houses, mills, machines, and tools for the benefit of societies of the International, who are to work them all for their own profit. Religion, of course, is to be abolished by statute. All wars are to be put an end to, except

those of workmen against the so-called middle classes. But when the middle classes are beaten, give up all claim to capital, and abjure their religion, then we are told by the socialist papers, as quoted on page 145 of the book we are discussing, they will be allowed to work, "and," if they are unable to work, "as will probably be the case with a great many, since they have not learned to use their two hands, well, well, — we 'll give them soup-tickets."

Such is the peculiar nature of most of the plans of the International, that any unprejudiced statement of their designs — divested of the pompous phrases about humanity, etc., which are of use to fascinate those who go to sleep every night with the expectation of finding all mankind purged of its errors, and hastening to its work in long white robes, the next morning — seems like an unfair burlesque; and, indeed, it would be extremely easy to turn a great deal of what they say into ridicule. But ridicule has never won a convert, even in France. It is impossible to believe that the great numbers who have joined the International have done so out of a wanton desire of change. Their tenacity is too bitter to allow of such an explanation for a moment. The workmen have just grounds of complaint, but they also have unjust grounds, and one should not hold his neighbor, who has let his ox stray over his flower-bed, responsible for the high taxes, sudden changes in the temperature, or the present drought. This is an example of the errors of the society: it regards the capitalist as the source of all the woes incidental to human nature; and the capitalist, on his side, is only too ready to feel that being guiltless of so many, he is guiltless of all. At the foundation of the society, about eight or ten years ago, its claims were temperate and wise, at least in comparison with its latest manifestation, the Commune of Paris. But it bore within its breast the leaven of sedition; there were the masses who were the victims of their own vices, and demanded to be heard; there are always demagogues enough who are only too ready to climb aloft by pandering to the passions of the ignorant; so that now it

* All books mentioned in this section may be had at Schönhof and Möller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston.

Histoire de l'Internationale. Par EDMOND VILLETARD. Paris. 1872.

Darstellungen aus der Sittengeschichte Roms. Von LUDWIG FRIEDLAENDER. 3te Theil. Leipzig. 1871.

Grundsteine einer Allgemeinen Culturgeschichte

der Newsten Zeit. Von J. J. HOFFEGER. 3te Band. Leipzig. 1871.

Schopenhauer-Lexicon. Von JULIUS FRAUENSTADT. 2 Bände. Leipzig. 1872.

Lütf Anna. Von JOACHIM MAHL. Hamburg. 1871.

Das Hausgesetz. Novelle von BURGHARD VON CRAMM. Gera. 1871.

looks as if the contest, if it is not staved off by wisdom, will be between the very richest and the most degraded classes, and without profit to the hard-working laborer who is hated by those beneath him and with whom he will be confounded by those who are first attacked by the principles of the International. But, meanwhile, we have forgotten M. Villetard's book. It is a brief, clear, and generally, indeed, remarkably temperate account of the society. His statements are corroborated by its authorized publications. For our entertainment, until the distribution of soup-tickets, we have, after a very long delay, the novel of Cherbuliez, *La Revanche de Joseph Noirel*, of which we spoke in the January number. We will once more recommend it most heartily to all, except the young ladies of Boston and vicinity, as an admirable work of fiction.

Of German works we have three volumes of a size and fulness that prove that there is still a quarter of the civilized world where it is felt that all the truth on any given subject cannot be crowded into a magazine article, nor, indeed, into a single volume of a magazine, judging from the size of these before us. The first, *Darstellungen aus der Sittengeschichte Roms in der Zeit von August bis zum Ausgang der Antonine*, by Professor Ludwig Friedlaender, of which the third part has already appeared, is interesting on account of its taking up just that part of Roman history that is generally ignored by the historian who is only concerned in the wars and outside life of the Romans, and of which almost our only information comes to us through scanty notes to the authors generally read. In this third part he discusses Roman luxury, arts, religion, philosophy, etc. Of the *Grundsteine einer Allgemeinen Culturgeschichte der Neuesten Zeit*, by J. J. Honegger, we have the first part of the third volume, a modest octavo of five hundred ninety-two pages. The subjects on the title-page are "The Kingdom of July and the Bourgeoisie"; those really treated, however, are numberless. The work is, in fact, an encyclopædia of all the names and events in every department of human thought for recent years. There is, moreover, an index of names, which, alone, makes the book worthy of notice. Of the other prodigious volume, *Handbuch der Ästhetik*, by Joseph Dippel, we hope to be able to say something more next month.

Julius Frauenstädt, the literary executor

and faithful disciple of Schopenhauer, has published a sort of dictionary of elegant extracts from the philosopher's various writings, called the *Schopenhauer-Lexicon*. Some four or five years ago he edited a volume of *Lichtstrahlen*, which might very well serve as an introduction to the works of this writer, who, better than any writer we know, expresses the *maladie du siècle*, and not by any means in empty wailings, but with the coolness and hard-headedness of one who avenges himself by the relentlessness of his exposition for all the suffering that he feels so acutely. He is, in fact, the philosopher of pessimism, and he never wearies of preaching the vanity of life, the nothingness of existence, but with as much joy at the gloominess of the picture he draws as if it were a popular novel with numerous weddings following eventful flirtations. Seriously, however, it is a mistake that a writer of Schopenhauer's power, who has had so great an influence on the current thought of the day in Germany, should be almost entirely unknown in England and America. His works are all interesting, they are well written, indeed, he is almost the only German who has any idea of what style is in prose; and even if pessimism is an erroneous way of regarding the universe, — as what *ism* is not? — it is one that well deserves a hearing. He has written on almost every subject, and left a mass of witty and wise, if cynical, remarks. For example, we quote the following from the first page we open of the *Lichtstrahlen*. "To judge for one's self is the privilege of but few; authority and example lead the rest. They see with others' eyes and hear with others' ears. Hence, it is very easy to think as all the world is now thinking; but to think as all the world will thirty years hence, is not everybody's business. . . . For practical life genius is as useful as a telescope at the theatre. . . . Great writers change themselves into each one of the characters that is to be represented, and speak in them like ventriloquists, now in the hero, and at once in a young, innocent maiden, with equal truth and naturalness, as Shakespeare and Goethe. Writers of the second rank change the characters to be represented into themselves, as Byron; whence the secondary characters are as lifeless as the main characters in the works of the mediocre." Here are some joyous words on the nothingness of existence, taken from the second volume of the *Parerga und Paralipomena*, page 304: "Our

existence has no ground nor basis upon which it rests, except the swiftly vanishing presence. Hence its form is essentially motion, without the possibility of rest for which we are always striving. It is like one running down-hill, if he wished to stop, he would have to fall, and he only keeps himself upright by perpetual running. . . . So unrest is the type of existence. In such a world, where there is no stability of any kind, where enduring condition is possible, but everything is involved in perpetual whirl and change, all are hastening, flying, keeping straight on the rope by unceasing shirking and moving,—in such a world happiness is not a thing to be thought of. . . . In the first place, no one is happy, but every one is striving all his life long for some imaginary happiness, which he seldom attains, and if he does, only to be undeceived: as a rule, however, every one reaches port at last, shipwrecked and dismasted. But then it makes no difference whether one has been happy or unhappy in a life, which has only consisted of a vanishing present and which is now at an end."

We hope most heartily that either Schopenhauer's complete works or that some extracts may be translated into English. Judging from their success in Germany, it seems probable that they would find many readers in America. *Lütf Anna oder ein Stückchen von em un ehr* is the title of a pretty little story in *platt-Deutsch* by Joachim Mähl. It lacks the graceful humor of those of Fritz Reuter, but it has a certain attractive sentimentality that make it better than most of those novels in High-German that we have lately seen. *Das Hausgesetz*, by Burghard von Cramm, however, is not absolutely bad when one considers what most German novels are. It might, perhaps, be recommended to beginners who are tired of the Reader and the conventional plays. They will have a chance to improve their German and to see for themselves the peculiar feudalism still so prominent in Germany. One sentence, at least, amused us. As may be seen, it is towards the end of the tale: "The Prince drew her to his breast and pressed the first kiss to her *lofty* brow."

A R T.

BOSTON.

THE Boston Art Club has recently given an exhibition of landscapes by the late Mr. Richard H. Fuller. There were eighty-seven paintings, a few being among his first attempts, and the greater part apparently his recent works; and there was a wide difference between the earlier and later pictures, indicating that a part of his artistic labor was unrepresented. It was, nevertheless, an exhibition which could not fail to call fresh attention to some very exquisite qualities in the pictures themselves, and to the gradual development of a man of no common talent in the art which he loved.

The predominant quality of Fuller's talent, expressed in a word, is refinement. This quality is apparent, not only in the various parts of any picture, but in its harmonious whole. It is refinement of color and of composition; refinement of simplicity and breadth, not of complexity and details. Indeed, the simplicity of his

composition is something remarkable. A stretch of flat country, a clump or two of trees, a suggestion of far distance, a quiet pool of water in the foreground, and a sky of marvellous color and remarkably luminous power, are the few and simple materials from which a large part of his compositions are constructed. Of the eighty-seven pictures above mentioned, exactly forty are made on this plan. There was not a mountain in the whole eighty-seven, and but one picture with a small hill in the distance. There was one "close study" of trees, and it was among the least pleasing of the whole. This simple material was evidently gathered from what he saw in the flat and marshy country in the vicinity of his home at Chelsea, and the neighboring places of Melrose, Malden, and Saugus. It was not, probably, because he had no feeling for mountain scenery that he did not paint it, but because he did not live within its influence. Otherwise he would probably have painted it as well as he renders level country, for a prominent feature

in his genius is his impressibility. He was impressible rather than creative, though thoroughly original; for originality, as Washington Allston says, is "individualizing the universal; in other words, the impregnating of some general truth with the individual mind."

Fuller's impressibility is evident not only in his rendering of nature, but in his study of the works of other painters. When thoroughly impressed by a picture, he would paint another similar to it in plan and sentiment, but so transfused by his own individuality that his transcripts as a whole are not copies, but similar melodies played in another key and with variations of his own. There were several proofs of this, showing the influence of the study of his friend Morviller, and of Lambinet, Rousseau, Corot, Troyon, Inness, and others. It was his method of educating himself, though not peculiar to him of course. In all education, one learns not only by studying a thing for himself, but by studying how others have studied it. Fuller looks at the men he imitates not merely as models, but as rivals. He follows his guides by travelling in the same general road, not by trying to tread precisely in their footprints. His aim in the study of other painters is in the right method, not of copying trifling details, but of mastering the principles on which they worked. By trying to see Nature through their eyes, he was aiming to see her better through his own. By studying all whom he liked so far as his limited opportunities allowed, he avoided the danger, arising from the study of one master only, of becoming what Leonardo da Vinci calls "the nephew rather than the child of nature."

The facts in nature which he paints are those of relations and contrasts rather than of details and specific characteristics. The principle on which he works is that of the interpretation of general effects, and not of realistic imitation of individual objects. He looks at masses—their outline, their relative magnitudes and harmonious relations to other masses, at the grouping of general forms as balanced by other general forms, at colors as contrasting or harmonizing with other colors—more than at careful details of single peculiarities. Nice touches of foliage or herbage, texture, Pre-Raphaelite accuracy of drawing, local color or reflected lights, are things indifferent to him. In the general composition of his pictures you feel, if you do not directly observe,

how admirable is his sense of color, of proportion, of balance, and of harmony of line. You could not move, for instance, a group of his trees even very slightly without producing a discord. As in speech one suits the sound to the sense, the action to the word, so Fuller suited the form to the color, the color to the composition. He is a synthetic rather than an analytic painter. He looked at nature more with the eyes of a poet than of a scientific man. He was particularly sensitive to the values of contrast: for example, he was very fond of bringing a clump of trees in a picture sharp against a sky glowing with light.

The beholder is struck at once with the peculiar beauty of color and light in his skies. Their unusual brilliancy is probably more striking because in them most of the light in his pictures is collected. He was not fond of reflected lights nor *chiaro-oscuro*. By his method of subduing the gamut of his color, and of his light and shade in the other parts of a picture, the brilliancy of its sky is greatly enhanced.

There are some very notable peculiarities in his tree-painting. There is a neglect in the modelling of specific forms; and a prevalent brownness where one might rightfully demand a prevalent greenness. These peculiarities seem a violation of common-sense. An artist's defence of such practice is probably something like this. Trees seen in nature relieved against a brilliant sky lose in a great measure their details of form, the outline excepted; because there are less reflections to begin with; and because the greater light in the sky beyond has a tendency to kill whatever reflections there may be. There is less specific modelling of forms than under most other circumstances. The chief thing to be secured in this effect is the ratio between the brightness in the sky and the darkness in the trees. Details of form are not wanted in a picture, except in the outline, because not seen in nature. In this respect—the omission of details—Fuller follows nature to be sure; but he omits too much to be satisfactory to most observers. Then again, he paints *general* trees. You cannot tell whether you are looking at a clump of oaks, elms, maples, or what not. Nature never leaves you in doubt about this, while Fuller often does; and the result with the beholder is a feeling of "vague unrest." Effects and relationships are his first care of course, but he might have given more form and more specific character to his masses of

trees, we think, without injury to either effects or relationships.

In the brownness of his trees he is unquestionably conventional. He was probably more intent on giving the contrast between the lightness of the sky and the darkness of the trees brought up against it, than on giving green trees merely. In bestowing his chief attention upon general contrasts and relations, he gave less attention to specific characteristics. Probably, too, as he is a colorist in low tones and deep quiet color, he allows his evident delight in warm browns, — considered simply as agreeable color, and not as the correct local color, — and the harmonious contrast with the sky, to make him careless of the single fact that trees are generally greener than he generally paints them. Every truth cannot be given in any one picture. In his conventionally brown trees, he neglects a truth which is patent to all, that he may emphasize another truth which is agreeable to himself. Another might perhaps paint trees more specifically natural, so far as mere local color is concerned, than Fuller does ; but in doing so he might not preserve so well the *relation* between the tone of the trees and the tone of the sky beyond them, or of the foreground in front of them. Fuller neglects local color and modelling of form to play with pleasant color and general relationships. What he enjoys in nature, he admirably renders in art ; what he does not care for, he quietly ignores. In general, the things in nature which he neglects in art are the minute ones ; those which he expresses, the large ones. That he could paint a tree specifically true in color, form, and motion, he occasionally proved. There was an elm-tree in this exhibition as good in all respects as one could wish. Neat little touches of foliage he did not care for, as we have said. But all that makes the life of the tree — its form, its balance, its grace, its *spring* — he could give most exquisitely. Yet we still think he might have painted trees more specifically correct.

Fuller was not a learned artist, — we mean artistically learned in the facts of nature. His range of subjects and his stock of artistic ideas were limited ; and the effects which he painted, though uncommon, are few in number. In fact, he paints substantially but one effect, that of dark against light. He never directly introduces the sun into his pictures, we believe, and its position is never supposed to be behind

the spectator ; but the landscape lies between the spectator and the sun, the latter being out of view either on the right or left. This position of the sun gives few reflected lights. The main light is always in the sky, and there is little elsewhere, unless, it is sky light reflected from his favorite pool of water in foregrounds. He is always logically correct in keeping reflected lights subordinate to the direct light of the sun. He never would make a foreground object, a sheep, for example, vastly more brilliant than he makes sunlight, as is the case with some American painters. This sameness in subject and lack of variety in treatment become monotonous when many of his pictures are brought together.

But this exhibition showed the increasing refinement in his perceptions of the delicate harmonies of nature, and a receptivity and originality full of great promise for the future. So far as he goes he is most pleasing. What he tried to do he did well, and this is meant as high praise.

His limitations arose in a great measure from his want of opportunity for study. He had to support himself and family by the hard labor of a night-watchman, thus reducing his vitality ; he suffered from a chronic disease ; and he died a premature death. It is evident he had not reached the period of his artistic maturity. He followed his instincts and natural preferences with persistent honesty, but was not betrayed into a neglect of careful study. He was neither one-sided nor many-sided : he was single-minded. In all his work he shows that he was not content with the position in art which he had already attained, but was striving for one still higher. Unquestionably he would have reached it.

NEW YORK.

At Goupil's gallery is to be seen Jean Leon Gérôme's remarkable picture, "After the Crucifixion."

The spectator is supposed to be looking from Calvary across over a wide landscape. The lower half of the canvas is in light, graded into half-light. In the right-hand corner stretch out the *shadows* of the three crosses, that of the central cross and the figure upon it the most conspicuous. These ghostly shadows lie partially defined upon the yellowish-white sand and stones. The landscape is dreary and sinister, as the theme demands. Midway in the distance stand weird-looking

olive-trees. Beyond, the shades deepen, till they shroud the city of Jerusalem in gloom. A procession of figures, on foot and on horses, has just left the hill of Calvary and is winding along the rocky road down the valley toward the city gate. Two or three of the centurions look back at the crosses, whose long shadows alone we see, and lift their arms toward them as in derision. The chiefs and priests ride on with heads averted, or looking downward. Jerusalem, with its walls and gardens and Temple, stands as in the shadow of an eclipse, through which on one side of the sky hangs the red crescent of the moon; and on the other a mass of faintly rosy cumulous clouds loom up on the horizon, blurred by the fringes of the sad and supernatural twilight.

The suggestiveness of the treatment, as contrasted with the old way in which the crucifixion itself, in all its unmitigated ter-

ror and agony was placed before us, is especially noticeable here; and this, combined with the realism of the landscape, and the receding figures, place this work emphatically in a modern school of art. All that we see of the divine tragedy is the shadow of a terror behind us, and before us the judges and executioners winding their way back to Jerusalem, looking as though the event were nothing extraordinary, and quite unconcerned as to the city itself, though it stands wrapped in its sad mantle of mourning and as if shuddering at its coming doom.

We miss somewhat the broad treatment of color which in the hands of some other artist might combine landscape and figures more harmoniously. We are obliged to look closely to get the meaning and expression of the figures. But we feel that there is a unity of conception throughout, that make it in the highest degree impressive.

MUSIC.

SOME few years ago French *Opéra Bouffe* made its first appearance before the American public with Mr. Bateman's company, of which Mademoiselle Tostée was the bright particular star. Since then it has paid a yearly visit to our principal cities with varied success, rising to its height with Irma and Aujac, and last year dragging along a rather precarious existence with Léa Silly, Marie Aimée, and Gaussins. This year a small troop under Mademoiselle Aimée has been drawing full houses in spite of the poor quality of all but the *prima donna*. The great advantage that this troop has had over its predecessors is that it has sung in a smaller house, thus allowing nothing either good or bad to be lost upon the audience. As a rule the performances of *Opéra Bouffe* have degenerated in quality since the first two seasons, though the opera itself has, if possible, grown in popularity. The success of Mr. Bateman's first venture was undoubted. The name of Offenbach had already become familiar to our ears; and though we hardly expected to find him the leading musical mind of the age, as Mr. Bateman's announcements would have led us to believe, we yet knew of him as a most successful

composer, in fact as the first writer of *Opéra Bouffe* who had gained anything more than a mere local reputation; and we received his *Grande Duchesse* with open arms, in spite of, perhaps because of, certain vague hints that it was to be "more Frenchy" (which term has, by some unfortunate perversion, got to signify, "more nasty") than anything we had yet seen in this country. But nasty or not, we had heard from across the water that Offenbach opera was eminently "the thing," and in the true Anglo-Saxon follow-the-leader spirit we flocked to see and hear the new wonder. Every one who then heard Mademoiselle Tostée must remember that her pretensions as a singer were of the slightest. Her chief, if not her only strength lay in her acting, which showed off the possibilities of impropriety in *Opéra Bouffe* in the most brilliant manner. Her acting was more than what we call "Frenchy" and the French call *chic*; if a man were to call it positively filthy, he would not be far wrong. Her brilliant and almost universal success was rather a pointed satire upon the national school and meeting-house, and, though it might make angels weep, might certainly fairly make cynics laugh. An enlightened

public who could endure and even enjoy Tostée's brutal coarseness might well have been expected to be completely carried away by the more artistic and refined *diablerie* of Mademoiselle Irma. And it was noticeable that many who had been frightened away by Tostée's more patent vulgarity, were gradually drawn to see and hear Irma and Aujac. Not that Irma was intrinsically less vulgar than Tostée, but that she was less offensively so. She openly expressed less, but hinted at more. She had more artistic and intellectual, though perhaps no more moral, refinement. People appreciated the difference between the two actresses very quickly. Where Tostée was audacious and obscene, Irma was "*chique*" and "naughty." Perhaps it would have been better had the public shown as keen an appreciation of their resemblance as they did of their difference, but such was not the case, and "Puritan Boston" saw not only her fathers and sons, but also her matrons and daughters (the last could, thank heaven, get little harm from such things), flocking to hear the works of men who draw much of their music from the gutters of Saint Antoine, and much of their wit from Mabilles and Bullier. The subject is not a pleasant one, and can hardly be discussed without making impolite reflections, so we will turn to a more inviting side of the *bouffe* Muse.

Karl Maria v. Weber owed the success of his operas, especially of the *Freischütz*, principally to the popular character of his melodies. By popular we do not mean that which appeals to the uneducated masses, that which is purely claptrap, but that which springs from and belongs to the heart of the people. He based his melody upon the German *Volkslied*. The Suabian and Tyrolese cut of many of his themes is unmistakable. Now Offenbach owes a great part of his musical success to a similar cause. He also bases his melody upon the folk-song; not the song of Suabia or Tyrol, but of Paris. The Parisians are a people by themselves, with manners and customs of their own, a dialect of their own, a physiognomy of their own, and finally their own stock of popular music,—music that has just as much sprung from the people, nobody knows exactly how or when, as have the folk-songs of the Tyrolese mountaineers, or the Venetian boatmen. The character of the Parisian people's-melody is naturally as different from that of the Suabian or Tyrolese *Volkslied*, as are the *Gavro-*

ches and *cocottes* of Saint Antoine and the Quartier Latin from the simple inhabitants of the mountains. But impure as the source of the Offenbachian melody is, the melody is at least genuine in its popular character, direct, concise, and without affectation. It cannot but be trivial and often commonplace, but it is of a much higher grade than the would-be sentimental and humorous imitations of Italian and English music that we continually hear ground out on our barrel-organs, or set to doleful doggerel in the form of cheap sheet-music.

Another great cause of Offenbach's success is the capital way in which he has suited his music to the text. Herein lies his principal merit as a composer. Few composers, even of a much higher stamp, have so almost invariably helped by their music to make the text expressive. And here let us say once for all that people have been very unjust in saddling MM. Meilhac, Halévy, & Co. with all the indecencies to be found in Offenbach's operas. The music is often to the full as suggestive of "the thing unclean" as is the text, and not unfrequently, to invert the quotation, "casts a veil of indecency" over what is by itself perfectly innocent. Offenbach has most conclusively proved the falsity of the old saying, that "music is the only art that cannot be made to serve the Devil." Charles Gounod has written much love-music of very questionable purity of character, and his *Medjé*, fine and powerful as it is, is after all rather the "sensuous caterwauling" of a disappointed voluptuary than an expression of exalted love. Richard Wagner has not been over-squeamish in the sensual character of much of his music, and in many passages in *Tannhäuser*, and especially in *Tristan und Isolde*, he has shown us the passion of love stripped to very nakedness. But sensual as the sentiment often is in the music of these men, it is yet the sensuality of heroes and demigods. Their genius idealizes and shows us the higher and nobler side of passion, for passion has a high and noble side; shows us man as a magnificently developed animal, in whom impurity and immodesty are impossibilities, simply because by the very perfection of his animal nature, he is grandly unconscious of and superior to all but animal laws. Immodesty is as impossible in the nude figures of Michael Angelo's Last Judgment, the Venus de Medici, the Hermaphrodite

of the Louvre, or Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, as it is in the horses on *Monte Cavallo*, Raphael's *Madonna di San Sisto*, or Shakespeare's Ophelia. But when Jupiter and Danaë become *Arthur* and *Finette*, when we descend from Mount Olympus or the Venusberg to the rue de la Borde, we turn away our eyes in shame. Offenbach never attempted to scale Olympus. In *Orphée aux Enfers* and *La Belle Hélène*, to be sure, he has brought the Olympians down to the Parisian level, but they are Olympian merely in name. Some few of his songs are really beautiful, full of a rough, natural sort of pathos that easily finds its way to the heart. One of the very best of these is the favorite "Letter-Song" in *La Périochole*. But too often the only spice to his melodies, beyond their piquant, popular character, to which we have already alluded, is a species of musical wink and wriggle, a mere reminiscence of the *can-can*. Anathema sit!

As a technical composer Offenbach's claims to respect are very small indeed. One or two instances might be given where he has made good and effective use of imitative counterpoint, such as the chorus "*O soyez pitoyable*," in *Les Brigands*, in which the theme is very respectably worked out. The *Turantelle* in the same opera is very spirited and well written, steadily growing in vivacity and *entrain*. The theme of the serenade "*Catarina, je chante*" in *Le Pont des Soupirs* is very pretty, and reminds one of Gounod; but in spite of the pretentious plan that M. Offenbach has laid out for working it up contrapuntally in conjunction with two other themes, the management of the whole is but a clumsy failure, if tried by any decent standard of musical criticism.

Offenbach's use of the orchestra, with the single exception that he almost always allows the voice and text to be distinctly heard, is beneath criticism. Now and then we may find some clever instrumental effects, for instance, the imitation of a bell by a sharp stroke on the cymbal with a wooden stick, and sustaining a long, high note on the cornet, in *Le Pont des Soupirs*; but in general his orchestration is thin, noisy, and disagreeable.

In fine we see very little, if any, good excuse for *Opéra Bouffe* being tolerated at all. To be sure it does not pretend to be any better than it is, and with a plausible kind of impudence which is too liable to be mistaken for ingenuousness, bears its barmy stamp upon its very forehead that all the world may know it. But if it is

to be done away with, there are other things that must go first. Free-and-easy impudence and flippancy are yet better than hypocrisy, and we think that with all its more than doubtful points, *Opéra Bouffe* is better than those so-called "moral sensation dramas" which infest our stage, and which instead of making sin and crime a vehicle for a wholesome moral, desecrate the moral of the fable by using it as a mere pretext for wading through sickening tales of crime and misery, and bringing upon the stage such moral and social garbage as only belongs in a low police court. Bad as the Devil is in the street or in the *café*, he is yet a thousand times worse when he steps into the pulpit and begins to point a moral. Offenbach opera is, in our opinion, as much more innocent than many of our "moral dramas," as Paul de Kock's devil-may-care frivolity is than Bulwer's tainted moralizing.

It is with great pleasure that we notice the bringing out of Raff's Symphony in C,* by the Harvard Musical Association. After only one or two hearings we should be a little timid of calling it a great work, but it is throughout a most enjoyable composition. Nowadays when poets, painters, and composers are straining to be romantic, idealistic, imaginative, transcendental, and heaven knows what not that is brain-cracking, it is refreshing to find somebody writing music in a healthy, happy state of mind. Throughout the symphony the composer shows an easy mastery over musical form and the use of the orchestra; and although we may feel at times that a more condensed expression would do the composition no harm, yet we can hardly quarrel with what some might call too great proximity of style, when the subject-matter that is treated at such length is in itself so charming. The Symphony is full of the buoyancy of youth, full of that simple, honest spirit that, conscious of its own purity, and thoroughly believing in the reality of its own illusions, persistently looks upon the bright side of life, and which, though it may excite a half-compassionate, half-envious smile in the more experienced, cannot but be respectable from its very sincerity. It is the spirit of a young man just about to face the world for the first time, rejoicing and confident in his own strength, and having not yet met with those rebuffs which may prove

* *Symphonie No. 2, in C-dur, für grosses Orchester*, von JOACHIM RAFF. Op. 140. Mainz: B. Schott's Söhnen.

him, if conquered by them, merely a pygmy like the mass of men he sees struggling around him, but, if conquering them, the true hero he now in his hopefulness aspires to be. The slow movement begins rather ecclesiastically in some of its modulations, but soon grows to be a most beautiful love-song. If it does not express the love and passion of a great, mature soul, a love, which even when told of, may elevate and inspire all men, it at least expresses nothing that is impure or degrading. At times it might by some be called over-sentimental, but it is the pure, honest sentimental calf-love of youth, that *süsse, blöde Jugend-Eselei* of Heine, which, though it is to be outgrown and laid aside like our jackets and trousers, our love for surreptitious mince-pies and dubious cigarettes, and our boyish admiration for and belief in the cock of our school, must yet be looked back upon with a feeling closely akin to rev-

erence, when we compare it with other loves and passions that have succeeded it. It is very rarely that one meets with such really good "young man's music" as this symphony. Father Haydn is famous for having retained the youthful spirit even in his later compositions, but it is rather the old man's cheerfulness and childlike simplicity, the senile love for children and children's sayings and doings, that charm us in him, than the buoyant ardor and fire of youth itself. Franz Liszt has much of the fire, passion, and boisterous, uncontrolled expression of youth in his compositions, especially in his Symphonic Poem *Les Préludes*, and though he has a much more Jovian grasp of the thunderbolt, and shows more of the lion's paw in his music than does Raff, yet is he not always so pure of purpose, and sometimes, alas! shows himself as nearer to Salmoneus than to the Olympian Zeus.

SCIENCE.

THE process of "Wear and Tear," concerning which we had something to say in our last number, has been again illustrated in the case of Professor Huxley, who—as we are very sorry to see—has been compelled, for the time being, to relinquish work entirely. We trust that his voyage to Egypt will so recuperate him as to enable him soon to return, with all his old vigor, to the work, so valuable to mankind, which he has been engaged in performing. Meanwhile we notice with unqualified pleasure the appearance of his excellent elementary treatise on the "Anatomy of Vertebrated Animals." Of this work, as well as of the "Lessons in Elementary Physiology," by the same author, we may observe that, with commendable discretion, it abstains entirely from speculation and hypothesis, confining itself to the presentation of ascertained facts and absolutely demonstrated principles. Professor Huxley proceeds upon the soundest of methods when he thus practically insists that the student should acquire a firm knowledge of the most important facts of anatomical structure, before venturing upon the field of morphological speculation.

In point of classification, it may be observed that Professor Huxley divides the

vertebrate sub-kingdom into the three provinces of Ichthyopsida, Sauropsida, and Mammalia. Under the first of these provinces are comprised the fishes and amphibia; and under the second, the birds and reptiles, which are now known to be closely connected through the structures of the ostrich, cassowary, etc., on the one hand, and of the extinct dinosauria on the other. The adherence to the old classification, which included the amphibia among the reptiles, as an order parallel with the orders of ophidia (snakes) or chelonina (tortoises), is a conspicuous defect in the latest edition of Professor Rymer Jones's generally excellent "Outlines of the Animal Kingdom." In future, we think, there can be no escape from the conclusion that amphibia (frogs, tritons, etc.) are more intimately related to fishes than to reptiles. On the whole, it is very doubtful whether any improvement is likely to be made upon Professor Huxley's triple division of vertebrate animals.

The mammals are treated under the sub-classes, now well established, of Ornithodelphia (comprising the Australian echidna and duckbill), Didelphia (comprising the marsupials), and Monodelphia (comprising all the higher mammals). The monodelphia are divided by Professor Hux-

ley into twelve orders: Edentata, Ungulata, Toxodontia, Sirenia, Cetacea, Hyracoidea, Proboscidea, Carnivora, Rodentia, Insectivora, Cheiroptera, and Primates. In contrast with this luminous arrangement is again to be noted the classification of Professor Rymer Jones, who, still adhering to the antiquated views of Cuvier, separates the ungulata (or hoofed animals) into two distinct orders of Pachyderms and Ruminants, wrongly includes the proboscidea (or elephants) among the pachyderms, and, without rhyme or reason, divides the primates into "Quadrumania" and "Bimana." Since the apes have been proved to possess two hands and two feet, as well as man, it is quite time that this absurd designation "quadrumania" should be dropped from authoritative treatises on comparative anatomy.

The primates are divided by Professor Huxley into the three families of Lemuridae, Simiadae, and Anthropidae, or lemurs, apes, and men. The apes are divided into marmosets, American monkeys, and Old World monkeys; and in the latter group are distinguished the Cynomorpha and Anthropomorpha. In these days of Darwinian discussion, it may be interesting to recount Professor Huxley's condensed observations on the various relationships of the four genera of anthropomorpha or man-like apes. Of these, says Professor Huxley, "the gibbons are obviously the most remote from man" and nearest to the lower genera of apes. "The oranges come nearest to man in the number of the ribs, the form of the cerebral hemispheres," and in sundry other respects, but they differ from him very widely in the proportions of the limbs. "The chimpanzee approaches man most closely in the character of its cranium, its dentition, and the proportional size of the arms. The gorilla, on the other hand, is more man-like in the proportions of the leg to the body, and of the foot to the hand; further, in the size of the heel, the curvature of the spine, the form of the pelvis, and the absolute capacity of the cranium." None of the anthropomorpha have tails.

On the other hand, it should be remembered that the gibbon, while differing from man in a greater number of points than his congeners, is nevertheless, as Mr. Mivart observes, the "only ape which possesses that striking human feature,—a true chin." The gibbon also approaches man in the proportions of the leg as compared with the trunk, and in the form of its bony thorax, as well as in the slight prominence of its

nose. It has, indeed, been urged, with some plausibility, by Mr. Mivart, that the gibbon stands the nearest to the direct line of man's ancestry, while the orang, chimpanzee, and gorilla are more highly developed but aberrant forms; so that, as in many other cases in the animal kingdom, the simiadae and anthropidae would seem to be most closely connected through the lower types of the two families. None of the speculations on this subject, however, can be considered satisfactory until we have advanced considerably further in the knowledge of the palæontology of the anthropomorphous apes.

To the venerable M. Littré, of the Institute of France, must certainly be given the credit of being one of the most indefatigable workers of the present century. Either his edition of "Hippokrates," completed several years ago, or his immense dictionary of the French language, now approaching completion, would by itself be regarded by most students as furnishing labor enough for a lifetime. But besides all this, M. Littré has found time to write a series of studies on the Middle Ages, on the history of the French language, and on the Positive Philosophy; besides editing the review entitled *La Philosophie Positive*, and contributing articles to almost every number of it. Some of the results of the medical and physiological studies in which he has so long been engaged are now published in a very interesting and instructive volume, entitled *Médecine et Médecins*, Paris, Didier et C^{ie}, 1872. The book contains elaborate essays on epidemics, on spirit-rappings, on mental pathology (a subject nearly akin to the preceding), on heredity, on the nervous system, on hygiene and therapeutics, and on toxicology. Under the latter head an especially noteworthy essay is the one which investigates the alleged death by poison of Henrietta, sister-in-law of Louis XIV. The circumstances attending the death of this lady are well known to the readers of Saint Simon's memoirs. Her death being very sudden (*comme foudroyée*), occurring immediately after she had drunk a cup of chicory, and not being traceable to any disease then known, the inference seemed inevitable that she must have received poison in the cup of chicory. This is the impression given by the account in Saint Simon, and generally acquiesced in until the present day; and had there not been a *post mortem* inquiry, the results of which were uninterpretable.

able by the physicians who conducted it, but which were nevertheless faithfully recorded, the false impression would probably never have been corrected.

But now M. Littré, stumbling upon this problem in the course of his medical studies, has solved it in a way that amounts to complete demonstration. First cross-examining, with all the keenness of an advocate and all the sobriety of a judge, the historical evidence left upon record, in Saint Simon's memoirs and elsewhere, he shows that it is utterly inadequate to support the hypothesis of poisoning. His next step is to seek for an alternative hypothesis, — to inquire if there is any disease now known to science which is competent to destroy its victim so suddenly (*comme foudroyé*) without forewarning symptoms. He finds that there is a fistula of the stomach which works in this insidious way, without causing any very notable or alarming symptoms, until all at once perforation ensues, usually upon eating or drinking something, and acute peritonitis almost instantly puts an end to life. Applying this hypothesis to the results of the *post mortem* inquiry, he finds that it completely explains even the minutest appearances recorded as having been witnessed by the attendant physicians. The phenomena observed were just such as must

have been observed if the hypothesis of the fistula is the correct one. For the full appreciation of the singular beauty of M. Littré's inquiry, a study of the details of it is essential. No one can read it, as the author has presented it, without marvelling at the acuteness which has finally solved so difficult a problem, and at the erudition which has put each and every fact in the case, whether historical or scientific, to its proper use. However insignificant such a purely personal question in history may be in itself, nevertheless such a solution as M. Littré has given acquires great value as an illustration of the triumphs which scientific method may achieve in dealing with intricate concrete problems.

In speaking of Mr. Proctor's "Light Science for Leisure Hours," in our February number, we were guilty of a slight oversight with reference to the effects upon gravity of the slowly diminishing rotary motion of the earth. We should have noticed that at no time in the future can such effects be greater than they now are at the poles, where the rotation is equal to zero. So far as the past is concerned, however, our remarks — though conceived rather in levity than in seriousness — might possibly apply to the denizens of the tropics at a period when the rotation was very much greater than it now is.

POLITICS.

THERE are several methods of bringing about a settlement of great international controversies, with which history has made us familiar. The earliest in vogue was for the stronger nation to collect its forces, march in the dead of night upon the stronghold of the weaker nation, surprise and capture it, murder the men, make slaves of the women, and annex the national domains. This method had the advantage of simplicity and completeness. The arts of civilization and humanity, however, soon introduced modifications into the earlier method. It was found to be easier and less dangerous for the stronger nation to involve some third nation in the quarrel, and throw upon its shoulders as much of the burden of the fighting as possible. In this way diplomacy sprang up, and was pushed in Europe to a great degree of perfection. Then as law began to be studied, and the

legal habit of mind became common, and the spread of commerce began to make a continued state of war impossible, governments, seeing that the simple primitive system was out of the question, cast about them for some new way of managing international controversies. The result was the adoption of the method now in universal use among all civilized governments. It is not described in Grotius or Vattel, but it might be called the legal method. Its general features are not difficult to describe. Any government, as soon as a difficulty with another government demanding action has arisen, calls in its legal advisers, — crown counsel, attorney-generals, assistant secretaries. To these advisers it says in substance: Gentlemen, a difficulty of an embarrassing kind has occurred between ourselves and the dastardly and perfidious government over the way. Those pirates

we allowed to escape from our ports (more for the pleasure of the excitement than anything else) have destroyed the commerce of the government over the way; or, it may be, Those rascally insurgents whom we have been harboring so long have invaded the territory of the government over the way, and murdered a number of its citizens. With the facts you are familiar, and the question for you to consider is this, What is the least that we ought to do under the circumstances? Our object is to prevent a rupture for the time being, but, if we can do this, and at the same time leave a sense of injury rankling in the minds of the government over the way, it is very important that we should do it. There are no doubt certain rules of law, international and municipal, applicable to the case; and these you will endeavor to interpret, paraphrase, or in fact twist in such a way as to make our conduct in the past appear legal, and at the same time leave open an opportunity for other interpretations which may prove more convenient in the future. The conduct of the government over the way has always been so malignant and despicable, that we should much prefer to any amicable settlement a bloody and devastating war; but that unfortunately, owing to our domestic complications, is impossible. Bear in mind, throughout your investigations, the long-standing rivalry and animosity which has prevailed between our governments, and remember that it is important for all of us that these feelings should be kept alive. It is on such feelings as these that governments live.

This method of managing international controversies has one great merit. It is founded on the very ancient and simple theory of international obligation, — that the natural attitude of nations to one another is one of hostility, and that the main duty of each government is to get the better of every other for the benefit of its citizens. Nations to-day stand to one another in the same relations which in other times were occupied by the feudal chiefs in certain parts of Europe. We talk now of civilization, and make a profession of the “enthusiasm of humanity,” of which the feudal chief never heard; but these exalted principles we keep for the benefit of individuals, not governments. They are as inconvenient to us in the domain of politics as he found them in private life. The harmony of international interests is to us to-day very much such a phrase as the music of the

spheres would have been to him. A profound belief is expressed in the sanctity of international law, but this is very much the same sort of respect which the feudal chieftain professed for his sovereign, — a convenient cover for bravado, robbery, and murder. When we think of Russia and Poland, of Austria and Italy, of the Mexican invasion, of the conduct of England during our war, of Prussia's invention of the doctrine of benevolent neutrality during the French war, or again of our own long-continued collusion with the Fenians, our protectorate of San Domingo, or in smaller matters, the organized system of literary piracy which we still countenance, it is hard to deny that the prevalent theory of international obligation is the modern political equivalent of the simple code of private obligation under which the Bois-Gilberts and De Lacys of an earlier time practised with such success.

If the chieftains of feudal Europe had possessed legal advisers, they would undoubtedly have made the same use of them in their private quarrels, that modern governments do in foreign affairs. *Mutatis mutandis*, they would have received very much the same instructions from their employers that government counsel now receive from theirs; and history would have been even more confused than it is with accounts of murders which were not murders, but justifiable homicides, and arson which was not arson, but unavoidable accident, and burglaries which after all were not burglaries, but entries to foreclose.

The legal method of conducting an international controversy has been admirably illustrated by the English and American management of the Alabama case. First the method in question was employed by England. At the time of the escape of the Alabama, the English government immediately called in the crown lawyers. They were not called in, as subsequent events have amply proved, to make an impartial investigation of the case, but simply to make an argument about it. The real question was, not whether the escape of any particular vessel could have been legally prevented, but whether England was not openly and persistently violating by a systematic negligence her obligations as a neutral. This question the crown lawyers were not asked to discuss; they were instructed to inform the government whether the letter of a certain municipal law has been complied with. They re-

plied that it had, and this reply was exhibited as a triumphant refutation of the charges. We know the result. We have lately been pursuing an exactly similar course with England. The Treaty of Washington was intended by both countries as a final settlement of all vexed questions. One of these questions was that of consequential damages. There is no doubt in any one's mind who has followed the history of the Alabama claims with attention, that the treaty forever settled the question of consequential damages in favor of England. In the first place the claim was preposterous, and in the second place it was understood on all sides that it would not be pressed. The English commissioners so understood it. The American commissioners so understood it, the press acquiesced in it, and every one supposed that the dispute was at an end. Then our government took legal advice, and the result was the appearance of the American "case." The legal method has again proved a failure; the treaty has broken down.

The question whether, on a legal construction of the treaty, the American case is a presentation of our complaint which falls within its terms, is a profoundly uninteresting one. It is maintained that it is a rule of the common law, that no verbal evidence shall be admitted to control or vary a written instrument, and that it is also a rule of the common law that words and phrases used in an instrument shall be taken in their common and accepted sense, and not in strained and novel meanings. So it is a rule, too, that the English law respects life, liberty, and dower, and that every man, until he is proved guilty, is entitled to the presumption of innocence. If we are going to make out a preposterous case which we ourselves do not expect to maintain, and privately say that we do not mean to maintain, one of the rules furnishes as good a defence of our conduct as another. Those whose interest in the Treaty of Washington is one of hermeneutics, may find it profitable to maintain a discussion upon the point whether the case is technically admissible under the treaty. But to those who take a political interest in the matter, such a discussion is useless and empty.

If civilization is to make any real progress in the direction of peace, this attorney's method of managing great international controversies must be brought to an end. The present difficulty over the

Treaty of Washington will no doubt be arranged in some way, because it is impossible to maintain for any great length of time a controversy about claims which have no real existence in the minds of either government. But it ought never to have arisen. It is time that we should admit to ourselves that the Alabama controversy has been mismanaged in America quite as badly as in England.

INTERNATIONAL controversies occupy only a small portion of the general field of politics; but in America the legal way of looking at all political questions has been carried to a pitch of perfection unknown elsewhere. This has, no doubt, been mainly due to the fact that the interpreters of our Constitution are the courts of law, and that in the past many of our most important political questions have been legal ones also. The "constitutional question" has intruded itself at every step into politics. From the ratification of the Constitution, down to the abstruse discussion which raged shortly after the war, as to whether the Rebel States were in or out of the Union, the main line which has divided parties has been one of constitutional construction. This fact has made the legal profession in America the great preparatory school for politicians, and has made the legal method of discussing political questions a distinctive feature of American politics. All the great politicians of the last generation in this country were educated as lawyers. Public life was then considered not merely an honorable career, but was, in a certain measure, a pleasing duty for all those who manifested any forensic talent in their early years. To practise at the bar, to go to Congress, to rise through the successive stages of public life to a position of prominence, was the natural career of ambitious Americans forty years ago. The various legislative bodies throughout the country became crowded with lawyers. Lawyers made the laws, interpreted them, and executed them. America was the lawyer's paradise.

The day of the constitutional lawyer's glory is past. The Constitution of the United States, however dear it may be to the hearts of Americans, is not fresh in their memories; the constitutional aspect of political questions is neither talked about nor thought about as it once was. The constitutional lawyer himself has disappeared. But the legal method still remains. The

political class is still a legal class, but is composed of lawyers of a different order.

The political discussions of the last few years have afforded several signal illustrations of this fact. The controversy over the *status* of the Rebels at end of the war, to which we have just alluded, was even more than legal. The Rebel States were either in or out of the Union. That was a plain alternative. But if they were out, then they could not be reconstructed by Congress, because the Federal authority did not extend beyond the Union; while if they were in, it was equally clear that they could not be reconstructed, because Congressional interference with States in the Union was unconstitutional. So in early Grecian times the point was much mooted *how many grains of sand made a heap*. It was clear that one grain of sand did not make a heap. Add another, and still there was no heap. Add a third, a fourth, a fifth, a sixth; at some point you must have a heap. Where was the point? The Greeks, however, did not introduce this kind of discussion into practical politics.

The discussion about paying the government bonds in currency was another singular instance of the keen legal scent of the American politician. There was no sort of question from the beginning that, whether one construction or another of the act of Congress was the correct one, the bonds must be paid in gold, or the credit of the government was ruined; and on this ground it might have been expected that, as the whole matter was in the hands of Congress, there would have been no discussion about it at all, but if any doubt really arose in any one's mind, it would have been at once settled by legislation. Nevertheless, no sooner was the legal quarry of a doubtful construction flushed by General Butler, than the whole thirty millions of us, newspapers and all, started in hot pursuit. What the consequences might be was of no importance; the delightful exhilaration of the chase was enough for us. Meanwhile, the cold and practical world outside, not sympathizing in the least with our legal excitement, began to entertain serious doubts, not of the construction of the statute of 1862, but of the character of the people which could allow such a discussion to be carried on at all. The bonds fell in the market, and it at last became evident, even to the lego-political mind, that the dispute was an unprofitable one for the country. The discussion afforded an admirable instance of the manner in which political ques-

tions are habitually confounded with legal ones.

The history of civil-service reform affords another illustration. The opponents of reform have said so much about what they called the "constitutional difficulty," that many persons really believed there was some such obstacle, and that the President's hands were tied. The President's continual professions of interest made it appear that he was only waiting for a thorough legal investigation of the constitutional principles involved, to remove the difficulties in the way of a thoroughgoing crusade against incompetence and corruption in office. And so for some time the constitutional difficulty was a subject of political speculation and regret. No one knew exactly what it was, but every one thought it must be of considerable importance. At last the matter was submitted to the Attorney-General, who returned an opinion to the President, and at last it appeared that there was no constitutional difficulty at all; that there had been nothing at any time to prevent the adoption by the President of the system of competitive examinations; and that, if he had had any real interest in the subject, he might have introduced the reform in his first year of office just as well as in his last.

That the legal mind is of great value in certain kinds of political work is undeniable. The familiarity of the trained lawyer with political machinery, the conservative and clear character of his mind, render him at all times indispensably necessary to governments. But there can be as little doubt that the complete possession of the government of the country by lawyers, which lasted down to the time of the war, was a misfortune. The direction of the general policy of a country, lawyers are always sure to mismanage. The constitutional lawyer mismanaged it in his day; and, other considerations apart, the class of questions now before the country—questions of finance, taxation, foreign relations, administration—are the last questions to be left in the hands of the wire-pulling pettifogger who has succeeded him.

The present *régime*, however, cannot be a permanent one. Broken-down and disreputable lawyers cannot long maintain the distinction of a political high caste. And in various changes which are now taking place,—most of all in the great increase of the power of the newspaper,—we may see that the direction of politics is passing steadily and surely into new hands.